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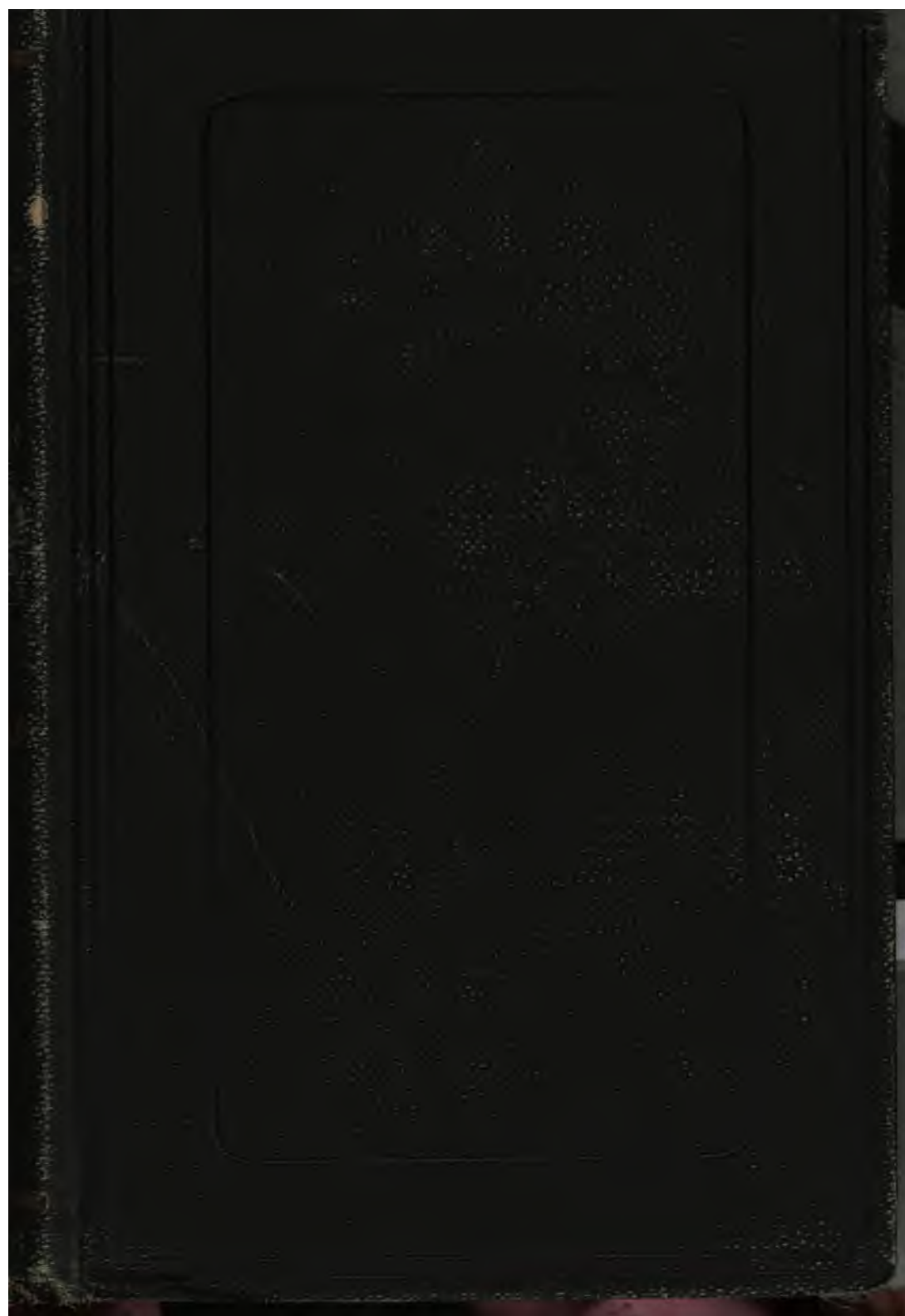
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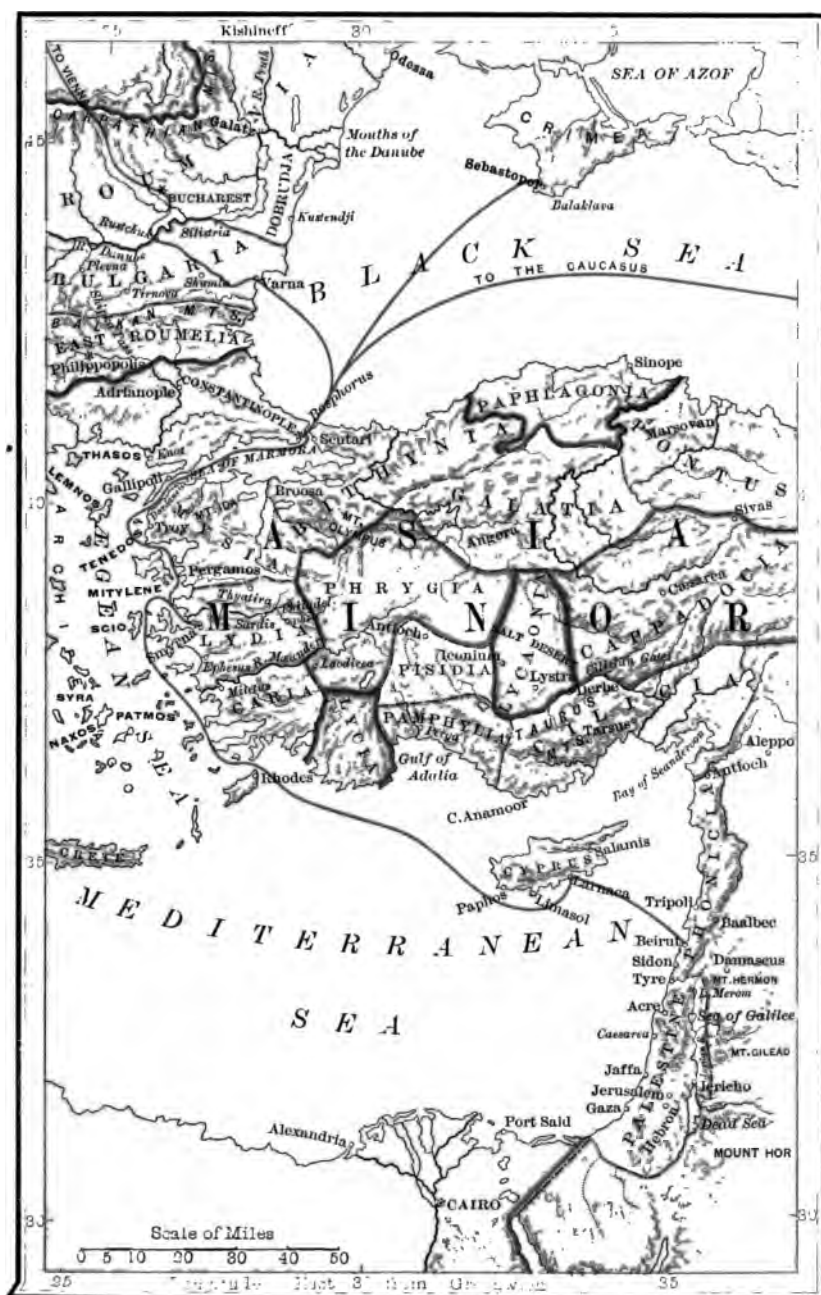


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# THE GREEK ISLANDS

AND

## TURKEY AFTER THE WAR

BY HENRY M. FIELD, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "FROM THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY TO THE GOLDEN HORN,"  
"FROM EGYPT TO JAPAN," "ON THE DESERT,"  
AND "AMONG THE HOLY HILLS."

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**TROW'S  
PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY,  
NEW YORK.**

**To Roswell B. Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D.,**  
**PRESIDENT OF THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW YORK,**  
**WHOSE KNOWLEDGE OF THE EAST**  
**HAS ENRICHED THE LEARNING OF THE WEST,**  
**THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED**  
**IN TOKEN OF**  
**A FRIENDSHIP OF THIRTY YEARS.**



## PREFACE.

The most picturesque of islands rising out of the deep blue waters of the *Ægean*—that is the Greek Archipelago. No such mingling of land and sea in either hemisphere, unless it be in the Inland Sea of Japan. And here to the beauty of nature is added the charm of historical and poetical association ; and of sacred memories, as we follow in the track of Apostles ; so that the mind as well as the eye is full as we sail along these enchanted shores. To recall impressions so fair and yet so fleeting, is the purpose of these slight sketches. It is a chapter of travel by itself, which finds its natural culmination in that wonderful city, the bride of the Bosphorus, as Venice was the bride of the Adriatic, amid whose mosques and palaces sits a figure more inscrutable than the Sphinx—that of its strange master, “the unspeakable Turk.” Of this I have written before, but it is ten years since I first saw the minarets of Constantinople, and in that time history has been making very fast. The whole Eastern question revolves round this narrow strip of the Bosphorus—the border-line of Europe and Asia. Towards this line Christendom has advanced by forced marches in the late war, which cost Turkey half of her dominion in Europe, and set free her Christian populations after the oppressions of four hundred years. Bulgaria, twice desolate by the burning of her villages and the massacre of her children, is a free State ; while Servia is absolutely

independent ; as is Roumania from the Danube to the Carpathian Mountains. These are signs of the beginning of the end of Moslem domination in Europe. The war by which this was achieved is one of the great events of modern times. Nothing since the Crusades has had more the character of a holy war than this, in which the Russian soldiers marched day after day singing hymns, and over whose camps nightly rose the Evening Prayer. This is a story worth telling, not once, but twice, and many times, as fathers tell to their children the deeds of "the brave days of old." If it be familiar to some, it is not familiar to all. I found, when passing over the very battle-ground, that the events had already faded, so that I was glad to refresh my recollection of them. Perhaps they have grown dim and indistinct to others also, who will listen with revived interest to the thrilling story.

Nor is it in European Turkey alone that change has come. Even in Asia there is life in the midst of death ; in lands which seemed to have been forgotten by history, which were buried under the night of ages, light is breaking : some rays brighten even Asiatic gloom. To this America has contributed in no small degree by the schools and colleges, as well as churches, which she has planted in Asiatic Turkey. In this she is but paying the debt which, in common with all civilized countries, she owes to the East. It is a law of history that civilization flows and reflows from continent to continent, like the tides of the sea. It is the reflux wave from the youngest of nations which now touches those ancient shores.

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## THE GREEK ISLANDS.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### CYPRUS.

The sun was setting as we left the harbor of Beirut. That is the hour of parting and departing, when all who are afloat turn land-ward or sea-ward. Boats are cast off, and make for the shore, like land-birds at the approach of night, while the great ships move off slowly into the deep.

A ship laden with pilgrims returning from the Holy Land, is a little world in itself. Ours was a pilgrim-ship, as truly as the Mayflower. It was running over with pilgrims : they were up-stairs and down-stairs, in the cabin and on the deck. We were all crusaders (of a mild type) on our return from Jerusalem, not having fought for the Holy Sepulchre, but having seen it and the other holy places, which will be the memory of our lives. After a month or two amid such scenes, we came back to ordinary life, as if we were coming down from the Mount. We still breathed the holy air ; there was a glow in the very atmosphere around us, as real as the glow which on that evening rested on sea and sky.

In the crowd on board, the most conspicuous feature was the number of clergymen of the Church of England who had gone up to Jerusalem to keep Holy Week, among

whom was one familiar face which all loved to look upon—that of Dean Howson of Chester. And there was a Bishop with a mighty name—the Bishop of Gibraltar—who takes his title from the rock-fortress at the gates of the Mediterranean, and has the shores of the whole Mare Magnum for his diocese ; and once in the year (though he lives in Oxford) takes his journey “round about unto Illyricum,” and unto Jerusalem also. Though lord-spiritual of such a vast watery realm, he was of a slight figure, and it did amaze me how those little legs, which were cased in silk stockings, could bestride the Great Sea like a Colossus. Title could not add one cubit to his stature, even though he was addressed as “Your Grace.” He was now on his way to Cyprus to hold an episcopal visitation of the churches of the island. With the goodly array of Anglicans, there was a dear old Scotch Presbyterian, Dr. Wylie of Edinburgh, whose rigid Covenanting faith was united with the utmost gentleness and charity. Nor was our country unrepresented, the Rev. A. J. Lyman of Brooklyn and several others making a small American group. To complete the ecclesiastical varieties of the ship’s company, there were Greek priests from the islands of the Archipelago, whose tall hats towered above the heads of their fellow-pilgrims on the forward deck. But priests and bishops were not the only pilgrims. There was a young lord, who had been travelling with his tutor through the Holy Land. We had often pitched our tents side by side, and I was pleased to observe how diligently this scion of the British aristocracy improved his mind by reading novels and smoking a very long pipe! In contrast to this “light nobility,” there were better representatives of Young England in two nephews of Admiral Hornby, who were as manly young men as one could wish to see anywhere. And there were a couple of veterans who were excellent

specimens of the great merchants of Liverpool—Mr. Christopher Bushell and Mr. Alexander Balfour—who were not only men of affairs and of fortune, but of large ideas of things ; of a noble Christian generosity ; in short, of a type that make the English name honored in all parts of the world. And there were Germans and Frenchmen—men of the North and of the South. Thus we had representatives from many lands, conversing in different languages.

The divisions of the ancient world cannot well be understood without a map of the Eastern part of the Mediterranean. For the sake of convenience, to save reference to books, I have had a small map prepared for this volume. The Mediterranean washes the shores of three continents : Africa, Asia, and Europe. We had been in Africa before, on our way round the world, and now visited it a second time. In crossing the Red Sea at Suez, we passed into Asia, which we had now left on our return to Europe, though we shall not get a sight of the latter till we enter the mouth of the Dardanelles, where the Castles of Europe and Asia, less than a mile apart, show how the two continents which have had most to do in the history of the world, stand facing each other.

From Beirut to Constantinople, with the delays at Cyprus, Rhodes, Smyrna, and Mitylene, is a week's voyage, about as long as to cross the Atlantic, and a thousand times more interesting : for, instead of the monotony of a boundless waste of ocean, we are passing over the most storied waters of the world—over the seas sailed by the Phœnicians ; and by which the learning of “the most ancient of the ancients” passed from Africa to Europe, in passing from Egypt to Greece ; and over which came something better than all the wisdom of the Egyptians, when Paul sailed on his missionary journeys to Asia Minor, to Athens, and to Rome. All this was in our minds that evening, as

we sat on deck and looked up at the same stars which had guided the ancient voyagers. In this musing mood the hum of conversation ceased, and one by one the pilgrims disappeared to seek rest, lulled by the ship's gentle motion, with nothing to disturb the stillness save the lapping of the waves—a sound which of itself induces slumber; and so we glided into the land of dreams.

As our course had been to the northwest, bearing direct for Cyprus, which is not a hundred miles from the Syrian coast, by daybreak we were off the eastern point of the island; and as the sun rose behind us, it lighted up the grand sweep of the Bay of Salamis. But the glistening shores were not so beautiful as the glistening sea. Leaning over the sides of the ship, we looked down into waters of such deep azure as seemed to reflect the firmament—a color which reminded us at once of the famous Blue Grotto of Capri in the Bay of Naples. It was perhaps this richness of color which gave rise to the ancient fable, that off the shores of this island, out of such flashing waters, Venus rose from the sea.

Passing along the southern shore, we anchored off Larnaca, the principal port. The view of the island here is disappointing, as the land is low, although there are mountains in the interior, and even from the ship's deck the eye rests on the summit of Monte Santa Croce. In front of us, along the water's edge, stretched the Marina. As our ship lay off half a mile, we took boats and were rowed on shore. Since the English Government took possession, the English flag has been flying; but the population is of that very mixed character found in all the islands of the Levant—Greeks and Turks and Maltese and "Levantine." A change of rulers has not transformed the island, but at least it makes one sure to find in the British Commissioner a worthy representative of his

country, to whom an American can apply, if need be, for protection or for courtesy ; and such an one we found here in Mr. Hobham, who welcomed us under his roof, and it was no small pleasure to those who had been "dwelling in tabernacles" to be ushered into the library of an English gentleman, where the table was covered with English books and papers. He had known some of my kindred in the West Indies, which perhaps gave an added cordiality to his reception, and he accompanied Dean Howson and myself, with several others, in our walks about the town, in which the principal object of interest is the Church of Saint Lazarus, which is at least venerable for its antiquity, as it is a thousand years old, and has seen many a gallant sight of arms in the days when Cyprus was held by the Knights of Malta, and the Crusaders took it on their way to Palestine. As the church bears such a holy name as that of Lazarus, it would not be complete without his bones, and accordingly it boasts the priceless possession of his tomb. We were a little scandalized to find that it was empty ! But trifles like these do not disturb the faith of a devout believer, to whom the very name of a saint gives to any relic an odor of sanctity. Like all Greek churches, its interior is covered with a mass of tawdry decoration. There is a picture of the raising of Lazarus, which exceeds in realism any specimen of art that I had ever seen. So perfectly to the life—or rather to the death—is the scene given, that one of the bystanders is depicted *holding his nose*, as if his senses had already apprised him of the fact intimated in the text, that the blessed saint was not only dead, but that the process of decay had already begun ! This indeed is a remarkable specimen of modern Greek art.

But the chief interest of Cyprus is found in its remains of a remote antiquity. As we wandered out of the town

into the country, Mr. Hobham led the way to a Phœnician tomb, cut out of the rock, in which the dead were laid to rest two thousand years before Christ. Doubtless there are thousands of such tombs scattered over the island, waiting the touch of some future explorers; and not tombs only, but buried cities, with temples and palaces, the monuments of a mighty power which has long since passed away. Perhaps no equal space in the world contains richer treasures. The name of the island appears in the earliest dawn, the very twilight, of history. Probably it was first settled by the Phœnicians, that great maritime people who sailed their ships up and down the Mediterranean, planting colonies on either side, on the shores of Europe and Africa. In their passage to and fro, their nearest place of traffic and merchandise was the Isle of Chittim, from which the ships of Tyre brought wheat, and hemp, and flax for fine linen. They found here also gold and silver, and the best copper mines known to the ancients, from which were wrought the famous bronze shields of the warriors of old. A King of Cyprus sent armor to Agamemnon on his way to the siege of Troy. Long before that period, before Agamemnon fought or Homer sang, it was a populous island. After the Phœnicians came the Assyrians, the Egyptians, and the Persians. At the period of its greatest prosperity, it contained four millions of inhabitants. It was a part of the dominion of Alexander the Great, from which it passed to the Ptolemies, and was held by them for nearly three hundred years, until, like all the islands as well as mainland of the East, it was swallowed up in the Universal Empire of Rome.

Thus in the space of three thousand years, Cyprus had many invaders and many conquerors, until the whole island was overspread with the ashes of many civilizations.

To dig into its soil is to uncover the remains of a hundred generations. This great field of discovery was long buried out of sight ; but within a few years extensive explorations have been made, in which we have a special interest and pride, because they were undertaken by an Italian-American, General di Cesnola, who was Consul here for eleven years, in which time he exhumed marble statues, and ornaments of gold and silver, and utensils of every kind, and specimens of pottery and of glass of a peculiar iridescence, which would seem to give color to the argument of Wendell Phillips in his famous lecture on "The Lost Arts," that there were processes known to the ancients which are quite beyond any skill of the moderns. Within a year or two General di Cesnola has been severely attacked as to the value of his discoveries ; but his cause has been so well sustained both in the press and in the courts, that he does not need that we should come to his defence. Without entering into any questions in dispute, it is enough that we have such substantial fruits of his labors as the treasures that are collected in the Museum in the Central Park in New York, a collection which has not its equal in the world. Where he has led the way, others will follow. The island still offers an inexhaustible mine for explorers, and doubtless other investigators will be rewarded by fresh discoveries.

The later history of Cyprus has been one of transient splendors, clouded by frequent disasters, and ending in utter ruin. For three hundred years it was held by the Saracens, till it was wrested from them by Richard Cœur de Lion. The Crusaders made it a great military post, the next station in the Mediterranean beyond Malta, their last camping-ground before they crossed to the Syrian coast, and battled with the Moslem for the capture of Jerusalem and the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre.



For nearly a century it had a renewal of its glory when it belonged to Venice. But since it came under the rule of "the unspeakable Turk," it has gone steadily to decay.

Whether a country that has thus been conquered and reconquered, and beaten down into the dust, can ever rise from its ashes, is a question for philosophers and historians. "If a man die, shall he live again?" might be asked of nations as well as of individuals. The latest attempt at resurrection here has been made by England. It was considered a brilliant stroke of Lord Beaconsfield, after the Russian war, to get possession of Cyprus, not by conquest, but by lease from the Turkish government—a delicate artifice to save its susceptibilities. That the lease is likely to be perpetual may be inferred from the fact that Turkey has no money to redeem it. A "perpetual lease" is as good as ownership, and sometimes better, as it furnishes a convenient fiction for not recognizing liabilities, while retaining all the advantages of possession.

So Cyprus passed into the hands of England. English ships anchored off Larnaca; English troops pitched their tents on shore; and what with the marching and the parades, with the flags flying and the gay uniforms, and the roll of drums, and the bands playing the martial airs of England, Cyprus had not seen such a gallant sight since the time of the Crusaders.

But while this was a very sharp bargain, yet, like a good many other sharp bargains, it does not seem to have "realized" quite so much as was expected. At first there was a "boom" in real estate, which went up to fancy prices. But after a few months it became apparent that this new acquisition was not very "productive property." It is one thing to annex an island, but another to fill it with inhabitants. There are difficulties in the way of making Cyprus an English colony. There is an enemy

more to be feared than the Turks or Russians. The Commissioner informed us that the government had spent within the year thirty-five thousand pounds in trying to withstand the locusts, which come in clouds that darken the air, and light upon the fields, and destroy every green thing. This is hardly encouraging to agriculture or attractive to immigrants.

Besides, Cyprus is not a healthy island. While England occupies it, she is of course responsible for the government, and to maintain the civil authority she must needs keep up a considerable military force. But the troops, if stationed along the coast, are attacked with fevers, and are obliged to remove their camps to the high lands of the interior. Still, as in all parts of the world, English troops make a little England wherever they go. On board the ship were the wives of some of the officers, and from their conversation one could see that they were looking forward eagerly to the gaieties of camp-life. As Cyprus is in the track of commerce to the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, and has its regular mails from England, it is not quite so dull as military life in some other parts of the world. And there is always the chance of war looming up on the Eastern horizon, which may give a sudden and very great importance to this new possession.

And here it is that Cyprus may yet find its place in the Imperial economy of England. Its position at the head of the Mediterranean may give it importance as a military and naval post in case of future complications in the East. The chief desire of Britain is to hold secure her passage to India, and nothing excites alarm so much as that which threatens the Suez Canal. As one means of guarding against such a danger, it has been seriously proposed to cut another canal across Palestine, opening a passage from the Mediterranean to the Sea of Galilee, thence down the

Valley of the Jordan to the Dead Sea, and by a canal across the Desert to the head of the Gulf of Akaba.

But more practicable still is the project of a railway to the Valley of the Euphrates, by which it would descend to the head of the Persian Gulf. Routes for this have already been surveyed. This would make a more direct course to India than that by the Red Sea, and thus England would have two strings to her bow, if by the alarms of war there should be any interruption to the Suez Canal. Should such a railway be undertaken, it would have to start from some point on the Syrian coast—from Tripoli perhaps. In either case Cyprus would be a most important outpost for England, furnishing at the East what Gibraltar does at the West, and Malta in the middle, of the Mediterranean.

We left Cyprus, as we had left Beirut, at the close of day, when the sun was sinking in the Mediterranean, and pouring a flood of light over the sea and along the coast. As we turned Westward, we seemed to be sailing directly into the sunset; and how could we help having our thoughts brightened by the glowing skies, or hoping much for an island which looked so beautiful at that hour, as it lay becalmed in its blue waters? Cyprus is a name which tempts the imagination, as the scene of history and of mythology, where Venus rose from the foam—the beautiful ancient fable, which may be interpreted as an emblem of the island itself, which may yet rise out of the deep waters to a future of prosperity and glory.

Do you say that such anticipations are but “dreams”? But we must “dream” when we can do nothing else. Even dreams have their use, as they inspire high ambitions, which may take form and shape in our waking hours, and lead to practical results. In this way fancy often turns to fact, and dreams become the forerunners of substantial realities.

And perhaps the dreams may take more of substance if we can but connect them with words of prophecy. In the Old Testament there is frequent reference to the "Isles of Chittim," which lay off the Syrian coast. In the days of Solomon, Cyprus belonged to Hiram, King of Tyre, who sent his ships to it for gold and silver, and brass and iron, and thus no doubt drew from it a part of the supplies which he furnished for the building of the Temple at Jerusalem. He might have found there the timber also : for in those days the sides of the mountains, which are now so bare and naked, were covered with forests, among which were many trees as stately as the cedars of Lebanon. But the rule of the Turk puts a blight on everything, even on nature itself. The hand of the spoiler has stripped the mountains of their ancient glory. When the English came, one of the first signs of the new civilization was the respect paid to what was left of the monarchs of the wood.

To reconstruct an island, when even its trees have been cut down, and its springs dried up, and the very land been made barren and waste, requires not only good government, but that "all things" should become new ; that there should be a planting of trees, which should recreate the ancient forests ; new cultivation of the soil, new vineyards and olive orchards and orange groves ; that the old harbors, which have been choked up in the lapse of ages, should be cleaned out, and fitted to receive the new commerce of the East ; that there should be new industries for the people, as well as schools and churches to bring in Education and Religion. These things do not come in a day, nor in a generation. But they may come in a hundred years, which is a long time in the life of man, but a short period in the march of history.

When Dean Stanley was in America, he paid a visit to Stockbridge, Mass., and preached a sermon from the text

"There is nothing," the exclamation of the servant whom Elijah sent to the top of Carmel to watch for the rising of the cloud. On that height the preacher seemed to take his stand, "looking out over the vast expanse of the Mediterranean Sea." Turning to the Northwest, he could see dimly in the horizon the outline of Cyprus, of which England had just taken possession. Here was a combination of circumstances quite enough to fire his imagination, and he gave a glowing picture of what the Isles of Chittim might again become.

Perhaps this was the vision of a too ardent imagination ; but whoever has travelled in the East will believe that, with all its ruin and decay, it has a great future before it. Though

"Westward the star of empire takes its way,"

it does not follow that the West is to remain for all time the only seat of empire and of civilization. The sun does not shine in the West alone, but comes round to the East, and will rise again on the ancient seats of empire. If in holy vision Elijah were to revisit the top of Carmel, and "look towards the sea," he might see in the sunset which flames over the Isles of Chittim, not only the close of a past day of splendor, but the sign of a brighter to-morrow.

## CHAPTER II.

### ALONG THE SHORES OF ASIA MINOR.

In the month of May the twilight lingers long in the latitude of Cyprus, and we had the coast in full view for several hours as we speeded along the southern part of the island, from which many a bold headland, round which the eagles were flying, projects into the sea ; while the frequent indentations of the coast furnish roadsteads for ships and facilities for commerce, and at the same time give to the voyager a sight farther inland of the enchanted shores. In passing Limasol, if the sky be clear, one may get a distant view of the top of Mount Olympus (or Mount Troödos, as it is now called), more than seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. This is the highest peak in the chain that forms the backbone of the island, from which one can take in its whole extent

“ From the centre all round to the sea.”

As the mountain descends gradually on its southern side, it forms a broad slope which is the favorite retreat of the English troops from the heat of the lowlands near the coast. Here they are camped not far below a Greek Convent, and therefore of course in a lovely spot : for the good monks, though on a pilgrimage to the Jerusalem above,

know how to make the journey easy by convenient resting-places on the way, where they can perform their devotions amid the ancient fir-trees.\* There is a fitness in the choice of such a camping-ground for English soldiers : for on this very plateau the iron-hearted Richard of England fought a battle, in which he defeated Comnenos and took him prisoner, and sold the island to Knights Templars, and afterward (with the freedom of the lion) resold it to Guy de Lusignan, who founded the Lusignan dynasty that ruled Cyprus for three hundred years. The tents are pitched looking toward the sea ; so that the English soldiers, though far from their native island, are daily reminded of home as they see the red-cross flag flying from the ships that pass on their voyages up and down the Mediterranean. It is one of the strange contrasts of our day that the old and new should come into such close conjunction ; that English soldiers should pitch their tents and "dress parade" over the dust of warriors who bore helmet and shield at the time of the siege of Troy. It would seem as if the generations which lie so thick on mountain and plain, must stir in their graves to hear the drum-beat (which "carries round the world the martial airs of England") on the sides of old Olympus.

\* A recent illustrated paper, "The Graphic" of London, Aug. 22d, 1885, contains a view, from the sketch of an officer, of the camp of the Third Battalion of the Grenadier Guards on Mount Troödos. He says, "The soil here is red earth, covered with rocks and loose stones, fir-trees growing all over the mountain despite the wilful destruction carried on previous to the British occupation. Now there is a heavy penalty for damaging trees. The officers' tents are in the foreground, the men's to the right ; the Coldstream Camp is just visible through the trees, and the Scots Guards are encamped on the hill which forms the background of the sketch." The climate is spoken of as "fine," and the views as "lovely."

It was midnight when we rounded Paphos, where stood the temple of the Paphian Venus, in honor of the goddess who rose from the sea off this very point ; and to which—or rather to the New Paphos, an hour's ride along the shore—Paul came when he crossed the island from Salamis, and here confronted Elymas the sorcerer, and converted<sup>1</sup> Sergius Paulus, the Roman Proconsul. We were now bearing away to the northwest. In the morning I was up at daybreak to be on the lookout for whatever might appear on the horizon, and caught the last glimpse of the island behind us, and for a few hours we were out of sight of land. It was not till the afternoon that we descried another coast rising in the interior till the eye rested on mountains capped with snow, the great range of Taurus, which forms the mountain wall on the South, as Anti-Taurus does on the North, of the vast plateau of Asia Minor.

We were all on deck tracing the outline of the coast as it came more distinctly into view, while at every moment historical associations rose up along the line of these ancient shores. We were approaching one of the great historical divisions of the globe. It needs but a glance at the map to see how Asia Minor is formed by nature to be the scene of contending forces, since here two continents approach each other. It is the elephant's head of Asia, jutting out into the deep between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, as if to offer defiance to the nations round the Great Sea. From its position, it could not but serve as a passage-ground for the migrations of nations which came from the East, and as a battle-ground when the fierce tribes of Central Asia advanced to the conquest of Europe. Across these uplands marched the armies of Assyria and Babylon and Persia. Hither came Darius the Great on his way to the Bosphorus, on which he laid a bridge of



boats, and passed over into Europe seven hundred thousand men. His son Xerxes followed, camping in Cappadocia with an army in which were representatives of forty-six nations, and crossing the Hellespont with a million of men for the conquest of Greece. Over this highway of kings and conquerors, Alexander the Great marched in the opposite direction, carrying the war into Asia, more than three hundred years before Christ was born ; and here came the Roman legions, shaking the earth with their tread.

These are mighty memories which hover over the country before us, as the clouds gather round yonder mountaintops. Under the Roman dominion Asia Minor was one of the fairest portions of the Eastern world, with great cities and flourishing provinces. What grand old names are those of the ancient divisions of the country ! How musical the sound of the feminine terminations—Lydia and Lycia and Cilicia, while more rugged and yet sonorous are Pontus and Galatia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, Cappadocia and Lycaonia. There is a history in the very names.

But though Asia Minor had so great a place in ancient history as the theatre of innumerable wars between the peoples on the opposite coasts of Europe and Asia, yet to our company of travellers, including so many clergymen of the Church of England—and to us of America also—it had a still greater interest from its connection with the early history of Christianity. Among our fellow-passengers was that eminent English scholar and divine who—with a co-laborer no longer living, the late Rev. W. J. Conybeare—had written “The Life and Epistles of St. Paul.” My acquaintance with Dean Howson began in his own city of Chester, where it was a great pleasure to be able to spend our first Sabbath in England, and to attend the services in the Cathedral, and where I had experience of that kindness

which he has shown to so many Americans. Knowing him well by his great work—in which he had written, not only like the scholar that he is, and a master of the history of the Early Church, but had preserved so perfectly, even in the minutest geographical details and picturesque descriptions, the *couleur locale* of the Orient—I asked in what year he visited the East, and was surprised to hear that he had never been there. Nor did he then know that he should be able to make the journey. It was therefore a gratifying surprise, as we were going up to Jerusalem from the Jordan and the Dead Sea, to learn that he was camped with a party of English clergymen in tents at Bethlehem, and to have him shortly walk into the Mediterranean Hotel in Jerusalem, where he spent the Holy Week, after which he travelled northward. As he approached Damascus, he sought out with interest every spot connected with the history of St. Paul, from the place where he was stricken down by a light from heaven, through the street called Straight, to the house of Ananias, and the place where he was let down from the wall in a basket. We met again in Beirut, and sailed on the same ship—a voyage which enabled the biographer of the Great Apostle to follow him in his first missionary journey. “Now when Paul and his company loosed from Paphos”—so reads the account in the Acts—“they came to Perga in Pamphylia.” And there was Pamphylia right before us! “When they [Paul and Barnabas] departed from Perga, they came to Antioch [not Antioch in Syria, but Antioch in Pisidia], and went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day,” where Paul made one of the longest of his recorded addresses. Thence they passed to Iconium, where “they went both together into the synagogue, and so spake that a great multitude both of the Jews and also of the Greeks believed.” But this success aroused such

opposition, that they were soon in fear of their lives from the fury of the mob, and fled to Lystra, where at first the people were awed by the proofs of their miraculous power, and would have worshipped them as gods ; but soon, with the fickleness of the multitude, were stirred up by enemies till "they stoned Paul, and drew him out of the city, supposing he had been dead," from which, however, he "rose up and came into the city," and "the next day departed to Derbe," and thence "returned again to Lystra and Iconium and Antioch." "And after they had passed throughout Pisidia, they came to Pamphylia ; and when they had preached the Word in Perga, they went down into Attalia, and thence sailed to Antioch, from whence they had been recommended to the grace of God for the work which they had fulfilled." The history of these journeyings by sea and land one has but to read in the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of Acts, with the Map in hand, to see how easily all these places were included in the first missionary tour of the Great Apostle.

But the connection of this portion of Asia Minor with Paul, is not confined to his first missionary tour ; it was the place of his birth. Turning to the East, where the coast-line bends upward towards the Bay of Scanderoon, we recognize a shore with a familiar name. "There," said the Dean, "is Cilicia"! and it was in Tarsus, "a city of Cilicia," that Paul was born. The scenes which are now before our eyes, were familiar to him from childhood. A thousand times he looked up to the snow-clad heights of Taurus, which now shine so brightly in the westering sun. He felt the influences of the Greek and the Roman world, as well as of that Hebrew race and religion into which he was born. The influence of Greece in Asia Minor dates from the conquests of Alexander the Great. Power is sometimes the forerunner of wisdom : the conqueror goes

before the philosopher. Especially with half-civilized peoples and barbaric empires, a victorious campaign at once commands the respect of the power that has conquered them. In the train of the Macedonian phalanx came Greek philosophy ; Greek schools, Greek games, and Greek art ; Greek sculpture and architecture, Greek temples and palaces. Three centuries after, when Asia Minor became a part of the Roman Empire, and Cilicia was a Roman province, it shared in the general prosperity of the Empire ; it was rich and prosperous, with flourishing cities, and ports from which ships sailed to all parts of the Mediterranean. Tarsus itself was "no mean city." With its commerce and its wealth, it had schools of rhetoric and of philosophy, which imitated, if they did not excel, those of Greece. "Strabo says that in all that relates to philosophy and general education, Tarsus was even more illustrious than Athens or Alexandria."\* Half a century before the birth of Paul, Cicero had been governor of Cilicia, and had found himself at home in this rich province and luxurious capital. In such a centre of wealth and power, in such a mixed population, Paul was born. Though of Hebrew parents, he was partly at least a Greek in education and a Roman in citizenship—influences which, we should suppose, might have raised him out of the narrow prejudices which he would have inherited if born in Galilee. And yet so intense was his love for his ancestral faith, that he went up from Tarsus to Jerusalem to sit at the feet of Gamaliel, and be instructed in the law.

Out of these mingled influences came Paul in the flower of manhood, possessed of a fiery energy which must find some scope for action, whether it was his mission to build up or to destroy. Looking back after a lapse of eigh-

\* Howson's Life of St. Paul.

teen hundred years, we can see what has been the influence of that one man in all these centuries, and cannot help comparing it with that of kings and conquerors who figured in ancient history. When Alexander the Great invaded Asia Minor, he gained his victory over Darius on the banks of the Issus, not far from Tarsus. (How picturesque is that flash of Carlyle in which he speaks of the Greek and Persian warriors who "yelled at Issus and at Arbela"! ) But that was only the beginning of his career. He marched across the steppes of Asia till he scaled the Himalayas, and came down into the plains of India. Then he had the world at his feet, and sighed for more worlds to conquer. But of all that boundless dominion, what remains? Scarcely had he breathed his last in Babylon before his empire fell to pieces, as his conquests were divided, and his fame grew less with each succeeding age. It may be said that he changed the course of history, but it would be difficult to trace his influence in any modern institutions, or to find his monument anywhere except in that city of Egypt which bears his name.

But Alexander was one of the greatest figures of antiquity, with whom it seems almost absurd to compare a poor Apostle, an outcast from his people, often in prison, and persecuted from city to city till his head fell by the licitor's axe. These two figures meet us here on the Cilician coast, where they stand out against the background of these mountains. There is no greater contrast in history than that of Alexander at the head of his Macedonian phalanx, thundering down the Cilician Gates, the wild and rocky pass through the Taurus mountains, on his way to the conquest of Asia, and the Apostle nearly four hundred years later climbing up the same pass in his second missionary journey to the scattered churches of Asia Minor. And yet which name will live the longer? Whose influence has spread

the wider? Even now which has the deeper place and the firmer hold in the memory and the gratitude of mankind? It was in the year 68, just before the death of Nero, that Paul suffered martyrdom. Like his Master, he died at the hands of Roman soldiers. Yet in that very city of Rome, on the spot where he was beheaded, rises one of the grandest temples of Christendom, that of "St. Paul's without the walls." It is the dome of "St. Paul's" which looks down upon the city of London, and the Great Bell which strikes the hours seems to repeat that immortal name. But better still, it lives in the hearts of millions, who find strength in his words and his example. How enduring is the power of goodness! Eighteen centuries have passed, and still that Divine charity which he taught—the charity which "suffereth long and is kind"—distils its sweetness on our daily life. It makes men more gentle and tender and patient, more loving and forbearing. And the faith of Paul gives what the courage of the soldier cannot give—the victory over death itself! Every day and hour, as groups of mourners gather to bury their dead, do they repeat the solemn words "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept," and say "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Thus he who was born on yonder shore, has been the teacher and comforter of all the ages; and while the Alexanders and the Cæsars are "dead and turned to clay," is still a living force in this present living world.

Such are the musings which come to Christian travellers as they sit in the twilight, sailing along the shores of Pamphylia and Lycia. At daybreak we were anchored off Rhodes, the city of the Crusaders.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE ISLANDS OF RHODES, PATMOS, AND SCIO.

In the old picture-books there used to be a picture of the Colossus of Rhodes, which stood bestriding an arm of the sea, with ships in full sail passing between his mighty legs. Though it was a picture for children, yet to some who are not children the chief association with the island of Rhodes is as the place where the Colossus stood ; and there are travellers still who come on deck, and look round inquiringly for some fragment of a ruin which should mark the site of that majestic figure. But not a vestige remains. Though "His Highness" lifted his head so proudly, as if he disdained the earth on which he stood, he did not hold it up very long. Pride must have a fall. He did not live even to the allotted age of man. He had been standing but fifty-six years when an earthquake shook him down, and for nearly a thousand years he lay, like Dagon, prone upon the ground, with all his glory buried in the dust, his *disjecta membra* being trodden under foot by the barbarous Turk, till at last they were sold to a Jew (!), who broke them up as men break up the hull of an old ship, and packing them on the backs of nine hundred camels, carried them away ! Such was the ignominious end of one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

But though the Colossus did not stand long, the mere fact of its standing at all—that a figure over a hundred feet high, wrought in bronze, like the Column of Trajan at Rome, should have been reared nearly three hundred years before Christ—is a proof of the degree of civilization attained at that early period. It was a statue to the Sun, and stood in front of the city, where its head would catch the first rays of the sunlight as it came over the hills of Asia Minor, which lay on the Eastern horizon.

Rhodes is second to Cyprus (if it be second) in antiquity, and its civilization may be traced to the same sources. Its position at the mouth of the *Ægean* Sea, whose waters here mingle with those of the Mediterranean, invited immigration both from Asia and Africa. The Phœnicians, sailing westward, landed on its shores; while from farther South men of another race brought to it the wisdom of the Egyptians. At the same time, as one of the islands of the Greek Archipelago, it shared in the intellectual influences of Greece. It stood “where two seas met,” or two civilizations. Like the Channel Islands, which look upon two kingdoms, it was joined by a chain of islands to Greece, while it was in full sight of Asia, to which it was nearer than the white-chalk cliffs of Dover to the shores of France. Probably the island was settled as early as the siege of Troy, though the city was not founded until about four hundred years before Christ. It was in the century following that Alexander the Great conquered the world, and Rhodes bowed to a power which it could not resist, and was held in awe by the terror of his name, even while he was pursuing his conquests in the heart of Asia. But as soon as he breathed his last, the spell was broken. The people rose against the Macedonian garrison, and drove them out, and with recovered liberty came new and increased prosperity, and the city rose to its greatest



splendor. Then was reared the mighty Colossus ; and then sculptors who rivalled those of Greece filled the city with the products of their art. It was said to contain not less than three thousand statues. The famous group of the Farnese Bull—the largest antique sculpture which has been preserved to us, and which, having once adorned the Baths of Caracalla at Rome, is now the pride of the Museum of Naples—was the work of two sculptors of Rhodes. Such noble statues, adorning the public places of the city, showed that in the cultivation of art, Rhodes, if not the equal, was at least a worthy imitator, of Athens itself.

All this has passed away. But though despoiled of its treasures ; though the conquerors, who

“ Brought many captives home to Rome,”

brought the sculptures of Rhodes with those of Greece ; yet the island itself remains, fair as when it first rose from the bosom of the *Ægean* Sea. Never was it fairer than this morning, as the sunrise, flashing across the blue waters, lighted up the gray old town, with its walls and towers, which stand out from a background of hills. The island rises abruptly from the sea. Beyond the walls of the town houses are sprinkled over the hillsides, that are covered with olive groves, which at this season are fresh and green. Behind these lower hills are others that are higher, whose steep sides and rocky crests reminded our good Dr. Wylie of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags.

The chief remains of historic interest are those connected with the Crusaders, when the island was ruled by the Knights of St. John, who took it, however, not in the advance to the Holy Land, but in the retreat. When they were driven out of Syria by Saladin, they fell back upon Rhodes, which they conquered from the Saracens, and held for over two hundred years—from 1309 to 1522—when Solyman the Magnificent came against it with two

hundred thousand men. Then followed a siege in which men took courage from despair. The city had a garrison of but six thousand men ; yet for six months, in spite of repeated assaults, it defied the besiegers—a courage which compelled the respect of the conqueror, who after the city fell, permitted its brave defenders to retire in safety. A few years later the Emperor Charles V. gave them the island of Malta, which they fortified till it was one of the strongest places in the world, and held it till the close of the last century.

No doubt to us in this practical and prosaic age, there is something fantastic and absurd in the institution of the Knights of St. John—an order in which the profession of arms was strangely united with the profession of religion. But was it so very absurd, in an age full of oppression and cruelty, that manly strength and courage should be devoted to the protection of woman against brutal tyranny?—for such was the purpose of the institution of Chivalry, which figures so much in the Middle Ages, where it often supplied the place of a civilized government. Or when the Moslem conquered Western Asia and threatened Europe, was it strange that men devoted to arms should band together for the defence of their faith? This order of St. John was not made up of carpet knights. No braver men ever fought on bloodyfields. Now indeed their wars and battles and sieges are over :

“ The good Knights are dust,  
Their armor rust ;  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.”

Though the order still exists, it is not for purposes of war, but of peace. Its only war is against human misery. This indeed was always a part of its design. There are few things in history more touching than the solemn vow of those armed Knights, which they took “ as the servants of

the poor and of Christ." How well that vow has been kept to this day, the traveller may see who visits the Hospital of the Knights of St. John in Beirut. True, the order remains, as it has always been, a very aristocratic one, composed largely of nobles and princes. Its Grand Master is the Emperor of Germany. But when kings and princes care for the poor and the sick—when they found hospitals and seek to relieve human suffering—they deserve the honor and gratitude of mankind.

When these gallant Knights of St. John took their sad farewell of Rhodes, they left behind them traces of their occupation which still remain in the long sea-wall which guards the city's front, to keep out an enemy as it keeps out the dashing of the waves. This castellated wall is a very picturesque object, as it not only lies along the sea, but turns at either end, winding up the sides of the hill till it has compassed the city round with its lines of defence, which did such valiant service in the memorable siege. But apart from its look of a fortified place, there is nothing warlike in the city of Rhodes. I did not see a single sentinel keeping guard on the walls, nor see a gun mounted, nor hear a drum beat. There was nothing to break the silence of the sleepy old town; and over the wall which once swarmed with Crusaders, hurling defiance at the besieging Moslems, there are no more formidable demonstrations than those of the windmills, which brandish their long arms against invisible foes.

The "port," if such it may be called, is a diminutive little loch of water, shut in by a projecting mole, or ledge of rocks, at either end, on which stands a round tower—a picturesque object in the landscape, but not very formidable in case of war. One broadside from a man-of-war would make it a heap of ruins. Indeed when a fort is converted into a light-house, it seems to abdicate its martial

design, and to be devoted to the purposes of peace—all that it is good for now.

It was tantalizing to lie but two or three hundred yards off, and not be able to land ; but there was a high sea, the waves were dashing on the rocks, tossing their white crests in the air, and if we had gone on shore, it might be difficult to get off in time for the steamer. So we lay broadside to the town for three or four hours, looking wistfully at the gates which we could not enter.

But though we did not go on shore, we had visitors from the shore. The Greek boatmen are at home in any sea, and never miss an opportunity to visit a ship. They came on board to sell little boxes of olive and lemon wood and other small wares, which the passengers purchased as souvenirs of Rhodes.

Apart from these petty traffickers, there was a grand old Turk, who sat gloomily in conversation with one who knew him. He was a Pasha who had been high in power at Constantinople, but for some cause lost the favor of the Sultan, and was banished to Rhodes. Whether he was guilty of any crime, we knew not ; nor did it matter whether he was guilty or innocent. Perhaps he had been too inflexibly honest, and so encountered the ill favor of the Grand Vizier. In either case he had to suffer. The Turkish rule knows neither justice nor mercy. However, his fate was lighter than that of many. He was not kept a prisoner, shut up in a fortress ; there was no chain upon his hand ; and yet we could not look upon that sad face without feeling how bitter was the bread of exile.

Leaving the city behind us, we sail along the shores of the island, and are charmed with their picturesque beauty. The long line of elevated coast sweeps in and out, projecting and receding, with bays stretching inland, at the end of which one catches glimpses of soft valleys sloping upward

to the hills, behind and above which is the mountain ridge which forms the backbone of the island. These valleys once supported a large population ; but now, under the destructive Turkish rule, it has dwindled till there are not forty thousand left. A few poor villages cling to the hill-sides, whose inhabitants live on their small plantations of olives, or derive a scanty living from the sea, from which they gather sponges and coral. But with a better government, and increased facilities for agriculture and commerce, there is no reason why Rhodes may not recover something of its former prosperity. Its climate is still the finest in the Mediterranean ; the sun shines brightly as ever ; and the valleys, in spite of all the waste and neglect, still retain their natural fertility. With proper culture, they would yield rich harvests, besides oranges and lemons and citrons, with the figs and raisins, which are now exported so largely from Smyrna ; while the olive trees, which grow abundantly, would pour forth "rivers of oil."

We are now in the heart of the Greek Archipelago, which has been famed for its beauty from the days of Homer. As we stood in a group on deck, entranced with the swiftly-changing scene, it was natural that we should compare it with our observations in other parts of the world. A couple of our fellow-passengers, who were on their return from the Far East, said that it reminded them of the Inland Sea of Japan. My thoughts turned to the Malayan Archipelago, where the islands hang rich with tropical vegetation, and the seas flash at night with phosphorescent splendor. But with all that is attractive in those groups of islands, I can hardly believe anything to be equal to this Greek Archipelago. It seems to me that no waters can be so beautiful as those of the Ægean Sea—although there are waters of wonderful clearness in our Western Hemisphere, notably those round the Bahamas

and the Bermudas. And then the Greek islands, so many in number, are of all sizes, large and small—from the rocky islet, fit only for a seagull's nest, to an island containing hundreds of square miles. All have the same general character, rising directly from the sea. The coasts are often so rocky that it seems as if a goat could hardly live upon them ; and yet midway between the cliffs are little hamlets and patches of cultivation. The outlines of the higher peaks of the islands, broken and jagged, remind us, as they stand up against the sky, of Capri and Ischia in the Bay of Naples, or those African mountains which we saw from the Peninsula of Sinai, on the other side of the Red Sea. Putting all these things together, whatever may be said of the Malayan Archipelago, or of the Inland Sea of Japan, I give my voice for the Greek Archipelago, as the most wonderful combination of land and sea, where the most picturesque of islands rise out of the fairest of waters.

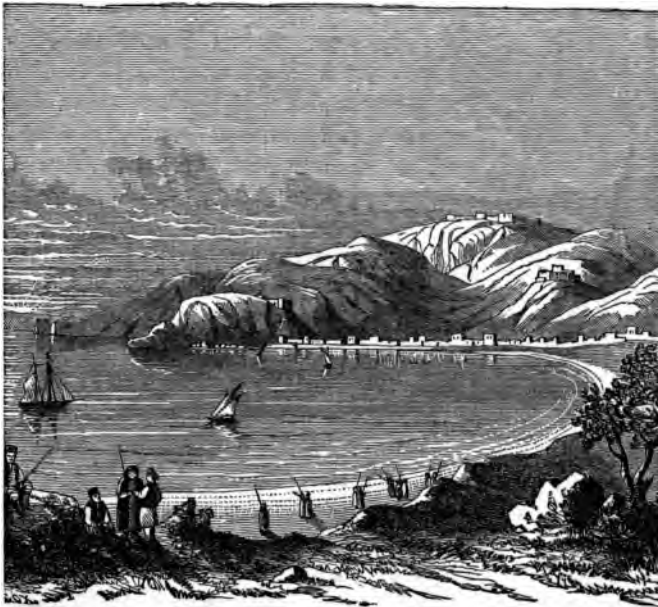
We did not touch at Patmos. There is nothing to invite a steamer to turn aside from its course to visit it, except it were to gratify the curiosity of travellers. It has no commerce of any kind. Indeed its few inhabitants have at certain seasons of the year to cross to other islands to procure the means of subsistence. So barren is it that it was chosen by the Roman emperors as a place of banishment, on which prisoners could be confined as to a rock in the ocean. Yet this poor little island has gathered about it a mighty tradition : for it was the place of exile of the last of the Apostles : "I John was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the Word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." Here he wrote the Book of Revelation, and here was erected in the twelfth century a monastery bearing his name. We thought we could just discern the outline of the island, and the Convent rising above it on the western horizon.

The next morning at daylight we were off Scio, that island of sad and bloody memories. Sixty years ago it was the scene of an event which made the ears of the civilized world to tingle. When the Greek Revolution broke out in 1822, it is said that the people here were reluctant to take part in it, but were stirred up by emissaries from Samos; and, perhaps because Scio had been one of the most prosperous of the Greek islands, it was to be the special mark of Turkish vengeance. A fleet anchored off the town, and without a warning of its terrible fate, soldiers were let loose upon the inhabitants. No age or sex was spared. Not only were men cut down in their homes, but their wives and children with them. Twenty-two thousand were put to the sword, and forty-seven thousand were sold into slavery. But this massacre was not to go unavenged. The Greeks had no ships of war, but they converted old hulks into fire-ships, in which they sailed with the utmost daring into the centre of the Turkish fleet, and setting them on fire, escaped in their boats. The flag-ship was burnt, and Admiral and crew perished in the flames—a terrible retribution for the massacre of Scio. Since Greek independence was secured, it has partly recovered; but several years since the town was nearly destroyed by an earthquake, so that it seems as if the island were doomed to destruction.

But over all this wreck and ruin shines the brightness of a name that will ever give to it a place in history. It is the reputed birthplace of Homer, and as such cannot be passed by without notice by the traveller.

In the last chapter I ventured on what may have seemed a very strange comparison between St. Paul and Alexander the Great, two characters as wide apart as any in history—one a conqueror, carrying his arms across Asia; the other a solitary man, preaching a despised faith; but each bear-

ing an immortal name. If I might venture upon another comparison equally strange, it would be of two names connected with two islands in this Archipelago, Scio and Patmos—the names of Homer and St. John, the authors of the *Iliad* and the Book of Revelation.



Island of Patmos.

It may seem irreverent to put any human composition, even the greatest, in comparison with what we look upon as inspired. But in these days nothing is too sacred for critical analysis. If we do not make comparisons, others will, and often to the disparagement of what we most revere. Scholars tell us that our sacred books are inferior to many of the productions of human genius ; that, for



example, the Greek poets are far superior to the Hebrew prophets. Perhaps it is wiser to accept the comparison, and see if we can make any answer to this sneering criticism ; and, as best for the purpose, we take that to which scholars themselves give the highest place.

Homer is the great poet of ancient times—some would say of all times. “To me,” said Mr. Bryant, “there is but one Homer, as there is but one sun in the heavens.” No book ever wrought so on the imagination and life of a people. It is full of the excitement of human action, and its movement changes with the scene—now grave and slow as warriors pass before us in stately march, and now rapid and swift as they rush past “with the light of battle on their faces.” These stirring and dramatic scenes recited at the public games, produced an excitement approaching to frenzy. Their influence may be traced in the whole history of the Greek race. Homer may be said to have created the character of Alexander the Great, who even when a boy knew the *Iliad* by heart, who slept with it under his pillow, and was inspired by it to attempt the conquest of the world. Such a prodigy of ancient literature may well excite the wonder of scholars, who, even at the distance of three thousand years, still spend laborious lives in studying and preparing new editions of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and find new beauties in the sonorous and magnificent verse, whose majestic roll is like the roll of the waves of the sea. As there is no parallel to this in ancient literature, it seems to learned critics quite impossible to find any in the sacred writings. Is it not belittling the name and fame of the greatest poet of antiquity to bring him into comparison with a Jew, who was hardly known except to his own people, and whom even they neglected and despised? What contrast could be greater than that between the majesty and splendor of

the Homeric poems and the sad and mournful wailings of the exile of Patmos?

We open the Book of Revelation with a feeling of pity. Before us stands a man who has outlived his generation. It is the last of the Apostles. One by one his brethren, who sat with him round the table at the Last Supper, have won the crown of martyrdom, till he is left alone on the earth, a solitary link between the living and the dead. Nor can he find companionship in those of the next generation, his disciples in the faith, for he has been banished to a rock in the ocean. It is in the year 95, in the reign of the Emperor Domitian, that he appears in Patmos, a lonely exile. Whether he was confined within prison walls, we do not know, although the monks still point out a cave in the side of a hill as the place of his imprisonment. But it was enough to be confined to the island itself, from which he could not escape. He walked along its rocky cliffs as on the rampart of some island-fortress, which might be at once his prison and his grave. This was not a situation to inspire prophetic strains. And yet poets sometimes find their inspiration in solitude. Dante was banished from his native city of Florence, and spent the last nineteen years of his life in exile, in which he wrote his immortal *Divina Commedia*. Such men are never less alone than when alone, for they can commune with nature. They find, as a later poet has written, that

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea and music in its roar.”

To these aspects of nature the aged Apostle was not insensible. And here we first perceive a resemblance in the position of the old man of Patmos and that of the old man of Scio. In both we recognize the influence

of their surroundings, and hence in these strangely different voices of the elder world, there are certain tones that strike the ear as the same. In both is heard distinctly the roll of the ocean. It is said that Homer was blind; but so was King Lear, when on the cliffs of Dover he listened and said "Hark! do you hear the sea?" Even, in his blindness Homer heard the waves dashing upon the rocks of Scio, and his inward ear caught every variation of that majestic harmony—of

"The mighty waters rolling evermore";

and in his poetry there is a manifest imitation, as in the grandest music, of these voices of nature: the "long-resounding waves" finding an echo in the long-resounding Homeric lines.

And is it too much to say that the Book of Revelation is a different book, written on an island, on the seashore, from what it would have been if written, like the Book of Job, amid Arabian deserts? All its imagery is of the sea. As the Apostle walked along the shore of Patmos when the waters were still and reflected as in a mirror the blue of the heavens, they furnished a not unworthy symbol of "the sea of glass, like unto crystal, which was before the throne." Again he stood upon the cliff, his white hair streaming in the wind, and saw the clouds rolling up on the horizon, the flashes from which lighted up at once the dark heavens above and the angry sea below, and these were images to him of judgments that were coming on the earth. And when he speaks of One "whose voice was as the sound of many waters," the very expression is an echo of the deep.

As the aged Apostle listens, he hears a double sound, or two mingled together—the waters and the voice—a clear, calm voice through all the tumult of the sea, coming straight to him, and telling him of a Presence ever near: a Presence which was as constant as that of the sea

itself. From the latter he could not escape anywhere in his island home. Whether he was on the pebbled beach, or in his cave on the hillside where tradition fixes the place of his revelations, or on the summit where they have reared the monastery that bears his name—wherever he opened his eyes, all round him was the glittering sea, and by night as well as by day the sound of its waters was in his ear. So was the Unseen Presence which touched him there, surrounding and enfolding him. So encompassed and enfolded, he was never less alone than when his only companionship was that which was invisible. If he had no friend with whom to hold converse, he could commune with the departed and the ascended. He had the memories of a lifetime to keep him company. Above all, he “had seen the Lord”; he had leaned upon His bosom. And now as he looked sea-ward, he saw what others could not see—a form like unto that of the Son of God. He who walked upon the Sea of Galilee, now walked upon the waters of the *Ægean*.

Into the presence of this Invisible One we are conducted at the very opening of the Book of Revelation, where He appears in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks. “His head and His hair were white like wool, as white as snow, and His eyes were as a flame of fire.” “Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him.”

As the book unfolds, we observe, not the art of literary construction, but a natural order of development, in which the action moves forward as in a mighty drama. The course of history in ages yet to come is unrolled as in a vast panorama, wherein men and nations appear and disappear. Some chapters are but a series of tableaux, not painted on canvas, but painted on the sky. In these pro-

phetic visions there are dark shadows. Much of the imagery is of the awful and the terrible. As the Apostle looks forward to the future, he sees troublous times—pestilence and war coming on the nations, calamities that are prefigured in the seals that are opened, the vials that are poured out, the trumpets that are sounded, and the thunders that utter their voices. This has all the awe-inspiring elements which give such power to the masterpieces of ancient literature. The Greek tragedies owe their impressiveness to the creeping terror which they inspire, as if an avenging Nemesis were on the track of crime. But what picture of coming retribution ever woke such shuddering fear as that which represents Death as going forth on a pale horse, and Hell following after ; or this of the opening of the sixth seal : “And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains” ?

These are not the lurid pictures of tragedy. This book was not written by one of the Greek poets in the rhapsody of poetic fire—an Æschylus or Euripides—but by one of a despised race, that in the eyes of the Greeks had never produced anything worthy of notice or remembrance. Homer was the product of his age, or rather of many ages. There were poets before Homer, whose earlier efforts nourished his greater genius. Indeed some learned writers have gravely contended that no such man ever lived ; that the poems which bear that name were the songs of unknown bards, characters of ancient times, not unlike the Scottish minstrels, or the minnesingers of the Middle Ages, who went from city to city, improvising songs of the heroes of their race—songs which floated down from generation to generation, until at last they were framed as one legend, in which many voices were blended in one great

harmony. But if this be merely a theory of the critics—if Homer lived a century or two after the siege of Troy—yet it was at a time when poetry was in the air, when the only literature that the world knew was these unwritten strains, whose vast, tumultuous sound “came rolling on the wind.” But of all this the poor Apostle knew nothing ; probably he never read a line of ancient poetry except such as he found in the old Hebrew prophets. From that source his imagery is partly derived. The four living creatures, each with six wings, and having eyes before and behind, in whose different faces were figured the strength of the lion and the bull, with the intelligence of a man and the swiftness of an eagle, were symbols taken from Ezekiel. But while the Apostle takes from the prophets, he surpasses them all. In the Revelation there is a majesty in which it stands alone even in the sacred writings.

But grand and awful as are its visions of woe, the book is not all terror. While it is full of warning, it is also full of hope. Human history is not to end in gloom. Though the world is full of wickedness, and evil seems to triumph, still the moral order is not overthrown ; the tumult never rises so high that it cannot be controlled. The storm spends its force ; the clouds break away ; and the sun goes down in splendor. When the long day of human existence ends, the sunshine of hope appears on the horizon. “There is a rainbow round about the throne.” “The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.”

Nor is the forecasting of future events confined to earthly scenes. The eye of the seer, gifted with prophetic sight, ranges over all time and all worlds, over men and angels and even to the final Judge, over earth and heaven and hell. Christian poets, like Dante and Milton, who have enriched their imaginations out of the Scriptures,

have also ventured into the realm of the invisible. Painters even have attempted what is beyond the reach of art. Michael Angelo has tried to embody his conception of the Last Judgment in a painting of colossal size, in which appear the ghastly figures and terror-stricken faces of the damned. But how poor and weak is it all! This is not the Dies Iræ. How paltry does it look beside the figure of the angel standing upon the sea and upon the land, and lifting up his hand to swear that there shall be time no longer—(that single stroke seems to sound the death-knell of the universe;) or such a vision as this, "And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them: And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened."

Dante in his *Inferno* seems to have made a study of morbid anatomy, to find out what are the most sensitive fibres of our being, of the body and the soul; and through what avenues we may experience the keenest suffering, where the strongest nerves would quiver and the stoutest heart would quail; and so he pictures a Hell in which the tortures of bodily pain—of hunger and thirst, of heat and cold (for he makes the damned to pass through regions of ice as well as of fire)—are added to mental anguish, to remorse and despair. And yet, after all, can anything be more terrible than the lake of fire and the smoke of torment ascending forever? And, on the other hand, what vision of Paradise that ever gleamed in the eye of Milton could equal this: "Lo! a Lamb stood on the Mount Zion, and with Him a hundred forty and four thousand, having His Father's name written in their foreheads"? Again and again we are brought to the heavenly gates—to

"The walls conjubilant with song,"

over which float the voices of a multitude which no man

can number. If this be mere poetry, it is poetry of which literature can furnish no other example. Whence had this man this gift of imagination and of language? Was it genius? Or was it inspiration?

Yet grand as all this is—with all of poetic fire that it contains—no reader ever thinks of the Book of Revelation as a work of art. It is too real: it is addressed, not to the imagination, but to the heart. Herein it differs from all epic poetry—in the human interest which pervades it. In Homer there are tragic and pathetic scenes, as when Andromache weeps at the tomb of Hector, or the body of Priam is dragged at the chariot wheels around the walls of Troy. But for the most part all that “*Iliad of woes*” passes before us as a grand tableau—in a kind of stately magnificence, like a procession in a Greek tragedy; and one might as soon think of taking a personal interest in the Furies of Euripides, or in the sculptured friezes of the Parthenon. But in the Revelation there is a stamp of reality that is wholly wanting in Homer. It is not a story of some mythological personage, but the experience of those who have lived and died. The martyrs whose souls are kept under the altar, are martyrs who have suffered in the flesh, and the degree of future glory is measured by that of present suffering. “What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” Herein is the fascination of this marvellous book, that it has been wrought out of a great experience—great struggles and great sorrows—and therefore it speaks to the great army of sufferers: to all who have suffered or shall suffer to the end of time.

The Book of Revelation is the last book of the Bible, and it ends as we should wish the Bible to end—with a



vision of heaven in the distance, and the river of life flowing out of the throne of God ; and a chorus of heavenly voices—the sweetest sound ear ever heard—calling to men to come and take the water of life freely.

And so the Book of Revelation becomes the Book of Consolation : it bears up all who are born to die. Its words are those which men whisper to each other in life's great agonies, when eyes are streaming and hearts are breaking. When we bend over faces that we shall not look upon again, our grief refuses to be comforted till we hear a voice from heaven saying "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." "And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying ; neither shall there be any more pain." All the glory of this world gives no support as one approaches the inevitable hour. When Walter Scott was near his end, he asked his son-in-law, Lockhart, to read to him. "From what book?" was the inquiry. "NEED YOU ASK? THERE IS BUT ONE," was the reply. Of that Book the closing chapters were written in yonder island in the Ægean Sea.

## CHAPTER IV.

### SMYRNA AND EPHEBUS.

One charm of a voyage in the Greek Archipelago is that, while winding in and out among the islands, the mainland is almost always in sight. It is not like a sail among the Bahamas or the Bermudas, which lie far away in mid-ocean, looking out on every side on the same monotonous horizon. The Isles of Greece, like the islands on the coast of Norway, cling to the continent from which they have been separated ; so that the islander can look across from his narrow home to the mighty shores of Asia. It was at daybreak that we "loosed" from Scio, and turned, like fire-worshippers, towards the sun-rising, bearing away to the east, and then south of east, as we entered the great harbor of Asia Minor.

If the reader will turn to the Map, he will see that the coast-line of Asia Minor has no uniformity. It is not a long line of sandy beach, as is much of the shore of Syria and of Egypt ; nor does it stand up like the cliffs of Dover, presenting a long wall against the Mediterranean ; but it is of infinite variety, the land reaching out a hundred arms to embrace the sea, and the sea rushing up by a hundred channels into the land. Thus the coast is full of bays,

great and small, offering unbounded facilities for commerce. Of these the harbor of Smyrna is by far the largest, and indeed, except the Bay of Naples, is perhaps the finest in the Mediterranean. If it has not Vesuvius with its column of smoke rising against the sky, it is set in a grand amphitheatre of mountains. The traveller will hardly find in any part of the world a sight of land and sea more inspiring than is furnished by a sail up the Bay of Smyrna just as the morning sun is coming over the mountains, and lighting up shores that have been famed in song and story since the days of Homer. Indeed Smyrna disputes with Scio the honor of being the birthplace of Homer. Even if it were not, there can be little doubt that all this coast was familiar to him, and that his eyes often rested on these mountains till blindness closed them to all earthly beauty, and that even then his song was inspired by the rolling of these waters. As we came up the bay, the ancient shores had a familiar look : for I had seen them before in 1875 when coming from Constantinople on the way to Egypt, and this second visit was like returning to an old friend. As we approached the city, its position reminded me again of Naples. Smyrna rises from the sea, with the background of Mount Pagus, crested with its grand old Castle, as Naples sweeps upward from the bay, resting its head against the fortress-crowned height of Capo di Monte. In front of the city a sea-wall encloses a sheltered spot for vessels, and here we drop our anchor, and a boat with Greek oarsmen takes us off from the ship and lands us at the Marina.

However fond one may be of the sea, it is always a welcome change to come into port ; to get off the ship's deck, and stretch one's legs on shore ; and we were soon rambling about the streets of Smyrna, in which there is a good deal to interest a stranger. The houses are fairly well

built for an Eastern city, and the streets, though narrow, are much better paved than those of Constantinople. But the peculiar charm lies in its mixed character. It is at once an ancient and a modern city. There is a mingling of the old and the new, of the East and the West, of the European and the Asiatic, which gives it the variegated life that one finds in Alexandria or Cairo. The population of two hundred thousand is divided chiefly, and about equally, between Greeks and Turks: but with them, though in much smaller number, are Italians and French, Germans and English, mingled with Jews and Armenians, and all the races of the East. Long lines of camels filing through the streets of the city bring to it the produce of the provinces of Asia Minor; while the ships lying at the quay, flying the flags of different countries, carry our thoughts across the sea to England and America.

The bazaars of Smyrna are not as rich as those of Cairo or Damascus, and yet they offer many fabrics to attract the eye; and an American who has virtuously resolved to resist all temptation, may be forgiven if he is beguiled into a shop, where, after a long bargaining with a fat old Turk, who sits squatting on his legs, with a huge turban on his head and a long pipe in his mouth, he gives way to the mild persuasion, and buys two or three of the soft Eastern rugs to take home as memorials of the Orient.

But apart from all this, I had a personal association with Smyrna which made me regard it with a peculiar interest. It was for nine years the home of a dear sister, the wife of Rev. Josiah Brewer, one of the earliest American missionaries in the East. More than sixty years ago he was a tutor in Yale College, in which, as in other American Colleges, the spirit of missions had begun to show itself. Looking to this as his life-work, he made a visit to the East at the time of the Greek Revolution.

When the battle of Navarino brought the war to an end, it seemed to open a wide door to missionary labor ; and after coming home to America to be married, he returned to the East, and took up his residence in Smyrna, where he devoted himself especially to the education of Greek girls—a movement which excited surprise, not only among the Moslems, who look upon women as having no souls, but among Oriental Christians as well, among whom heretofore women had been left to a life of ignorance and servitude. These schools were attended with remarkable success. The Greek girls, often beautiful in person, showed great natural intelligence and aptitude for study, and by their progress excited a wonder which led to imitation. This was the beginning of a movement which, extending to Athens and other cities, has in the course of half a century done so much for the elevation of modern Greece.

But neither Greek ignorance nor Moslem fanaticism was the only enemy with which the missionary had to contend. Like many other cities of the East, Smyrna was subject to frequent visitations of the cholera and the plague, which struck terror into the hearts of the inhabitants. While Mr. Brewer was here with his family came the terrible plague of 1831, which made Smyrna like a city of the dead. All who could escape fled, while those who were obliged to remain shut themselves up in their houses, and hardly dared to appear in the streets. If obliged to go out for the necessities of life, they glided about like ghosts, not stopping to recognize neighbor or friend, lest the touch of a hand should carry contagion. If two men met in the street, each drew away from the other as if contact were death. Sometimes they hugged the walls of the houses, with canes in their hands ready to strike down any one who should approach. Papers and

letters coming through the mails were smoked and dipped in vinegar before they were delivered, lest they might communicate infection. Even vegetables were passed through water before they were taken from the hands of the seller. Terrible tales were told of scenes where guests were carried away dead from the table, and servants dropped down while waiting upon it. On every countenance was depicted an expression of horror. When the plague appeared in a house, it was instantly deserted, the occupants running from it without stopping to look at anything, or to take anything with them, as if pursued by the Angel of Death. In the midst of all this terror, the missionary preserved his calmness of mind, and tried to allay the general panic, which was in itself almost as deadly as the pestilence.

The following year the cholera filled the city with as much terror as the plague. At this time, when people were dying by thousands, Mr. Brewer stood at his post like a soldier, to whom the moment of greatest danger is the moment of most sacred duty. He felt that such a public calamity only gave him the wider opportunity for relieving human suffering. Filling his pockets with medicines, and taking along with him his brother-in-law, a boy of fifteen (now Judge Field of the Supreme Court of the United States), who carried with him also medicine and food, he explored the almost deserted streets day after day, seeking those who had been suddenly smitten with cholera, and had lain down to suffer, and perhaps to die. Thousands perished ; but of those who were saved, many owed their lives to the courage of that Christian missionary. Commodore De Kay of the United States Navy, in a book entitled "Turkey in 1831 and 1832," says : "The efforts of the physicians at Smyrna during the fearful season of cholera, were nobly seconded by many of the

foreign missionaries. Among these I heard the labors of Mr. Brewer everywhere spoken of in terms of admiration. Furnished with all the requisite remedies, he scoured every lane and alley, proclaiming his benevolent intentions, and distributing even food to the needy. Let history, when it repeats the story of the good Bishop of Marseilles, also record the benevolence and the proud contempt of danger and of death evinced by an American stranger within the pestilential walls of Smyrna."

Remembering all this, it was with a peculiar interest that I sought out the street, and the very house, in which my brother and sister had lived during those trying years. Of course all who knew them (it was fifty years ago) were gone now. I could recall only the name of one family—that of Van Lennep, with which they formed the closest intimacy, and in all after years held in affectionate remembrance. The name is not unknown in America. Rev. Dr. Henry J. Van Lennep is a nephew of that Dutch merchant and consul who showed such kindness to my kindred long ago. It was a great pleasure to find in Smyrna an excellent representative of the family in the person of the present Dutch Consul, at whose house I was welcomed with a cordiality which showed that the old name and the old memories were not forgotten.

At the principal hotel of Smyrna I found an English officer whom I had met in Jerusalem, and afterwards at Baalbec. The name of Sir Charles Wilson is well known in the East for his services to the cause of geographical and Biblical knowledge in the famous "Ordnance Survey" of the Peninsula of Sinai, and by his excavations in Jerusalem, the results of both which were published in several volumes, with maps, by the English Government, and furnish altogether the fullest and most accurate geographical studies of Sinai and Jerusalem. On his

recent visit to Jerusalem, he had met the young princes, sons of the Prince of Wales, who were returning from their voyage round the world, and had reached Palestine, and took them over the Haram area, and accompanied them to Hebron. He was now in Smyrna as the British Consul-General, in which position he was a trusted adviser of the English Government in affairs of the East. After the war in Egypt, he was sent to Cairo to be present at the trial of Arabi Pasha, to see that no injustice was done ; and it was probably owing to his mild counsels that Arabi's life was spared, and that he was sent as an exile to Ceylon. After my return to America, I had a letter from him, in which he gave an opinion of Arabi, which showed how fairly and generously a brave English soldier could speak of an enemy. In his kindly view, Arabi was not a bad man, but an enthusiast, carried away by his own ardent imagination—a man of great natural eloquence, who took the hearts of his countrymen by the fluency with which he repeated Arabic poetry, and especially the more impassioned parts of the Koran ; who meant well, and would have been glad to be a patriot if he only knew how ; but whose good intentions were made of no account by his utter ignorance of government, in which he showed almost childish weakness.

Knowing how Sir Charles Wilson was trusted in Eastern affairs, I was not surprised to see his name among the officers who accompanied Lord Wolseley in his expedition to the Soudan, where his knowledge of the Arabs would be invaluable. No man knew them better. He lived among them so long, when engaged in the survey of the Sinaitic Peninsula, that he might almost be said to have adopted their nomadic life. They climbed the mountains with him (he told me that he had been on every one of the five peaks of Serbal), and were his companions in all his wan-



derings, in the tent and on the march. He confessed to me that he was very fond of these children of the desert. I am sure he was a kind master, and do not wonder that they followed him with entire devotion. Nor was he shocked by their manners and customs, even though, when he would accept the hospitality of a gray-bearded old sheikh, he must sit upon the ground, or on a carpet spread in the tent, and partake of his food in the Oriental fashion. And when I ventured to rally him as a gentle savage, saying "How can you sit at meat with those who eat with their fingers?" he replied smilingly, "If you only knew how delicious it is to put your hands into the dish, you would never wish to eat again with knife and fork." After living in such relations of friendship with the tribes of the desert, it could not be a pleasant thing to have to fight against them. But no man knew better than he that, mild and gentle as were the Bedaween when he talked with them round their camp-fires, they had in them fierce passions which might be excited to commit any atrocity. Had they not murdered his friend and companion, Prof. Palmer, who had lived with them so familiarly that they called him Sheikh Abdallah? And yet when, confident of his own safety, he ventured among them at the outbreak of the war, he met his death. Had Sir Charles been with him, he would doubtless have shared the same fate. And much as he pitied Arabi Pasha, he knew well that his movement in Egypt would end in anarchy, and that it was a hard necessity for England to interfere. Hence he could have no scruple or shrinking in the work in which the English army was to be engaged. He is a gallant officer, and yet withal so gentle in manner, speaking in a voice that is low and soft like a woman's, that I can hardly think of him in the front of battle. But often the most gentle are the most brave; and when he took command at El Gubat, after Gen. Stewart fell, he con-

tinued the battle with such courage and skill as insured the victory, and brought the English to the banks of the Nile. I could imagine the eagerness with which he embarked on the steamer to go up the river in the hope to relieve Khartoum and rescue Gordon ; but, alas, he came too late ! It was no fault of his ; he had done his utmost (and the bravest can do no more), but in vain. Those who know his quiet courage know that in any crisis which may come to his country, when "England expects every man to do his duty," no man will do his duty more faithfully than Sir Charles Wilson.\*

\* While speaking of this gallant officer I cannot but refer to an attempt which has been made in England to hold him responsible for the death of Gordon—a most cruel imputation, as they were not only brother officers, but old friends, and he was impelled to every exertion by his personal regard as well as his military honor.

To an American looking on from this distance, it would seem as if the responsibility of the expedition should rest first of all on the General commanding. If it had been successful, he would have claimed the credit ; why should he not be held to a rigid account for its failure ? The public is the more inclined to exact this from Lord Wolseley, because the expedition was his ; he was put in command of it, with the ordering of every detail, and liberty to draw to any extent on the troops and the treasury of England. He even sent across the Atlantic for Canadian boatmen to work his boats up the cataracts of the Nile. Thus provided with everything, he embarked, like Cæsar, assured of victory, boasting of the great things he was going to do, and even telling the Prince of Wales the very day on which he would enter Khartoum ! After this it may well be mortifying to come back, not having been within two hundred miles of the beleaguered city, and having left to others all the hard work of the campaign. His own failure might be forgiven or passed over in silence, if he had not sought to hide it by throwing the blame upon one of his best officers, who did *his* part gallantly and well.

Those who followed the progress of the late expedition, will remember that when Lord Wolseley had advanced up the Nile to

In coming up the Bay of Smyrna, the most picturesque object which had attracted our attention was the old ruined Castle on the hill behind the city. When we were here in 1875, we rode out to it on little donkeys. The hill is five hundred feet high, and commands a magnificent view of the city and the harbor, with the surrounding shores. The castle is like that of Heidelberg in extent, and in its successive reconstructions tells a tale as old as one of the cedars of Lebanon : for though it has been rebuilt or enlarged by Greeks and Romans and Byzantine emperors, its foundations, which were of Cyclopean architecture, were probably laid by the Lelesgian pirates and robbers who

Korti, as far as he could go with boats, he divided his force, sending one division forward, and himself remaining in camp with the other. Many in England asked why he did not march with the whole body, and give it the impulse and inspiration of his personal presence ? But for reasons which were satisfactory to himself, he chose to remain behind, leaving it to others to lead the advance and fight the battles. And not only did he divide his force, but he divided still further that which he sent forward, detaching one column to move along the Nile, while a second struck directly across the desert. The latter, reduced in numbers, soon met the Arabs in great force, and fought a desperate battle at Abu Klea on the 17th of January. Here they remained a day to bury the dead, and to fill up with water. Resuming the march, they had to fight a second battle at El Gubat on the 19th, in which General Stewart fell, when the command devolved on Sir Charles Willson, who, according to all accounts, showed the greatest coolness, defeating the enemy and completing the march to the Nile, where a day or two after the boats arrived which had been sent down from Khartoum by Gordon to aid the advance.

Now, it is said, "If Sir Charles had instantly embarked and steamed away, he might have reached Khartoum in time to save Gordon." His failure to do this is the basis for the imputation that it was owing to his want of promptness and energy that Gordon was not saved ! Such is the story which has been served

sailed the Mediterranean before the siege of Troy, and who built this as a refuge and a watch-tower, from which they could look out far over land and sea. From the earliest time, ever since Smyrna began to be a city, this was its Acropolis, where its founders reared their massive walls and towers. Below the castle is still seen the Stadium, in which were performed the Grecian games, and which has a more sacred association, since on this spot Polycarp

up to the English public by the correspondent of a London paper, and has not been rebuked by Lord Wolseley himself! If indeed he has connived at this false and wicked story, he has been guilty of a very unworthy act towards a brother officer.

To this charge Sir Charles Wilson has replied with great dignity by a statement so clear as to carry conviction with it. A few words will put the matter in its true light.

When the English troops reached the Nile, they were completely exhausted with their long march across the desert and their two battles, by which they were reduced in strength and encumbered with wounded; and yet, weak as they were, they had to face the possibility of having to fight again, for reports came in that the Arabs were marching upon them both from north and south. The boats arrived on the afternoon of the 21st of January; and if Sir Charles had at once started up the Nile, leaving his little force to its fate, and it had been attacked and destroyed, he would have been accused of deserting it, and would have been justly dishonored and disgraced. His first duty was to strengthen it as much as possible, so that it could hold out till his return.

But further, the situation was complicated by the positive direction of Gordon, on no account to trust the Turkish or Egyptian officers in command of the boats, but to turn them all out and put in others! This could not be done in an instant; it required time to reorganize, and also to protect the sides of the boats, which were slender craft like the penny boats on the Thames, for a voyage in which they would have to run the gauntlet of a fire from heavy guns on both sides of the river.

With all these obstacles in his way, Sir Charles started on the morning of the 24th of January, and came in sight of Khartoum

obtained the crown of martyrdom. Smyrna was one of the seven cities of Asia which received the Gospel from the Apostles themselves. To Smyrna was sent a message from the angel of the churches in the Book of Revelation. Polycarp was born in the first century, as early, it is thought, as the year 69, and thus in the lifetime of the Apostles, and perhaps had sat at the feet of John. His life was passed in Smyrna, of which he was bishop. Here he received a visit from Ignatius of Antioch, who was then under a sentence of death, and on his way to Rome to be thrown to the lions. Warned by the fate of his friend,

on the 28th, to find that the city had fallen and Gordon been killed on the morning of the 26th!

Of course it is always easy to be wise after the event, and it may seem now, putting the dates together, as though, *if* Sir Charles had known beforehand the exact condition of affairs at Khartoum; and *if* he had abandoned his own force, and rushing on board the little steamers, had turned their heads up stream at once, and sailed away without changing the officers of the boats, as Gordon had directed, and without even stopping to take wood on board to keep their engines going, it is *barely possible* that they might have reached Khartoum in time, though he says that *even then it could not have been accomplished*; but such a movement would have involved many contingencies, a failure in any one of which would have wrecked the whole expedition. It would have been against all probabilities of success. A commanding officer has no right to take such desperate risks. Nor is it at all likely that it would have averted the issue. It is probable that the treachery by which Khartoum was betrayed had been long planned, and that whenever the English boats were seen coming up the Nile, the mine would have been sprung.

An officer has done his duty when he uses all the light he has, or that it is possible to obtain; and when he acts with promptness and courage, and yet at the same time with prudence and discretion, so as not to sacrifice the lives of his men. If after he has done all this he fails, he can only say

“’Tis not in mortals to command success,  
But we’ve done more—we’ve deserved it.”

and the spirit of persecution which was abroad in the Roman Empire, Polycarp was prepared for a similar end. He lived, however, to a great age. When at last he was brought before the Proconsul at Smyrna, in the amphitheatre crowded with spectators, the haughty Roman was moved at the sight of his venerable figure, and begged him to adjure Christ that his life might be spared ; to which, looking up to heaven and around at the assembled multitude, he calmly replied, " Eighty and six years have I served Him, and He never did me wrong : how then can I revile my King and Saviour ? " When condemned to die, he ungirded himself and laid aside his garments, and took his place ; and when they would have bound him to the stake, he said, " Let me remain as I am. He who has enabled me to brave the fire, will strengthen me to endure its fierceness," and so he gave his body to the flames. Near this spot a solitary cypress marks his grave, and preserves the sacred name and memory of one of the earliest of the Christian martyrs.

If we are looking for historical associations, we have others still. Not far from Smyrna once stood one of the greatest cities of the ancient world—a city long since dead and buried, but which is of interest even in its sepulchre. While I had been looking about Smyrna, some of my fellow-passengers on the steamer had gone to the railway station to see if they could get a special train to take us to Ephesus, and by dint of much persuasion and a goodly show of napoleons, secured it ; and at a quarter before three some thirty of us—English and Americans—set out. It was a new sensation after our various modes of travelling in the East. Think of a railroad in Asia Minor, where, from the beginning of time, there has been no other mode of transportation than by horses or asses or camels ! As the railway is owned by an English company, it is fur-

nished in English style. We had five carriages in our special train, and as we stepped into the luxurious compartments, and leaned back on the cushioned seats, I had to confess that this was softer than a camel's or even a horse's back. As we shot away at full speed over the level country which lies south of Smyrna, we were equally surprised and delighted to find it in a high state of cultivation, with plantations of mulberry trees and orange trees and fig trees, with olives and vines. The cultivators of this region are Fellaheen, like those of Egypt, living in mud villages, scattered among whom is another population, the Turcomans, whom we saw in great numbers over the plain, living in black tents such as we had seen on the desert, and surrounded by hundreds of camels. We might think these troublesome neighbors, but they are not so bad as we might suppose. Though they wander in the desert, they are not robbers, like the Bedaween. Dr. Van Lennep says : "They are mostly engaged in raising cattle, camels included. Some, however, are charcoal-burners, saw planks, and cut trees into 'sleepers' for the railroad. They are divided into tribes, and move from place to place according to the needs of their cattle. Tribes, or families, are often met while moving, and as they are fond of hunting, one or two men may frequently be seen holding a hawk on their gloved hand, and leading a fine breed of greyhounds. They have essentially the same religion as the Yezidees, and their range extends all over Asia Minor, Armenia, Northern Persia, and Turkistan. But their wandering life effectually prevents their cultivation of the soil. Their only rivals, where they are found, are the tribes of Koords, whose range is very much smaller, and who are highway robbers to the backbone."

But the dangerous element near Smyrna is composed of Greek and Turkish outlaws, who form companies of

brigands, and find a good field of operations in the neighborhood of a great city, where the government is weak. When I first went to Italy, such brigands made it unsafe for travellers to go from Naples to Pæstum, and to a much later period they were the terror of Sicily, operating even close to Palermo and Messina, seizing men of wealth, whom they carried off into the mountains and held for ransom. Such bands have long infested the neighborhood of Smyrna, and made it unsafe to venture far out of the city. When my brother, Judge Field, was here a year ago to revisit the scenes of his boyhood, he heard such stories of travellers being taken by brigands and held for ransom, that he did not think it prudent to visit Ephesus unprotected, and did not care to take an armed escort, even though one was offered him by the Pasha of the district. But this year there had been apparently a stiffening of Turkish authority.\* At any rate our train was not stopped by cut-throats with carbines and scimitars; and as for the Turcomans, whenever we looked out of the windows, and saw them with their black tents and their camels, our only thought was of the picturesque feature which they made in the landscape.

Ephesus is fifty miles south of Smyrna, but as we ran at a speed of forty miles an hour, we made the distance in

\* Since this was written, the old brigandage seems to have revived. As these pages are going through the press comes a report that a band composed of "Mussulmans and Christians" (!)—that is, Turks and Greeks—in the neighborhood of Smyrna, have recently carried off a young Englishman, for whose safe return they demand a ransom of nine thousand pounds! If this is not promptly paid, "their prisoner shall be killed." Before doing this, they would perhaps cut off his ears, and send them into the city to show that they were not to be trifled with. If this did not bring the money, they would very probably carry their threat into execution.



an hour and a quarter. The station stands beside the ruins of an ancient aqueduct, many of the arches of which have fallen, but the square columns are still standing, on the tops of which storks have built their nests, as on the chimneys in Holland. As I looked up at these long-legged creatures on their lofty perch, and saw that they were not at all awed or alarmed by this inroad of Western barbarians, nor disturbed by the noise of the engine or the rattling of cars, it seemed as if they might be the embodied spirits of the old Ephesians, looking down with high disdain on all the rush and roar of our modern life.

Ephesus itself lies at a distance of two miles, and we started at once for the ruins. A party from Cleveland, Ohio, had taken the precaution to telegraph for horses, and exhausted the resources of the place. They were soon mounted, and picking their way along the winding path and over the hill, while the rest of us followed on foot. Our course led over a stony causeway and along a foot-path, by the side of which, here and there, peer out of the ground fragments of columns and arches—the ruins of old temples. But it is not till we pass over the hill that we come in sight of the plain on which the city stood. It is now quite desolate. The eye rests on nothing like the Parthenon at Athens, or the temples at Pæstum, to mark the site of what was once the greatest city of Asia. The harbor was in the centre of the city, and consisted of an immense basin, connected by the river Cayster with the sea. This artificial lake was to Ephesus what the docks of Liverpool are to the greatest commercial city of our day. In it floated ships from all parts of the Mediterranean, while strangers from all countries thronged the busy streets. It requires some effort of the imagination to reconstruct this populous city on a plain where now there is not a single human being! But of the ancient city there are

too many remains for us to doubt its vastness. Its wealth was shown in its temples and palaces. Some years ago explorations were begun by the British Government, which uncovered the foundations of the famous Temple of Diana. It was found that three temples had been built on the same site. One of them was burnt on the day that Alexander the Great was born, which was afterwards interpreted as an omen of the general conflagration in Asia, which was to be kindled by the conqueror of the world. It was replaced by a temple, which was two hundred and twenty years in building, and the proportions of which (according to the exact measurement of Mr. Wood, from the lowest step of the flight which leads up to the peristyle, it was 418 feet and one inch long, and 239 feet and four and one-half inches broad) show that it was much larger than the Parthenon ; while the splendor of its architecture, surrounded by its hundred columns, made it truly one of the Seven Wonders of the World. But of all this magnificence not a trace remains above the ground. The Theatre is better preserved, because it was buttressed by a hill—which was the Acropolis of the city—in the sides of which rose, one behind the other, the seats of stone, on which might be arrayed 25,000 spectators. Climbing over the fallen stones and up to the top of the wall, we rested for a few minutes at this chief spot of interest in Ephesus ; while Dean Howson, taking from his pocket the Revised Version of the New Testament, read from it the account (in the nineteenth chapter of Acts) of the mob, excited by the preaching of Paul, and rushing into the theatre, where they cried out for two hours : “ Great is Diana of the Ephesians ! ” Few of us will ever forget the scene. Even now I seem to hear the voice of the good Dean, who entered into the spirit of what he read, and of the epistle in the second chapter of Revelation, beginning “ Unto the angel of the

Church of Ephesus write, These things saith He that holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks," and ending "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

How much more to us is this human interest, connected with the beloved Apostle, than the interest of mere archaeological researches! When we passed under an old arch, or through the city gates, our first thought was that Paul had passed through these gates and under this arch a hundred times in the three years that he spent in Ephesus. He came to it as a stranger, and was received almost as an enemy. Here he endured persecution; here he fought with beasts; here he taught publicly and from house to house, warning every one night and day with tears. It was of him we were thinking as we returned by another path over the hill, passing the reputed tomb of St. John, and stopping now and then to look back at the plain below, with its scattered ruins, and away to the sea, in which the sun was going down. Once the sea came up to the city's front; it is now a mile and a half distant. A few miles farther on yonder shore stood its seaport, Miletus—a name which brings up tender and sacred memories, since it was from Miletus that Paul sent to Ephesus and called the elders of the church. There are few chapters in the Bible which we read with more emotion than the twentieth chapter of Acts. In point of tenderness, the parting of Paul from the elders of Ephesus is worthy to be placed beside the meeting of Joseph with his brethren. How that last sentence lingers on the ear: "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." And then came the last prayer and the last embrace: "And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down and prayed with them all, and

they all wept sore and fell on Paul's neck and kissed him : sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake that they should see his face no more." No description can add anything to this. The only parallel I find to it is in the departure of the Pilgrims from Leyden, when John Robinson knelt down on the ship's deck, and with fervent prayer commended to God the little band who were to sail away, carrying with them the hopes of a New World.

As we rode back to Smyrna in the evening, we were more silent than when we came. It was ten o'clock when we were again on board the ship.

## CHAPTER V.

### MITYLENE AND TROY—THE DARDANELLES.

Though we had chartered a special train for Ephesus, and rushed, as for dear life, to look upon it and return before the ship should sail and leave us behind, she did not lift her anchor till two o'clock the next day. But I was not at all impatient of the delay, for it gave me another forenoon to ramble on shore ; and there is nothing in the world I like so much as to be "let loose" in a foreign city, and the older it is the better, for the more full is it of historical associations. I like to go "poking" about in nooks and corners, seeing how the people live, and noting the characteristic features of the place ; and if I get lost (as I sometimes do), it is no matter : it is good once in awhile to lose one's identity, that we may the better enter into the strange life of other human beings. In my wanderings about the world, I have sometimes been conscious of a mental process almost like a transmigration of souls. I felt that I was not myself, but some other man ; or as if I were one of the sheeted dead that had come back to revisit the scenes of a former existence. A spirit that would haunt old ruins may find others in Smyrna besides the Castle on the hill. There is the Genoese Castle

near the shore, in the midst of the bazaars, whose very name tells of the time when Genoese and Venetians carried their ships and their arms to the eastern part of the Mediterranean ; and there is a Turkish Castle on the bay, whose tumble-down appearance is a fit type of the general decay and weakness of the power which it represents. Near the city perhaps the most notable spot is the Caravan Bridge, which spans the torrent erroneously called the Meles, and from which many caravans of camels take their departure for their long march into the interior. About such a spot I could linger a good while, indulging in idle dreams of journeys which I can take only in imagination. I like to look at camels, even on the ground, as they remind me of those glorious days of pilgrimage to Sinai. See that old Bactrian just rising to his feet! He straightens out his legs as if he longed to be stretching them on the desert. Would that I were on his back, swinging away into the heart of Asia Minor! Such points as these in and about Smyrna may well divert the mind of a traveller, though in truth he hardly needs anything more than the many-colored life presented in the shops and streets of this ancient city.

When at last we came to depart, we had lost a part of our ship's company. A number of our fellow-passengers, who had embarked with us at Beirut, left at Smyrna to take passage in another steamer for Athens, instead of continuing with us to Constantinople. Among these were Dean Howson and the other English clergymen, and those fine old English gentlemen, Messrs. Bushell and Balfour of Liverpool. But still the cabin was filled with travellers of different countries, while the deck was packed with pilgrims.

As we steamed away, a fresh breeze was coming in from the sea, which grew stronger as we got out of the Gulf of

Smyrna ; but this only gave a keener zest to the feeling with which we sailed out into the Archipelago, and turned northward between the islands and the mainland. These shores are full of classic associations, and yet to a Christian traveller there is a still greater interest in the associations which are sacred. Asia Minor was one of the earliest fields of missionary labor of the Apostles. All the churches of Asia were grouped within easy distance of Smyrna. To the North were Thyatira and Pergamos ; as Sardis and Philadelphia were to the East ; and Ephesus on the South, and a little farther away was Laodicea. A sail along these shores quickens the interest with which we turn again to the second and third chapters of the Book of Revelation, and read messages which were not to the seven churches alone, but to us also on whom the ends of the world are come. "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

As the afternoon drew on, we were approaching a large island—the ancient Lesbos, now Mitylene—and as we were on its eastern side, and the sun was sinking in the west, we were coming under its shadow, and this softer light enabled us to see it better than we could have done in the glare of noonday. The tops of the mountains stood out with wonderful clearness against the sky, while the outline of the coast, winding in and out with its headlands and its bays, and the soft green valleys rising from the shore and running upward to the slopes of the hills, gave it an infinite variety and beauty. Clinging to the hillsides were pretty villages, with groves of oak cultivated for the acorns they yield, which are used for tanning purposes, and exported to Europe ; while the pine forests on the mountains furnish timber and pitch. The valleys are very fertile, and if they are not "covered over with corn," they have large plantations of fig and other fruit trees ;

while the olive orchards, if they do not pour out "rivers of oil," yet yield in such abundance as makes the chief industry of the island, and furnishes a source of wealth to the thrifty inhabitants. All these varieties of vegetation were now in their perfect bloom, as it was the middle of May, when in the East the earth rejoices in the freshness of Springtime. As we sailed along these shores in the twilight, I wondered if a fairer Arcadia ever rose out of the waters of this troubled world.

The island of Lesbos has an important place in Greek history, even at its most remote period. As early as the siege of Troy, it had a large population, and continued to flourish for centuries. When Athens had its Academy, Lesbos had its schools of philosophy, which attracted the wise men of Greece. It was even more famous as the birthplace of a school of lyric poets—

"Where burning Sappho loved and sung,"

and others whose stirring odes live in the collections of Greek poetry.

When the Romans became masters of the East, they were attracted by the beauty of the Greek islands. Their fondness for a mild, tempered climate, such as is found in greatest perfection in an island lying in Summer seas, where the temperature of the sea softens alike the heat of Summer and the cold of Winter—which led them to choose Ischia and Capri, at the mouth of the Bay of Naples, as favorite abodes of Imperial luxury—led them, when sent to distant provinces, to choose Lesbos, which Tacitus describes in a line as "*insula nobilis et amœna*" [a noble and pleasant island]—as one of those semi-royal retreats in which a Roman governor might pass his splendid exile, and almost forget his absence from the imperial city.

While indulging in these fancies, the twilight was growing deeper, till just at dusk we rounded a point of land,



and saw before us the bright lights of a town encircling a little bay, and knew we were at the port of Mitylene, which in modern times has given its name to the island itself.

At Mitylene, as at Rhodes, the first glance shows that it has had its days of war and of siege, when it had to be fortified against invaders. Its most striking feature is a rocky promontory, crowned with an old Genoese Castle, with its walls and towers. Its warlike occupation is gone now, and under its battlements, instead of ships of war, little boats glide peacefully to and fro. The port has a small inner harbor, enclosed by two short projecting moles, with a light on each to guide steamers entering at night. As the landing is by boats, I did not go on shore, but sat on deck watching the caiques with their Greek rowers darting across the still waters, and the lights glancing on the shore. Should it ever be my good fortune to visit again the Greek Archipelago, I should hope not only to land at Mitylene, but to spend a day or two, and make excursions into the interior of the island, which has some beautiful drives, with an old Roman aqueduct and other ruins to remind one of its ancient history.

On the whole, Mitylene seems to me the most important, as well as the most beautiful, island of the Archipelago ; and this very beauty and fertility but increase the regret that it should be under the rule of Turkey, when it ought to belong to Greece. It is nearer to Athens than to Constantinople. It lies midway between the shores of Asia Minor and the mainland of Greece, and its population is almost wholly Greek. It is Greek in religion. One coming into Mitylene sees neither mosque nor minaret. Thus it is Greek by its position, its history, and its people. If there ever comes a time of "the restitution of all things," the island will be taken from Turkey, and restored to its natural place as part of the young Kingdom of Greece.

It was midnight when we left Mitylene—the hour when, according to the lines in Marco Bozzaris,

“ The Turk was dreaming in his tent  
Of Greece, her knee in suppliance bent.”

If our dreams were of such recent events, quite another tone was given to our thoughts as we came on deck the next morning, and found ourselves off a coast which carried us back to the beginnings of history. On our right was the Troad, the scene of events which have been immortalized in the greatest poem of antiquity. Here, twelve hundred years before Christ, took place the siege of Troy ; and yet, though so far remote from all the life of the modern world, the incidents of that siege, and the characters which took part in it, are familiar to every scholar. As we steamed up towards the coast, we studied its outlines, connecting each point with some event of the immortal story. Here were the shores on which the Greeks landed ; in the distance we could see the snow-covered head of Mount Ida, at the base of which the city stood ; and on the plain before it ancient tumuli still mark the resting-places of Achilles and Patroclus. On our left, five miles from the coast, was the little island of Tenedos, only ten miles in circumference, to which the Greek ships withdrew to deceive the Trojans into the belief that they had abandoned the siege. Passing between this island and the mainland, at eleven o'clock we entered the strait known to the ancients as the Hellespont, and to us as the Dardanelles—an arm of the sea that divides the Continents of Europe and Asia, across which the great armies of the East had to force a passage to invade Europe, unless they chose the other narrow strait of the Bosphorus. It was across the Hellespont that Xerxes laid his bridge of boats for the passage of a million of men ; and from some height on this shore that he looked down upon them, and wept

to think that of all that multitude not one would be living in a hundred years!

Recalling these scenes, and thinking how these armed hosts passed never to return, one might be led into meditations not unsuited to the day : for it was on the Sabbath morning that we were sailing up the Dardanelles. The day was not forgotten, but remembered in a service in the cabin, such as English and American travellers delight in as a sweet remembrancer of beloved lands beyond the sea. As we came on deck, we found the shores on either hand bristling with forts—reminders of the fearful struggles that have taken place for the possession of Constantinople, and that will take place again and again till the control passes from Moslem hands.

But for the present the Turk is master on both sides of the strait, as we are reminded by the stopping of our steamer between the Castles of Europe and Asia, where every ship has to be signalled before it is permitted to pass on its way to Constantinople. At this point the strait is less than a mile wide, and the defences are very strong, the forts being mounted with heavy Krupp guns. The passage is made more difficult because the channel is winding ; and there is a strong current running out from the Sea of Marmora, which sometimes swings vessels out of their course upon the shoals on one side or the other. Here we were detained two hours, to land a part of our ship's company. At Smýrna we had taken on board several hundred Bashi-Bazouks for the Turkish army. As they were "conscripts," and would be exposed to temptation at the first port we should touch, officers were on board to watch them, and keep them from running away. Now that we were alongside these two great forts, they could be safely delivered where they would be brought under military discipline.

Another class of passengers interested me more. I have said that our boat was crowded with pilgrims, who filled the deck as closely as it was possible to pack human beings. They were not all Christian pilgrims : some were pilgrims to Mecca, from which they were now returning. There were also a few Jews on board. Thus the pilgrims were of several religions, as well as of many nations, and I was curious to see how they would regard each other. Looking down upon them from the upper deck, I could not but be amused at the way in which they kept apart from each other. Of course the Greek and Russian pilgrims returning from the Holy Week at Jerusalem, would have nothing to do with misbelievers. The Jews and Moslems said their prayers regularly every day, but they would not pray with each other. The Jews wore their phylacteries on their foreheads, and a strip of parchment round the left arm near the heart, on both which were inscribed texts from the Old Testament, which they thus kept on their persons, as a token upon the hand and frontlets between the eyes, that the Lord had brought them out of Egypt. When they prayed, they turned to the ship's side, as if they would not have even the breath of prayer float over the heads of the wretched unbelievers. Not only would they not eat with the Moslems : they would not touch them even in their sleep. Although it was very difficult, in the crowded state of the ship, to prevent their coming in contact, yet the Jews would lie down on the deck as far away from the Moslems as they could get ; and no doubt it was a great comfort to both that they could thus keep apart, and each make its own heap of rags. Of course we smiled at all this, but are not these religious hatreds quite as respectable as many that obtain among those who call themselves by the sacred name of Christian ?

At last we received orders to pass the forts, and resumed

our course. A little above the Castles the strait narrows till it is less than a mile wide, and its passage might be obstructed by heavy chains swung from shore to shore. It was at this point that Xerxes laid his bridge of boats between the ancient Sestos and Abydos ; and here Alexander the Great, with his Macedonians, crossed into Asia. Here Leander swam the strait to keep his tryst with Hero, and Byron followed his example. These historical and romantic associations gave such an interest to the scenes around us, that we were in no haste to come to the end of our voyage. Rather would we have lingered between these enchanted shores of Europe and Asia. The day was one of the loveliest of Spring, with a delicious warmth, and at the same time an exquisite purity and freshness in the atmosphere. In such an air and under such a sky, we were all day floating as in a dream. Night found us in the Sea of Marmora, and as the morning came, we passed the familiar Seraglio Point, and dropped anchor at the mouth of the Golden Horn.

## CHAPTER VI

### CONSTANTINOPLE REVISITED.—I.

Wherever we go in this wicked world of ours—on whatever shore we set our wandering feet—there are two things we cannot escape : Death and the Custom House. We may escape Death for a time, but it is very hard to escape the Custom House officer. He is everywhere, by night as well as by day. He was on the quay at Queenstown when we landed at two o'clock in the morning, and now at daybreak he was the first to welcome us to Constantinople. Each country has its peculiar type of officer. The French *gens d'armes* is lean and lank ; the Turk is fat and round. However, the Turkish official is not “a monster of dreadful mien.” He is limp and lazy, and may easily be propitiated by a timely gift. But strong in my innocence, I thought to save my napoleons, and with honest pride unlocked my trunk, threw back the lid, and exposed its contents to view. There be those who would not have admired the way in which that trunk was packed. (Was there ever a man who knew how to pack a trunk ?) The garments were piled one upon another “in most admired disorder.” However, the crumpled raiment looked innocent enough. But what was that which lay on top? Doc-

uments, both printed and written, of an unknown, and therefore suspicious, character! The missionaries in Beirut had given me some of the issues of their printing-house—tracts and papers—which were scattered over the wraps of a traveller, and were thus exposed to the cold eye of the cruel Turk, who would gladly find something whereof to accuse a Giaour. And there were letters too! Clearly I was engaged in correspondence, which might be of a treasonable character. I might be a conspirator! The wretch picked up a letter, and as he held it to the light saw that it contained something not ordinarily found in an envelope. It was court-plaster; but if it had been a preparation of dynamite, it would not have made him shake his head more. Such things have been: explosive substances are sometimes compressed into the size of a pellet or a wafer, which has but to be applied to a man's forehead to explode him into nothingness. The official called to his superior "Effendi! Effendi!" and pointed to what he had discovered. It was at least a case for grave suspicion, and I was informed that I must go to the office of the police!

No sooner said than done. Not a carriage was to be had, nor even a donkey; but there were standing round us a number of Turkish porters, so famous for their strength and the burdens they carry, and one of them was ordered to take up my trunk and lead the way to the public office. The *hamal*, as he is called, was a huge fellow, with the girth of an ox, and of tremendous vertebræ, who took my trunk upon his back as an elephant would (if I had been sitting on top of it, it would have made no difference), and bending forward to restore the proper balance to his body, began climbing the hill. It is a long pull up the hill of Péra—it must be a good half mile; but the man halted not a moment, but strode ahead with a step as steady and remorseless as fate, while I meekly followed after. He

said not a word, and I followed in silence. How well I remember my thoughts in going up that hill! I had a sort of feeling that it was an even question whether I was not, after all, a villain of the blackest dye, and tried to think what plea I could offer in extenuation of my guilt, and how I could appeal to my captors, and move their stony hearts to pity. I have no doubt I should have prepared an eloquent defence, if—just as I was expecting to see the police-station before me, and to be delivered to the tormentors—the *hamal* had not come out upon the Grande Rue de Péra, and turning to the left, entered a wide and hospitable door, and deposited my trunk in the spacious hall of the Hotel d'Angleterre, the ancient hostelry of Misiri, where I had spent a fortnight in the Autumn of 1875. This was a welcome surprise. How it came about—whether the *hamal* disobeyed instructions, or the threat of sending me to the police was an attempt to extort money—I did not know. It was a mystery of which I never had an explanation.

But who cares for an explanation when his vexations are over? I now opened my trunk to good purpose, and after a bath, came forth in fine linen white and clean; and when those "artists of civilization," the barber and the hatter, joined their efforts to give a little better appearance to my face, tanned by exposure on the desert and on the sea, I came forth like the sun out of his chambers, or a strong man to run a race, and taking a carriage, sallied forth to see Constantinople. My first thought was to see the changes wrought by the war. I had been here in November, 1875, and it was now May, 1882—just six years and a half later. That is not a long time in the history of a country, but it had been long enough to witness some great changes. Within that period Turkey had received her most staggering blow since the Mohammedan



conquest. Her old enemy Russia had come down from the North, had crossed the Danube and the Balkans, and fought his way to the gates of Constantinople, and Turkey had been stripped of half her territory in Europe. This was a Revolution so complete that our distinguished countryman, President Washburn of Robert College, did not hesitate to write: "The Turkish Empire, which has existed for more than four hundred years, has come to an end." Changes so vast must cast a shadow over the capital, and I almost expected, in coming here, to find the Turk, shrunk and shrivelled, standing on the shores of the Bosphorus, only waiting the signal for his departure into Asia!

And yet it is passing strange how little difference political changes make in the life of a people. Everything goes on as before; and if we were not all the while thinking about it, we could hardly realize that anything had happened. So it was in Paris after the war. When I returned to it, though several years had elapsed, it was with a feeling of sadness: for I expected to find a city in mourning. I thought it would still bear the marks of the terrible siege. But except that the Tuileries and the Hotel de Ville had not then been rebuilt, I saw not a trace of all that wreck and ruin. Paris remained Paris; the spirit of the Gaul had not changed; the Frenchman was the Frenchman still. The boulevards were just as gay; the shops and cafés were just as crowded; and the dance of life went on as before—as, I sometimes think, it will go on till the day of judgment.

The Turk is the very antipodes of the Gaul. But they are alike in this—that each has a fixed type of character. As the Frenchman is volatile, the Turk is imperturbable. This is apparent in the way in which the latter takes the great political calamities that have overwhelmed his country and his race. In riding through the *Grande Rue de*

Péra, I see little change, except that it has been paved! The Turk presents the same familiar figure as before. He wears the same imperturbable face, the same heavy turban and flowing beard, and smokes the same long pipe. But somehow he seems more thoughtful and subdued, as if a change had come over the spirit of his dream: as if he had been suddenly awakened, and it was beginning to dawn upon him that he is not to rule the world forever. Since I was here before, there has been opened another chapter in history, which will, no doubt, in time open even the dull perceptions of the Turk. But for the present "all things continue as they were," at least to the outward eye; and without plunging into speculations on politics or war, we can give ourselves up to the enjoyment of this dear (though dirty) and delightful old city.

I do not propose to enter into any elaborate description of the capital of the Orient. That I have done sufficiently already. When I was here before, I gave my readers a series of pictures of the mosques and minarets, with the muezzin calling the hour of prayer, and worshippers bending low with their heads towards Mecca, and all that makes the varied life of this wonderful city. These descriptions I do not need to repeat. It is enough to say that the charm of all this is not diminished, but rather increased, on a second visit; that the city is still as beautiful for situation as ever, throned on the waters and the hills, with its horizon which takes in at one sweep the shores of Europe and Asia. I may now speak of some more personal matters, in which my experience gave me a pleasant impression of the social life of the Turkish capital. Of course when I speak of "society," it is foreign society, for such a thing does not exist among the Turks. They meet together for business or pleasure; but where, as in all Moslem countries, women are shut up in the seclusion

of the harem, and cannot appear with their husbands or sons or brothers, there can be no "society."

The foreign community is not a large one, as compared with that in Paris or Rome ; but it has some elements which make it very attractive. At the head, of course, stands the diplomatic body, in which are always some who rank high among European statesmen : for all the Great Powers appreciate the importance of keeping such men here to watch every new phase of the Eastern question. Next to these I should place the missionaries, with whom I include the professors of Robert College. Attached to the embassies are the secretaries of legation ; and there are the consuls of different countries, together with foreigners holding important financial positions, such as the control of the Imperial Ottoman Bank. Add to these the great number of travellers in the East, coming and going, and we have the materials of a very distinguished society, of which I had some passing glimpses in the few days I spent in Constantinople. My time was divided between foreign ministers and the missionaries, all of whom were so very kind to me that I cannot think of them without a feeling of gratitude. I hope I may not show myself ungrateful, or wanting in delicacy, if I give a few interiors, while I keep in the background whatever is too personal for mention.

The first place to which I drove in Constantinople was the German Embassy, to whose grand chateau I had looked up from the Bosphorus when here before, but which had a new interest to me now as the home of very dear friends, of whom I must venture a word of explanation. Those who have followed me in my wanderings about the world, may remember that when I made this Eastern tour in 1875-6, my niece and myself were accompanied by two German friends—a lady and her daughter—whom we

first met in Florence, and again in Rome and Naples, where they joined us for the *voyage en Orient*. We came together to Athens and Constantinople. While here we went to the rooms of Abdallah Frères, the photographers to the Sultan ; and arraying ourselves in Turkish costume, were taken in a group—I sitting on the floor like a grand Turk, while my attendants stood in the attitude of respect and of deference which women in the East must always show to their lord and master. I had on a full Turkish robe, with a huge white turban on my head, and held in my hand, not in my mouth, the stem of a long nargileh. With all this, my appearance was so imposing that my brother, Judge Field, has been so naughty as to say that I looked much better as a Turk than as a Christian ! From Constantinople we crossed the Mediterranean to Egypt, went up the Nile, and at last parted in Cairo, as we left to pursue our journey round the world. It was one of those delightful friendships sometimes formed in travel, which add a new pleasure to the lands we visit. After our return to America, this was kept up by constant correspondence ; and when we went back again to Europe, it was our delight to welcome Madame K—— to Rome, where and in Florence and Venice she spent several months with my family while I was absent on my way to Mount Sinai and through the Holy Land. Her daughter had been married several years before to the German Secretary of Legation at Munich, Herr von Hirschfeld, a man of such admirable accomplishments that he was soon after transferred to a more important position at Constantinople, and, on Count Hatzfeldt being recalled to Germany by Bismarck to be Secretary of State, was made Chargé d’Affaires, and left in charge of the Embassy, in which he remained for more than a year ; so that when I returned to Constantinople, I found the young lady who had first come here as a

stranger, under my care, now in a very high position, which she filled with a grace that not only delighted her own countrymen and countrywomen, but the whole foreign community. A week or two before she had been joined by her mother, who brought letters to me from my family. Of course they were the first persons whom I went to see, and the cordiality of their welcome made me feel as if I were among mine own kindred.

All the foreign embassies are in the part of Constantinople known as Péra, on the heights overlooking the Bosphorus. Returning from that of Germany, I passed that of England, and as I had a letter for Lord Dufferin, called to leave it, though with no expectation of seeing him, as he had sailed for Athens several days before to pay his respects to the young English Princes. To my surprise, he had just returned, and though very much occupied—it was the moment of an Egyptian crisis—he came out immediately to see me, and gave me what I might almost consider—so long had he lived on the other side of the ocean—as an *American* welcome. “I am always so glad to see one of your family,” was his first greeting. “Are you alone?” “How long will you remain in Constantinople?” “Will you come and dine with me to-morrow?” Of course I was happy to accept an invitation which gave me an opportunity to see more of such a man, and of the distinguished circle which he draws around him. But of this I may speak again.

After returning to the hotel for an hour's rest, my friends came for me in a carriage, with Herr von Hirschfeld and a friend on horseback; and all together we set out for the bazaars, where, under one vast roof covering hundreds of acres, are gathered the riches of the East. It is an endless amusement to wander through its labyrinth of little streets, to seek out nooks and corners, and chaffer

with the venders of rugs and old armor. The system of bargaining in the East is a study. We in America are in such haste to get through the world, that we go to a shop and call for what we want, and if satisfied with the price, pay our money and depart. Not so the phlegmatic Oriental. Such haste seems almost rude and unfeeling. Bargaining is to be done with certain forms of etiquette. The Turk would have you take a seat upon his carpet, and let the attendant bring you a cup of sherbet or offer you a pipe ; and then, with your nerves soothed, and your mind in a receptive mood, he is ready delicately to approach the subject. When you are thus prepared, your hospitable entertainer will tell you the most extraordinary stories about the value of his treasures. As he proceeds, it is a study to watch his imperturbable face. Other people try to deceive you, but the color in the cheek or a hesitation in the voice will betray them. Not so with the son of the Prophet. Whatever he tells you is with an unruffled face. His composure approaches the moral sublime. He really has a solemn look, as if he were calling Allah to witness that he was but asserting the eternal verities. Yet, of course, everybody understands that his affirmations are to be received with large abatements. Indeed if you were to believe him, and pay what he asks, he would be very much disappointed : for then he would say within himself that he might have asked more ! He does not expect you to pay it, but to take it as a starting-point from which to come down ; and he will come down a very long way. A few days since a well known American lady was here with her son, who took a fancy to a suit of old armor, but was a little staggered at the price—thirteen hundred dollars ! Yet after an hour of persuasion, in which probably he went off disgusted half a dozen times, and the seller as often called him back, the latter “made the sacrifice,” and though

he knew it would ruin him, took off a thousand dollars, and sold it for three hundred !

From the bazaars to the Bible House is rather an abrupt change ; but as both are in old Stamboul, it was easy to pass from one to the other. Here I found the Bliss brothers, to one of whom this Bible House owes its existence ; and Mr. Dwight, following in the footsteps of his father, the pioneer of American missions in the East ; and Mr. Greene, still editing three or four papers in different languages. When I left, Dr. Edwin Bliss accompanied me to the Bridge which crosses the Golden Horn, where he took the boat for Scutari, while I continued my walk. That Bridge, as I have written elsewhere, is one of the most wonderful places on earth for the number and variety of representatives of the human family that meet there—Europeans, Asiatics, and Africans—in observing whom one may find a theme for endless meditation. While absorbed in these reveries, I heard voices calling my name, and there were my German friends riding home from the bazaars, who picked me up and carried me back to the hotel. Not even then would they let me go : I must come and dine with them that evening, with nobody but ourselves, where we could talk without the restraint of the presence of others. When I came down from my room, the landlord said that he had not been able to get me a carriage, but that he had a sedan-chair, which was at that moment awaiting me. It was a huge affair, and with all the gold upon it, might have borne the Sultan himself. As I took my seat in it, and two lusty Turks took me up and began their march through the Grande Rue de Péra, I felt as if I were riding in Pharaoh's chariot. To be sure, a sedan-chair is not as comfortable as a carriage, but then think of the glory of the thing ! Drawing the curtains partly aside, I peeped out at the passers-by, who may have

thought that those curtains half hid the face of some noted pasha—perhaps even of the Grand Vizier himself! There is nothing like a little concealment and obscurity to magnify one's importance. Tramp, tramp, went the Turks till they landed me safely at the door of the German Embassy, where, after our *petit diner*, and two or three hours talk of the Winter in Italy and of my life on the desert, I found again my faithful attendants seated on the grass beside the door, and was carried home in the same magnificence. I came back to my hotel in a different mood from that in which I had walked up the hill of Péra that morning, expecting to be taken to the office of the police!



## CHAPTER VII.

### CONSTANTINOPLE REVISITED.—II.

Although I was not a stranger in Constantinople, and had not to see its sights for the first time, yet I should as soon think of visiting Rome without going to St. Peter's as of coming to Constantinople without a visit to St. Sophia. In a Moslem city my steps turn to the mosque, as in a Christian city they turn to the cathedral. Each is a type and emblem of a peculiar faith and form of worship. The tall minaret is to Islam what the cross on the spire of a cathedral is to a city of Christendom. Thus the religious complexion of a city is shown at a glance in its architecture. It appears also in what falls upon our ears from those almost celestial altitudes. I have learned to distinguish a city by its sounds or its silences. In a Spanish city the day is begun and ended with matin and vesper bells. In Constantinople this feature is conspicuous by its absence. In all this vast capital of the East, stretching over these hills and along these shores, there is not a cathedral tower nor even a church spire, from which a silvery chime of bells makes music to the sea. But for all this, it must not be supposed that Constantinople is given up to a dead funereal silence. If I do not hear at evening the vesper





bell, I hear something which touches me even more. As I stand at sunset on the Bridge over the Golden Horn, and look up at the minaret of a great mosque which stands out clear against the glowing sky, I see a dark, robed figure, and hear a mournful, wailing voice. It is the call to prayer. The picture has been admirably reproduced in Gérôme's famous painting of *The Muezzin*, of which an impression may be obtained from the print on the opposite page. The form is erect, the face turned upward to heaven. But a painting speaks only to the eye : it cannot speak to the ear ; and no pencil can convey the effect of that melancholy cry—a cry which has been repeated with every setting sun for more than four hundred years. With such a sound in our ears at the close of day, we were in a mood for a visit to the great mosque on the morrow, and accordingly it was the first place to which we turned in the morning.

St. Sophia is a thousand years older than St. Peter's at Rome. Forty generations had worshipped here before Michael Angelo reared his mighty dome under the Italian sky ; yet time seems to have no power on its ancient walls. Travellers are apt to approach the great mosque of Constantinople with a feeling of disappointment, for its majesty is not in its exterior. Though built for a cathedral, it is not at all like those of Europe. It has no cathedral tower rising skyward, like the spires of Strasburg or Cologne. To be sure there are the four minarets standing apart, like huge sentinels, to guard the holy place ; but these rather divide the attention from the central object. Externally it has perhaps more of the general shape of St. Mark's in Venice than of any other of the temples of Christendom. Built in the form of a Greek cross, of which the breadth is nearly equal to the length, it stands four-square, with an appearance of massiveness rather than



★  
THE MUEZZIN CALLING TO PRAYER.

From the Painting of Gérôme. By courtesy of Boussod, Valedon & Co., successors to Goupil & Co., Paris.



before the Turk crossed the Bosphorus. The spot is one of the most beautiful in the East—a point of land between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora, rising by gentle slopes from the water's edge, somewhat like the eastern end of Staten Island, which looks out to the Atlantic. The palace stood on the highest point, surrounded by the offices and residences of those connected with the royal household. Here in an enclosure nearly three miles in extent were all the departments of the government. The entrance to the grounds was through a gate of such lofty proportions that it was called the Sublime Porte, and this in time became a name for the government itself. As the Seraglio was the seat of power, it was the centre of all the intrigues of which Turkish history is full—intrigues often originating in the harem, whose splendid residence was among the gardens which stretched down to the sea. Here many an unfaithful, or even suspected, inmate, was tied in a sack with serpents and thrown into the Bosphorus. Nor was such a tragical fate confined to frail beauties or disobedient slaves. In one of the courts is pointed out a fountain where pashas who were condemned to death had their heads cut off. Here the Janissaries had sway for hundreds of years, making and unmaking Sultans, as the Pretorian Guard made Emperors. It would be a long list, that of the Sultans who were assassinated here, while their kindred were often exterminated in whole families. In one of the courts of the Seraglio was a building which, from its high, barred windows, bore the name of The Cage. It was really a place of imprisonment, in which the young princes were confined, as the English princes were confined in the Tower. Many were secretly put to death: for it became a sort of tradition that whoever succeeded to the throne should make himself secure by putting out of the way every brother or nephew or cousin who might be

suspected of a secret ambition. Even babes were strangled in their cradles, because they had royal blood in their veins, which might make them possible heirs to a throne. The last of these tragedies was the assassination of the late Sultan Abdul Aziz, who, when I was here before, was in all his glory.

In 1863 the palace was partly destroyed by fire. Since then the Sultans have ceased to make their residence at Seraglio Point. They have built great palaces on the other side of the Golden Horn, along the shore of the Bosphorus. But much remains of greater interest than mere palaces. American travellers when they come to England, generally make their first visit to the Tower of London as a spot associated with all the early periods of English history. Those who take such interest in the Crown jewels and old armor exhibited there, may find equal, or perhaps greater, interest in a visit to the Treasury in Constantinople, where is one of the most bewildering collections of precious stones in the world; and to the Armory, where are suits of mail, and the swords of conquerors, and battle-flags which were borne in great victories.

As we rode back from the Seraglio to our Hotel, we stopped at the Ottoman Bank, where I must needs draw a little money (a very necessary thing for travellers), and where I had an experience which is hardly worth mentioning except as it may be a caution to other "Innocents Abroad." Everybody who has been in the East knows the Ottoman Bank, the great financial institution of Constantinople, which is the agent of the Turkish Government for paying its ambassadors at the different courts of Europe. There is something grand in its very name of "Imperial," so that I little thought it would be the place where I should be the victim of a forgery. It seemed to me that the clerk was somewhat slow in cashing my draft, as I had



friends in the carriage waiting at the door. However, in a few minutes he gave me my fifty pounds, and we rode away. I thought no more of it till, a month later, I was in London, and went to my bankers to settle my account, when I discovered that their record of moneys paid to me did not agree with mine, and was told by the clerk that I had drawn a hundred pounds in Constantinople in addition to the fifty entered on my letter of credit. I was a little surprised, but as he showed me the draft with my signature, I could not deny it, and took it for granted that the charge was all right. But as I left the banking-house, I began to reason within myself how this thing could be. I tried to remember how I had spent the time in Constantinople, and found that I could recall distinctly every incident from the moment that I landed on the quay to the moment that I left it again to take the steamer to Varna. So the next morning, when I went to the bankers, I took the draft in my hand, and said "Mr. ———, that is a forgery! I never drew that hundred pounds!" He was very much surprised, and suggested going to the agency of the Ottoman Bank in London to inquire about it. I did so, and when I showed the manager the two drafts—the one for fifty and the other for a hundred pounds—he said at once that "the signature to the latter was evidently a clumsy imitation of the former." The matter became serious, not because of the amount of money, but because if it was a forgery, the forgery must have been committed by some one in the bank itself, perhaps by the clerk who kept me waiting so long for my money. For all that they were very reluctant to admit the possibility of a mistake. It was not till after my return to America that I received a letter from the New York house connected with the London bankers, saying that they had discovered that the charge of a hundred

pounds in Constantinople was "incorrect" (a very mild way of putting it), and begged to return me the money! To add to the strangeness of the occurrence, my friend, Rev. Mr. Lyman of Brooklyn, who was sitting in the carriage while I was in the bank, had the same fraud attempted upon him, and for the same amount! Only it was more easy of detection, because the forger had dated the draft a day or two after he left the city. The London banker had but to telegraph to Constantinople to find the date that the steamer sailed, with my friend on board. This evidence he at once recognized as positive, and said "they had had such a case before," referring to mine. I hope they have not had others since. It was a lesson to the Ottoman Bank, which I hope discovered the author of these forgeries; and trust that hereafter it will be a little more watchful of its subordinates for the safety of travellers.

But as this did not come out till weeks after I left Constantinople, I was in blissful ignorance of it, and had nothing to mar the pleasure which my friends were constantly preparing for me. That afternoon they had planned an excursion on the water. It is one of the pleasures, as well as conveniences, of an ambassador to have a steam yacht. Joining M. de Hirschfeld at the German Embassy, he led the way with the ladies down the steep hillside to the water's edge, where it was waiting; and as we stepped on board, it shot away like a sea-gull, or rather as if it were one of the birds which the Turks call "lost souls," that are ever on the wing up and down the Bosphorus. Darting across the Golden Horn and round Seraglio Point, we skirted the southern side of the city, the view of which is very imposing, as the slopes are planted thick with cypresses, whose dark foliage makes a background for the mosques and minarets which rise out of them. Five miles back from the Point, begins the wall which crosses the

peninsula from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn, and which has defended the city in many a siege, though it shows in its rents and breaches here and there the rough traces of the catapult and the battering-ram. Not far beyond this wall the Russian army was encamped in the late war. As its position was pointed out, I asked "Why did it not enter Constantinople?" It was at the gates, and in a couple of hours could have marched in and taken possession. The answer was in one word: ENGLAND! It was the English fleet lying in full sight of the city, which alone stopped the career of the great army flushed with victory. That was a triumph hardly won: for it planted the seeds of bitterness in Russian hearts that may yet spring up in a war, not against Turkey, but against England herself. English guns saved Constantinople then. Will they save it again in the next conflict with Russia? Or will the advance of Russia into Central Asia so weaken the power of England that to preserve India she will be willing to surrender Constantinople?

At the end of the old wall stand the famous Seven Towers, picturesque objects for the pencil of the artist, and here the Chargé, who is fond of sketching, stepped ashore to spend an hour or two, while we crossed over to the Princes Islands, which lie at the head of the Sea of Marmora, where it begins to narrow to the strait of the Bosphorus. The lighthouse, at the foot of which we landed, is the signal to incoming ships. The island does not rise abruptly from the water's edge, like Ischia or Capri in the Bay of Naples, but lies at the level of the sea, like the Lido at Venice. But no hillside could be more attractive than the stretch of green sward on which some noble old trees were casting their shadows. As we walked slowly along, we seemed transported to the grounds of some old convent or cloister, such was the quiet and still-

ness of the place. Taking our seat in the shade to enjoy the delicious coolness and the perfect rest, we took in the full beauty of the scene. Before us the sea lay motionless : for the day was warm and still—there was not a cloud in the sky. Near us were the sister islands which form the group. Behind us an arm of the sea, indenting the Asian coast, led away towards Broussa, the old capital before the Turks took Constantinople ; while in the distance rose the snowy head of Olympus. One sweep of the horizon takes in all this land and sea and sky. In such a retreat from the noise and bustle of the great city, we would have lingered for hours ; but the afternoon was wearing on, and we had to take again to our boat and cross to the Seven Towers for “our artist,” with whom we returned to the city, landing on the quay at Tophané, where a carriage was waiting to take us up the hill of Péra.

That evening I was to dine at the English Embassy, and as I came through the gate I heard a voice behind me calling, and turned thinking it was perhaps the guard giving me some direction, when whom should I see but Lord Dufferin running up the walk, like a school-boy, to overtake me. There is something very charming in this light-hearted gayety of manner when it is connected with real strength. It is said that when he first came to Constantinople, the Turks could not quite take the measure of him, as he had not the grave and solemn air which sometimes passes for wisdom. They could not understand how one who was so fond of sports and all manly exercises, could be a great statesman. But they soon found that, when it came to serious business, he was a match for them all.

In all European capitals “the Embassy” is the social centre for the people of the country it represents. The English Embassy in Constantinople naturally attracts Englishmen of note who are in the East. Although this

was not a grand State dinner, there were several present whose names are well known on the other side of the Atlantic. American readers are familiar with the admirable work on Russia by Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, and it was very pleasant to meet the author, and to learn from him more about a country in which he has lived and of which he has written. He was now the correspondent of *The Times*, and had very positive ideas of the way things were going in Turkey, but which I leave him to express in his own language. Here too were Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Oliphant, whom I had last met at a dinner at Mr. Bryant's in New York. Mr. Oliphant, though an Englishman, and once a Member of Parliament, is a citizen of the world. He has lived in the Eastern and the Western Hemispheres—in Asia and in America. He was with Lord Elgin in China, and has written a book on Japan. Within the last year he had been trying to establish a colony of Jews east of the Jordan, but the Porte, which opposes everything, would not grant a firman for it. Disgusted with this, and stirred to indignation by the persecution of Jews in Russia, he formed a plan for sending colonies of them to America. He told me about the ferment among the Arabs near Mecca—a movement little known to the outside world, but which has excited a great deal of alarm in the circle which surrounds the Sultan. Since I returned to America, he has been living in Palestine—part of the time in Jerusalem, where he was with Gordon shortly before the latter left for the Soudan, and since at Haifa, at the foot of Mount Carmel. Wherever he is, he has always some scheme for benefiting his fellow-creatures. He is an enthusiast for humanity—an enthusiasm which is shared by his admirable wife. Of course it was very grateful to me to hear all their kind words about America, to which they still turn as the country of the future. With such guests—though it was but a

small company, only nine sitting round the table (following the good rule for little dinners—"not less than the Graces, nor more than the Muses")—there could be no lack of animation, to which the hosts contributed their full share, Lady Dufferin being equally distinguished with her husband for that exquisite grace of manner which has charmed two continents.

It would be a great impropriety to repeat conversation at a private table, but it will be pleasant to Americans to hear how heartily Lord Dufferin responds to all the friendship and affection which he won for himself on this side of the Atlantic. The years he spent in Canada were years of great pleasure to him. The climate he prefers to that of St. Petersburg, which is equally cold, and very damp from the fogs and mists which come up from the Baltic ; while in Canada the winter air, though sharp and keen, is dry and bracing. He referred with great interest to a visit which he had made to Puget Sound, and a sail of a thousand miles up the western coast of America, the scenery of which far surpassed that of the coast of Norway, and indeed was the most stupendous which he had seen in any part of the world. Thus he loves the land that he has left behind him, and is loved in return. He has hosts of admiring friends in the United States as well as in the Dominion, whose friendship will follow him to any quarter of the globe. I am glad to say that he spoke warmly of the American missionaries in Turkey, to whom, he said, the English Government had always given its support. This is true, not only in Turkey, but everywhere. It is the proud boast of England, and one greatly to her honor, that she is the protector of Christian missions all over the world.

When I took my leave, he accompanied me through the hall of the Embassy, with many kind words, to which I

ventured to answer (only repeating what I had found to be the general desire of Englishmen wherever I had been), that the next step in his career should be the Governor-Generalship of India. On some accounts it might seem that he could be even more useful as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland : for while most loyal to England, he loves his native island. When it was desolated by the famine of 1847, though he was but a young man, he threw himself with youthful ardor into the relief of the starving population, for which his name is still blessed in the cabins of the poor. That devotion to his country and his people he has always retained. Neither the cold of Canada nor of Russia has chilled his warm Irish heart ; and it does seem that, if any man living could capture the hearts of his countrymen, it would be this man, who has Irish blood in his veins. But the same qualities are not less useful in other spheres, as they fit one to deal with all sorts and conditions of men. Especially among Eastern races, tact and manner have often more to do with success than great talents. These are the qualities for which Lord Dufferin is distinguished above other men. Living in many lands and among many peoples, he has caught a grace from them all. Few possess in such degree the art of courtesy—that art which, without assumption, captivates and wins. Such qualities fit him to be an Eastern ruler. I had been in India, and knew to whom the Anglo-Indians looked as the man to govern that great Asiatic dependency. There he is now, administering the affairs of that Empire with consummate wisdom, and at the same time with a tact in dealing with strange races which charms the Rajahs of India, as the same tact in another sphere charmed the princes and diplomats of Europe. I count it a pleasant incident of my visit to Constantinople to have had so near a view of such a man.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### AMERICANS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Many a time and oft, as I have wandered up and down in the earth, there has come upon me a feeling of indescribable loneliness. My heart sighs for home, for the dear land that I love so well, and for the faces and the voices of kindred. But when I am in the forlornest mood there is sure to turn up some countryman, whose kindly greeting makes me feel that I am not quite alone. Constantinople is a cosmopolitan city, where strangers meet from all parts of the world, and one can hardly take a walk through the Grande Rue de Péra without seeing some face that he has seen in Broadway ; and in the mixed company at the hotel, composed of many nations, there are sure to be some from the other side of the Atlantic. Sitting at the table to-day, I recognized a good honest American face, and bowing to my unknown countryman, found that it was none other than Mr. A. A. Vantine of New York, who makes frequent visits to the East, and indeed goes everywhere, up and down in the earth, if not, according to the old line, "from China to Peru," yet literally from Egypt to Japan. If he lights on Cairo, he goes in for "spoiling the Egyptians"—an operation which he repeats in the bazaars



of Damascus and Constantinople, out of which he gathers abundant store of Turkish and Persian rugs and carpets ; and the next season he turns his back on the Mediterranean, and crosses the Pacific to Japan, and comes home laden with the bronze and bric-a-brac of Tokio and Kobe, to supply the taste for luxury which has grown up in the New World.

All visitors to Constantinople know the little railroad on the side of the hill, which furnishes "rapid transit" to and from Galata, the business centre of the city. The hill of Péra is a steep ascent, especially for the Turks, who are apt to be "heavy weights"—large and round, and often short of breath ; and who had rather sit all day cross-legged, smoking a pipe, than use their legs for half an hour in vigorous climbing. And even for Americans it is not the most agreeable climb on a hot day. To make things easy both for Turk and Christian, a French engineer has devised a little tunnel, through which, as a *chute*, a miniature train, worked by a stationary engine, is made to glide up and down between Péra and the Golden Horn. As I stepped this morning into one of its little carriages, a gentleman and lady entered whose faces were familiar. One look was followed by an exclamation on both sides. They were General and Mrs. Berdan of New York, who have lived abroad for some years, chiefly in St. Petersburg. The General is known all over Europe as an inventor of firearms, and his rifles are those now in use in the Russian army. But with genuine Republican impartiality, he was as ready to supply the Turk as the Russian, and had come to Constantinople to sell to the Sultan a new invention, a torpedo of such wonderful power that it would blow all the navies of the world "sky high." When I shuddered a little at the prospect of such wide destruction, he declared that "it was all in the interest of peace" ;

that his torpedo "was the greatest peace-maker in the world." He would make war so destructive that no nation would dare to go to war, having a wholesome fear of finding its floating armaments exploded into smithereens. That is one way to look at it. My friends remained in Constantinople a year or two after I left, and may be there still : for it is only within a few months that I read in the papers an account of the gathering of all the high society of that city at the marriage of their daughter to Mr. Crawford, the author of "Dr. Isaacs" and other books, which have gained a sudden and wide popularity. How far General Berdan succeeded in converting the Sultan to his way of enforcing peace, I am not informed. I have not heard that there has been any diminution of the Turkish army and navy in consequence. Indeed it is but recently that a commission of officers was sitting to consider how the Dardanelles could be fortified still more strongly, so as to make them impassable by English ironclads—a step which would be quite unnecessary if the Turkish Government had an infallible contrivance for blowing them all out of the water. From this fact, and "the late unpleasantness" in the Soudan, and the apprehension of a great war between England and Russia, I fear we have not yet come to the reign of universal peace.

But America is represented in Constantinople not only by passing travellers, but by permanent residents, of whom the oldest in time and the most venerable in character are THE MISSIONARIES, some of whom there are (or were, for there is now left only one "good gray head that all men know"—Dr. Riggs, the patriarch of the Mission) who have been here so long that they may be reckoned among the "oldest inhabitants." We arrived very opportunely to see the missionary circle : for the month of May is the time of the annual meeting of the Western Turkey Mission,

which includes all those connected with the American Board in Constantinople and Asia Minor. Nearly one-half are engaged in work in and around this city, the others being distributed in such important centres as Broosa and Smyrna ; Sivas and Marsovan and Cæsarea ; and Trebizond on the Black Sea. There were probably fifty or sixty present. Added to these were some from other missions, who were passing through Constantinople. A lady who came with us from Smyrna, was from Teheran, the capital of Persia. They met at the Bible House, in an upper room, where, shut in from the noise of Stamboul, they gave their reports of what they were doing in their several spheres of labor, preaching and teaching, forming churches and establishing schools. Of course they had met with many obstacles from the opposition of the Armenians as well as the fanaticism of the Moslems, the latter sometimes amounting to open persecution. But against this violence, as well as against the dead mass of inertia, they made their way. They did not speak of their trials as though they wished to represent themselves as martyrs, but with the utmost modesty and simplicity. It was good to look into the faces of these brave men and women. Not a word of "fanaticism" did I hear from beginning to end. They were earnest in their work, yet not enthusiasts, but sober in judgment and practical in all they undertook. Zeal was balanced with discretion, so that their desire to do good did not run away with their judgment. This union of devotion with strong common-sense, has made American missions so successful in all parts of the globe. Those who affect contempt for missionaries and their work, would have learned moderation in their judgment, and respect for those whom they affect to despise, could they have been present those two days in that upper room.

To these impressions of my own, I add those of a

friend, Rev. William Hayes Ward, D.D., who has made a recent visit to the interior of Turkey in Asia, and after crossing the country to the Tigris, writes :

I expected to see a great missionary work, and I have found all that I expected in converts, churches, and schools. But I have seen what I was not prepared for, outside of converts, churches, and schools. I have found that it is not their converts only whom the American missionaries are converting, but the whole community about them ; that they are the great, and I may say the only, power at work to civilize the land. One of our party, who had seen in Greece the differences and quarrels of missionaries, and their failure to accomplish anything of value, and who had come to imagine that missions must be a failure everywhere, has told me how "astounded" he was when, in a trip of exploration in Central Asia Minor last year, he would find in village after village, and town after town, the work of American missions meeting him as he was searching for Greek inscriptions. The American who loves his God and his native land, will be moved almost to tears of joy as he sees what America is to this land. . . .

In Constantinople the cultivated Turks all affect French ways and talk the language. I expected to find it so in the interior, but found that as I left the seacoast, I left French behind. Along the track I have followed, English is much more spoken than French, and that wholly through American, and not English, influence. In Marash and Aintab, towns of thirty or forty thousand people each, and some fifty miles from each other, the American Mission is the most promising influence, and its buildings the most noticeable, and the models which native architects follow. Ten can speak English where one can speak French. All the scholars in the higher Protestant schools insist on being taught English, and these schools are crowded with Armenian as well as Protestant scholars, and the graduates of Aintab College are in hot demand for Armenian as well as Protestant schools. . . .

All this English comes from American teaching. The people know much more of America than of England. A foreigner wearing a hat or white helmet is taken for a missionary, and is addressed as *Hoja* (Teacher) or *Bodvilly* (Preacher). Even a military man or a consul is often taken to be a missionary. America

is the land of all good things to this people. My associates found last Summer, not very far from Cæsarea in Cappadocia, a village of Circassians who were anxiously trying to manage to emigrate to America. There are thirty young men from Diarbekir now in America, and probably scarce one or two in England or on the Continent of Europe. This is all through missionary influence. Every ambitious young man among the Christians is anxious to go to America, and if possible remain there, and engage in business or practice medicine.

In these large interior cities the American missionaries may be said to set the fashions in almost everything. They are the first to introduce "Frank" dress, tomatoes (called "red egg plant"), potatoes, window-glass, chairs, tables, bureaus, and especially roomy houses *outside* the city limits. Of more importance, of course, is their influence as affording models of teaching and preaching to the Armenian and other old Churches. The great stirring in these Churches, their new schools, their Young Men's Associations, and the preaching of their priests, all come by imitation of the American example. Everywhere it is the Protestant community and its teachers that lead in every good thing. Even the Moslem Turks recognize the superiority of the Protestant element. The governors of cities are on the best of terms with the missionaries, exchange visits with them, and inspect and approve their schools.

This is a noble testimony to what our countrymen have done for that distant land and race. America is far away from the East, separated by the whole length of the Mediterranean and the whole breadth of the Atlantic. "As far as the East is from the West," so far is the land of the setting from that of the rising sun ; and still more wide is the separation in race, in language, in customs, between the Orient and the Occident. Yet across these vast spaces has reached a love which embraces all mankind.

After a day of such interest, I returned to my German friends for the dinner—more formal than that we had before—which is given at the Embassy once a week, as an official courtesy to the large circle of which it is the centre.

It brought together a number of diplomats from their respective legations, representatives of different countries. I confess I felt a pride at seeing the youthful hostess, whom I had first introduced to Constantinople, conversing with them all in their several languages—in English and French and Italian, as freely as in her native German. Among the guests was the Papal Nuncio! Till this moment I did not know that there was such an official here. It was strange indeed to see a representative of the Pope at the Court of the Grand Turk. But here he was, and a most courtly representative—tall and commanding in person, with the address of a thorough man of the world. I suppose it was as a courtesy to us both (as we were the only “lords spiritual” present) that we were seated by each other, and seldom have I met a more accomplished gentleman; and I can assure my readers that the Italian and the American, the Catholic and the Protestant, got along very well together in the capital of the Caliph of all the Mussulmans.

While we were thus engaged in conversation, our attention was now and then diverted by vivid flashes of lightning. The day had been warm, and at its close the clouds gathered, and we had a fierce thunder-storm. As we rose from the table, we turned to see the war of elements without. The windows of the Embassy are very large, and as they face the Bosphorus, we could look down directly into it. All was buried in darkness except when a flash of lightning uncovered the scene. Below us lay the mighty ships of war, the tall masts lifted in air, with the flags drooping beside them; while beneath, the black waters lay shrinking and still between the shores of Europe and Asia.

As I have spoken so much of the charming occupants of the German Embassy, I owe it to him who during that

year represented his country, to say a word of him in that capacity. Herr von Hirschfeld had served in the German army, and had the qualities of his profession, which I recognized at once, not only in his military bearing, but in an openness, frankness, and manliness which are characteristic of the soldier. In the intimacy of his home circle, he spoke without reserve. I did not receive any "confidences" (I should not repeat them if I had); but from the general tone of the conversation, one could but receive an impression of the spirit of the man, and also of the great government whose policy he must be supposed to reflect. It was a very critical time in Constantinople. Arabi Pacha had risen to be master of Egypt, heading a movement which might end in a peaceful revolution, or lead to anarchy or war. It was now past the middle of May, and on the 11th of June occurred the massacre at Alexandria, and one month later the bombardment. The Porte was very much dissatisfied with the course of both France and England, and naturally leaned for support on Germany. The private secretary of the Sultan was almost daily, and sometimes two or three times a day, at the German Embassy. Of course there were not wanting those who said that Bismarck would be only too glad to see France and England involved in a war in Egypt, that he might turn the opportunity to the advantage of Germany. I know not what Machiavelian schemes may have been locked up in his iron breast; but so far as I could judge from the whole tone of conversation at the Embassy, there was not the slightest wish to profit by this unhappy trouble in the East, but a sincere and loyal desire to act for the peace of Europe.

At the Bible House the missionaries had spoken to me rather anxiously about the attitude of the German Embassy towards the American missionaries in Turkey. I believe

at some place in the interior the Turkish Government had acted oppressively towards the missionaries, or perhaps it was towards the native converts, and was thought to have been approved in its policy by the German Consul, or whoever was the local German representative. I called the attention of M. de Hirschfeld to it. He answered very modestly that it would hardly be proper for him to take the lead in official action which should be with the approval of all the Protestant powers, but that "whatever Lord Dufferin should do, he would support." He said that he should be very happy to receive a visit from the American missionaries, and that whatever could be done with propriety, or without an appearance of assumption or intrusion into matters which the Turkish Government might claim to belong to itself alone, he would gladly do for their protection in their excellent work. What became of the matter, or whether this word of mine did any good, I never knew. Possibly the persecution ceased without any formal protest, simply on a hint from the right quarter. My friend had plenty of opportunities of intimating to those very near the Sultan that harshness towards Protestant missionaries was not fitted to conciliate the great Protestant power on which he leaned. At any rate, it was pleasant to think that the representatives of England and Germany would stand side by side in supporting the men who were establishing schools and colleges, as well as churches, in the Turkish Empire, and who were thus the most effective promoters of Christian civilization in the East.



## CHAPTER IX.

### AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS—THE CHURCH, THE SCHOOL, AND THE COLLEGE.

My time in Constantinople was growing short, and still I had not seen all that I wished of the missionaries. There was "The Home" at Scutari and Robert College at Roumeli Hissar, and how to include them both in one day was the problem. But all things are possible to one who gets up early. I rose betimes, and came down to the Bridge over the Golden Horn, and took the first boat to Scutari. The freshness of the morning lay upon the waters as we crossed to the Asiatic shore. Scutari is at such a convenient distance from the city, to which it is about as near as Staten Island is to New York, that it is the favorite retreat of a large circle of missionaries, whose duties call them every day to the Bible House.

My old friend, Rev. Dr. Wood, who had welcomed us here six years before, met me at the landing and took me to his hospitable home. After breakfast, we called to pay our respects to the venerable Dr. Riggs, the last survivor of the four who first planted the American mission in Constantinople. His associates—Drs. Dwight, Goodell, and Schauffer—are gone: he alone remains. Here he has wrought for more than half a century with the diligence of

the Christian scholar in his life-work—that of translating the Holy Scriptures into two of the languages of the East, Turkish and Bulgarian. At the same time he has commended his religion to the Moslems among whom he has lived, not more by his learning than by his life, for “he is an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile”; and the Orientals, who see many indifferent specimens of Christianity, appreciate the simple beauty of such a life. I am told that even his Turkish neighbors hold him in reverence, as they would some aged and long-bearded mollah, regarding him as truly a man of God. In all the years that he has lived among them, he has done them no wrong, but good, and only good, showing himself a real friend and benefactor. Among the foreign residents of Constantinople he is held in universal respect, while the younger missionaries look up to him as a father. Indeed he is a father to some of them, having, like the Scudders and the Newtons of India, sons who have followed in his steps. A few months after I left Constantinople, he and his wife celebrated their Golden Wedding, when not only their own children, but the whole missionary community gathered round them with tender and affectionate veneration.

Our next visit was to the Female Seminary, known as “The Home,” in which I felt the more interest as I had seen it in its cradle. When I was here in November, 1875, its new habitation had just been completed (although the institution had been begun several years before), and was dedicated on Thanksgiving Day. It is a noble monument of American generosity, with its large, well-kept grounds, and its central building, which in its stately proportions is like one of our College Halls; and when to this is added the orderly arrangement within—the spacious corridors and dormitories, and the recitation-rooms, provided with blackboards and maps and globes, and all the facilities of

education—the whole looks like a bit of New England—a section of Wellesley or South Hadley—transplanted to the shores of the Bosphorus. To the main edifice another has since been added by Mr. William C. Chapin of Providence, whom I met in Palestine (at Jerusalem and at Nazareth), and who, coming to Constantinople a few days before me, had been so interested in the work of the Home that he signified at once his desire to give \$20,000 for the erection of a new building as a memorial of his wife. What a beautiful consecration of a great sorrow to make it the occasion of beneficence to those whose lives have not much to brighten them! Though the gift of the living, it was to bear the name of the beloved dead, and might be considered in one sense as her gift, since it was by the inspiration of her memory. And so it was in harmony with the other gifts to this Home, which have been chiefly, if not wholly, from American women. Herein is the unique and special beauty of this institution—that it is an offering from the women of one hemisphere to those of another—a recognition of that invisible tie which binds together, not only all who are the heirs of a common humanity, but still more closely those who partake of a common womanhood. In these days, when theories of Socialism and Communism agitate the political world, no phrase is more often heard than that of the universal Brotherhood of Man; but here is an illustration of the universal Sisterhood of Woman. “No matter where” [is the language of the true-hearted Christian woman] “woman may be, whether on the shores of the Bosphorus or under the palms of India, she is my sister. I cannot see her, but I know something of her sorrow: how she is made to toil, to suffer, and to weep; how she passes her days in darkness, and dies without hope: and I cannot sit at ease in my happy American home, and think of my sisters in other parts of the world,

whose lives are so desolate and dreary, so empty of all that makes life worth living, without doing something for their elevation and happiness." There is no one fact which gives me more hope of the final redemption of the race, than the appearance of woman as one of the moral forces that are to work out the great problem. This quickening of womanly sympathy in all Christian lands—the quivering of the electric chord which binds one country to another with a new current, subtle and swift, which flashes from the great heart of woman—is certainly one of the elements which are to give new life to the world.

After we had visited the Chapel and listened to some music, and passed through the rooms, and looked on the faces of those who were receiving instruction—faces that were as modest as would be those of pupils in any similar institution in America, and in which the dark eyes of the daughters of the East were brightening with new intelligence—we went up on the roof, the view from which takes in the whole of Constantinople : Stamboul and Péra divided by the Golden Horn ; Seraglio Point projecting in front of Stamboul, with mosques and minarets rising behind ; and on the Péra side a succession of palaces along the Bosphorus. Scutari itself has no architectural pretensions. Its flat-roofed houses present only a monotonous surface, the dull effect of which is rendered still more gloomy by the cypress groves. Out of this sombre landscape the Home rises as the one spot of brightness on the dark Asiatic shore.

From the Home at Scutari to Robert College is a distance of seven miles, to make which one must cross to the Golden Horn, and take one of the steamers that leave hourly to go up the Bosphorus, unless he is willing to trust himself to a rowboat. As we came down to the water, a number of boats were lying at the quay, and Dr.

Wood struck a bargain with a boatman to take us across. The Turkish caïque is a light affair. As it has no other ballast than the weight of the occupants, one needs to step into it as carefully as into an Indian birch-bark canoe, lest he should upset it. But once seated, and the boat carefully balanced, it yields easily to the sweep of the oar, and glides over the water as softly as a Venetian gondola. Thus cradled on the Bosphorus, we float slowly upward (for the current is setting in from the Black Sea), till an hour brings us to the foot of the round towers of Roumeli Hissar.

These round towers have a history. They were built by Mohammed II. at this point as the narrowest in the Bosphorus, to give him command of the strait; and mounted with guns of whose enormous calibre we may form an opinion from the balls of granite, six hundred pounds in weight, which lie here and there at the foot of the walls. This position thus strongly fortified was designed to furnish a base from which to advance to the siege of Constantinople. In the water-front is a grim old arch which is associated with horrible memories, as it served the purpose of the Traitor's Gate in the Tower of London. Under this arch many a state prisoner—convicted or only accused: a victim, it might be, of some intrigue in the court or the harem—had been dragged to his death. But the donjon-keep has no prisoners now, and the old towers are only a feature in the landscape, making this the most picturesque point on the Bosphorus.

It is a strange mingling of the old and new that near by these ancient castle walls are stretched the telegraph lines—the termini of those entering here from different parts of Europe, which go straggling down the hill to plunge into the Bosphorus, and rise up on the shores of Asia, from which they go flying away over river and moun-

tain and plain to Damascus and Bagdad, to Persia and India. But leaving new and old—telegraph and tower—we climb the path which leads up the hill, on the top of which stands an American College.

In revisiting Robert College, I had an especial attraction. When we were here in 1875, we spent a beautiful Autumn day in going up the Bosphorus to its entrance to the Black Sea—an excursion which was made full of interest by the company of the Rev. A. V. Millingen, then of the Union Church in Constantinople. He had since been in America, where he spent two or three years, from which he returned to accept a professorship in Robert College. But he did not come alone. He brought with him a New Haven lady, who had been in the East as a missionary, and they had built a cottage on the brow of the hill, which, with its flowers and its vines, reminded me of a lovely manse in Old England or New England. Here I was welcomed as an old friend. They would have me stay with them for days or weeks—"the longer the better." Could I have lingered on my return to Europe, I know not where I could have found a more delightful place of rest than in a spot which combined so much natural beauty with the grand historical associations connected with these ancient shores.

Crossing the grounds to the College, I found another group in which I was at home. Dr. Washburn, the President, had not yet returned from America, where he succeeded in raising an endowment for the institution. But the rest of the Faculty were here—professors and teachers—some of them with their wives. It was pleasant to hear the voices of *countrywomen* as well as *countrymen*; and as we were all engaged in animated conversation, with the stimulus of a cup of tea, which gives a social and almost a domestic character to these informal meetings, I could

hardly realize that I was not on the other side of the Atlantic.

But the great thing to observe here is the College itself, and the work it is doing. Since I was here before, it had kept steadily on its way, even in the midst of all the excitement of the Russian war. Sometimes that came unpleasantly near. Now and then an officer would ride into the College grounds, looking round to see where guns could be planted in case Russian war-ships from the Black Sea should endeavor to force a passage to Constantinople. Again the Russian army was close without the walls, and might at any hour occupy the heights round the city, from which their camp-fires might be seen over the waters and the hills. Yet amid all these alarms, the business of the College went on without interruption. And when the war was over, and Bulgaria was free, Robert College furnished almost the only educated men of that country who were competent to conduct its public affairs. In his recent journey to the East, Dr. Ward gives this as his own personal observation :

Passing along in hired wagons through Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia (so as to avoid long quarantine), on my way to Constantinople, among people whose languages were unknown to me, it was a great pleasure to find everywhere I went the graduates of our American Robert College, all imbued with American ideas, and masters of the English language. I called on numbers of them, men occupying the very highest positions in the government, and it was a pleasure not to be described to hear them give their tribute to American influence, and say that but for Robert College there would not have been found, when the Turkish sovereignty was removed, natives competent to fill the offices of State, and it would have been necessary to call in Russians.

With an American College at Constantinople doing such a work ; and another of equal rank and usefulness at Beirut ; and others still in the interior of Asiatic Turkey

— at Aintab and Harput ; and missionaries scattered throughout the Empire—our country has rendered a service of which she has no reason to be ashamed. America has never fought for Turkey as England has. But she has rendered services of another kind, by which the footsteps of her sons may be traced all over European and Asiatic Turkey. Besides the churches she has planted, two other American institutions—the school and the college—are the signs of her presence and her power. These are the victories of peace—“no less renowned than those of war”—whose fruits often remain long after those of war have passed away.

I have spoken of the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus below Scutari as darkened by groves of cypress trees which give it the sombre and funereal aspect of a city of the dead. There stands the Hospital in which Florence Nightingale attended the English soldiers of the Crimea, wounded and pale and dying, who followed her with their sunken but eager eyes, and breathed a little more freely, with some dim sense of restfulness and peace, if but her shadow fell on them as she passed. There many of those brave men breathed their last, and in the English cemetery near by they “sleep the sleep that knows no waking.” “After life’s fitful fever, they sleep well.” “No war nor battle’s sound” disturbs them now. The tall cypresses stand like sentinels above their graves, as if keeping watch over this “bivouac of the dead.”

No one can visit that spot without deep emotion, as he reads on the monuments how this officer fell at Alma, and that at Inkerman ; and as he walks through long rows of graves of the soldiers who fell in whole battalions in the terrible siege of Sebastopol. Americans, who honor courage wherever shown, here pay their silent but hearty tribute to England’s dead, who fell far from their native land.



But with all our admiration there sometimes comes a misgiving as if it were wasted valor ; and we cannot help asking, What was gained by all this sacrifice of human life ? To what end were these battles and sieges but to show the splendid courage of those who thus fought and fell, and to furnish a long roll of heroes "dead upon the field of honor" ? Did the wild charge of Balaklava have any result but to furnish a tableau for the lines of Tennyson, which tell how

" Into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell,  
Rode the Six Hundred " ?

Indeed, does aught remain of the Crimean War but the heroic yet melancholy story ?

America too has left her dead to moulder in the soil of Asia ; but not on the field of battle. In the interior of Asia Minor—on the slopes of Taurus as we have seen them on the slopes of Lebanon ; or, in another direction, on the highlands of Armenia ; or yet farther away, in the valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates, are little missionary cemeteries, clusters of graves, where sleep the beloved and the sainted dead. What have they done that history should preserve their names ? All unnoticed by the great world, they lived and died. But the fruit of what they did does not die. Through many years of patience in well-doing, they wrought for the good of their fellow-beings, facing any exposure and any danger. In time of sorest need they were the friends of the poor. The brave missionary of Smyrna who did not fear to face the horrors of the plague ; and who, when the city was swept by cholera, went from door to door prescribing for those who were stricken down, from whom even their own kindred fled ; does not stand alone. Everywhere our missionaries in the East have shown this courage in pestilence, watching by the bedside of the sick and the dying, as well as minister-

ing to the poor in times of destitution and famine. They opened schools in the midst of ignorance and darkness, to give instruction to the sons and daughters of the East; they formed little churches, into which they gathered the poor and the humble, who never knew before the sweetness of a pure faith and an immortal hope. Thus they united in their instruction "the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion." Wherever they came, the grass grew green beneath their feet; there was a new order—the germ of a new civilization. And when they had thus worn out their lives, they fell on sleep; and as the poor people gathered round their biers, the tears fell like rain. Such lives are not written in books: such names are not carved on the marble columns that bear the names of heroes. It may be only a low headstone that marks the stranger's grave. But perhaps when years have passed, and the fruit of the seed scattered by his hands shall spring up, and bear fruit an hundred-fold, another generation will gather round the humble resting-place of the American missionary, and pay a tribute to his memory as sincere as ever was paid to any English hero that sleeps in the shadow of the cypress groves on "the dark Asiatic shore."

## CHAPTER X.

### THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK.

This is Carlyle's stamp, or "brand," on the Ottoman Turk. It is a keen, epigrammatic expression, which is easily quoted, and so passes from hand to hand, or rather from mouth to mouth, and obtains the kind of authority which is supposed to lie in what is accepted as an axiom of popular wisdom. But a witty saying may have a fault of exaggeration, which makes it as unjust as it is witty, and its wit ought not to blind us to its injustice. When wit attempts a portrait, it is apt to make a caricature, and to this sort of misrepresentation there is no reply. It is this which makes an epithet so effective—that the man to whom it is applied can make no answer. It is a shot in ambush which he cannot stop any more than he can stop a minie-ball, and so it often penetrates and tears the flesh without the possibility of resistance.

So much I say at the outset by way of caution, while at the same time I must confess that the expression of Carlyle is partly true, and forcible because it is true. Its felicity consists in the absence of precise definition. It does not define, but it suggests what is very difficult of definition. "The unspeakable Turk" is "unspeakable"

partly in the sense of being incomprehensible. His ways are so unlike our ways, and his thoughts so unlike our thoughts, that we cannot comprehend him. We can take a look at him ; no figure is more familiar, as he is caricatured in the illustrated papers of Europe. But his interior composition escapes us ; the motives that govern him are so different from those that govern us, that we cannot enter into them. He is a being of another race, as truly as the palm-tree is the product of another clime, than ours.

But strange as the Turk is, and unlike as he is to an Englishman or a Frenchman, yet he is an inhabitant of the same planet, with whom other peoples have to come in contact ; and it is important that they should get some approximate idea of what sort of a creature he is, even if it were only to show how he differs from civilized man, and how impossible it is to live at peace with him.

But we do not mean to think ill of the Turk, if we can help it ; nor do we mean to take our opinion from Europeans who have had frequent wars with him, and therefore hate him, and are hated in return. As Americans have done him no wrong, perhaps he may open to us the more kindly side of his nature. At any rate, we shall try to judge him fairly and justly.

Now the Turk, much as he is hated and cursed, is not in himself a bad fellow. He is not worse than other men so long as he is kept at peaceful industry, and is not maddened, and almost demonized, by the excitement of war, or by a frenzy of religious fanaticism. There are some things about him which move my admiration. First of all is his splendid physique. I admire his physical proportions—his huge chest and brawny limbs. Comparing him with some European races, of which I see representatives here in Constantinople, they are but as grasshoppers in his sight. His strength and endurance make him a

good soldier and a good worker and servant anywhere. As to honesty, it is a common saying in the East that a Turk is better than a Christian ; though, to judge from those among whom I have fallen in the bazaars of Constantinople, I think they understand the

“ Ways that are dark and tricks that are vain ”

as much as the Heathen Chinese. Still some would say “That comes from having so much to do with foreigners” ! But the integrity cannot be without reproach which yields so readily to evil example.

Another trait, which strangers seldom recognize, is a sense of humor. The proverbial necessity of performing a surgical operation on the head of a Scotchman to enable him to understand a joke, I supposed to be doubled in the case of the Turk, who always looks as solemn as an owl. If he had any humor at all, it must be of the grim and elephantine sort. Yet to my amazement, one who knows them well tells me that no one sees the point of a joke quicker than a Turk, or enjoys it more ; that he has a sly sense of humor, which is often exercised at the expense of foreigners. When some ambassador thinks he is performing a great feat of diplomacy, the Turk, who keeps an unmoved face, sees through it all ; and as soon as he is by himself, or with his friends, has a burst of laughter over it. These traits of our common humanity show that “the unspeakable Turk” is, after all, not unlike ourselves.

Because of the position of woman in Turkey, as in all Moslem countries, it is a common impression that there is no domestic life among the Turks. How can a man who has more than one wife love very much either wife or children ? Of course as their interiors are carefully screened from observation, we cannot see whether there is love or hatred within. But those who have lived among the Turks say that no people are more fond of their children.

Yet as to courtesy toward the other sex, the Turk must be wholly wanting. So we are apt to think. But perhaps we are too hasty in judgment. How he treats his wife, or wives, we do not know : for we cannot look behind the screened window of the harem. But outside of his own zenana, the educated Turk is not wanting in proper respect to woman. Mr. George P. Marsh once told me that the most accomplished gentleman he had ever met—the one who showed most chivalrous and knightly courtesy to woman—was a Turk !

This favorable judgment I have sometimes quoted to those who have lived among the Turks, hoping to have it confirmed, but have been assured that such cases are exceptions ; that the Turkish nature is essentially coarse and unrefined ; that from the character of his domestic relations, a Turk cannot have a proper respect for woman, nor a delicacy of feeling towards her ; that all his ideas of the relations of the sexes are low and sensual, by which his imagination is so polluted that “even his mind and conscience are defiled” ; and that his attempts at wit and humor are almost always tinged with coarseness and vulgarity.

Of course I cannot answer to those whose observation is a thousand times greater than mine. But perhaps the two opinions may be reconciled, or at least be made to appear less contradictory, by saying that there are Turks and Turks, and that while a few may be truly delicate and refined in thought and manner (the late Grand Vizier, Said Pasha, for example, is said to be a model in his domestic relations, and to have mourned for his wife with the deepest sorrow), the mass cannot rise above the low standard prescribed even by their religion.

That Turks are not wanting in kindly dispositions, is evident from the testimony of our missionaries, who find

many of them to be good neighbors, both honest and kind. The grace of hospitality need not be dwelt upon, because it is not peculiar to them : it is an Oriental virtue, but one in which they are not deficient. If we would take the best specimens of the native character, we must not look for them in the bazaars of Constantinople, but in those portions of the Empire where they have least to do with foreigners, and are not "spoiled by coming in contact with Christians." Here once in awhile we may come upon a Turk who is quite patriarchal in appearance and in character, and who, as he sits with his legs crossed, with his large white turban and flowing robe, with his long beard and long pipe, looks somewhat as I imagine that Abraham looked (in all save the pipe) as he sat before his tent door in the cool of the day to receive the visit of the angels.

These are good qualities—honesty and industry, courtesy and hospitality, domestic affection and manly courage. Here is stuff out of which to make not only a man, but a nation.

Having looked at this side of the Turk, we must look at another : for it is in a very different fashion that he has shown himself in history. Here again we are embarrassed by the attempt to judge of a people as a whole—especially of a people in whom many elements are combined. Ordinarily the first clue to character is *race*. The Frenchman is not only the descendant, but the lineal representative, of the ancient Gaul. However polished in manners by the refinements of centuries, he is essentially the same as his ancestor described by Cæsar. But the Turks, strictly speaking, are not a race so much as a caste, like the Brahmins of India, differing from others chiefly by their religion and their civil privileges. The old invaders and conquerors absorbed into their ranks large elements from the peoples they subdued (the Janizaries were recruited

wholly from the Christians) ; so that the Turks of the present day are made up of a dozen different races. Indeed they are constantly absorbing new elements from their subject populations. Conversions to Islam, such as they are, are constantly taking place ; and one who has lived long in Turkey quickly discerns the nationality to which every Turk really belongs. Admitting all this, yet here, as in all fusions of nations, the combined product takes its character chiefly from the conquering power. The element of race, on the whole, is the most powerful in history. Among some peoples it has lasted for three thousand years. The fiery blood of Ishmael burns in the last descendant of his race. And so here, however many races mingle, still the dominant blood is Turkish blood, which is Tartar blood. The Turk came from Central Asia, and is the descendant of the men who ravaged the earth under Genghis Khan and Tamerlane—a race that, having swept over Asia, at last invaded Europe. They came as warriors and conquerors, not as peaceable colonists, as cultivators of the soil and civilizers of the earth. Their delight was to make war—to conquer, to subdue, and to trample under foot. All the genius the Turk ever had was in war. Other Orientals have shown genius in intellectual pursuits, as poets and orators and philosophers. There is an Arabic literature which is full of poetry. The Melodies of Tom Moore are faint echoes of the love-songs of the East, first sung in mellifluous Persian. But who ever heard of a Turkish poet or philosopher or orator? This is a part which he has never stooped to assume. But from the beginning he has been, like Nimrod, “a mighty hunter before the Lord.” As a warrior, he has shown himself a great character in history. For two centuries and a half after he crossed the Bosphorus, he was the terror of Europe, as he was almost continually at war on land and



sea ; fighting in the Mediterranean against the combined fleets of Venice and Genoa, and France and Spain ; while on land he carried war into Central Europe. Vienna has recently celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of its deliverance from the Turks in the memorable siege in which they were defeated by Sobieski. In these invasions and conquests the Turk showed himself a destroyer, but never a constructor or restorer. He could not build a city, but he could lay siege to one, and bombard it and lay it in ashes. He left no monuments behind him but the ruins he had made. The great architectural piles of Constantinople, of which St. Sophia is chief, are the work of other hands. Even the mosques and palaces built under the Turks were not built by them, but by architects from other countries.

If we were arguing for the removal of the Turk from Europe merely on political grounds, we might say that it is demanded by the interests of civilization. The Turk is the greatest obstructive in the world. It is for the public interest to cut a road in a direct line from one point to another : this mighty loggerhead, huge as an elephant, sits across the track, and will not budge an inch. It is important to open a mine ; but he sits over its mouth : it seems as if an explosion of dynamite would not move him. This *vis inertiae*, incarnated in a whole race, becomes like one of the forces of nature—like gravitation itself—to withstand any movement of progress. Its power for evil is the greater where the obstruction is at a point of contact which ought to be a point of the freest intercourse. The Turk holds the place “where two seas meet,” and two continents also ; where Europe touches Asia. He holds the gates between them, and instead of throwing them wide open that a highway may be cast up for the nations to pass over, he holds them like the gates of a fortress, to be

shut in the face of the world. In this it may be said that he works against his own interest ; but in this age of growing commercial intercourse, the interest of one cannot be separated from that of others. There is not another place on the globe where a mere policy of obstruction could work so great an injury to the commonwealth of nations. If Turkey had built a Chinese wall, a hundred cubits high, around her whole empire, she could not have interposed herself more effectually as a barrier to the peaceful intercourse and progress of mankind. It is a question how long Europe can endure, projected into her very side, this huge mass of Asiatic barbarism.

But the world is not for Europeans only, and the fact that Europe has an Asiatic neighbor who is so dull that he does not know what is for his own interest, is no reason why he should be treated with injustice. We do not propose to commend the policy of extermination which has been tried with such poor success upon our Indians. That may be "manifest destiny," but I never heard it defended in the court of morals. The Turks may be very slow, very unenterprising, as the Chinese are ; but that is no reason why we should go to war with the one or the other. We may be provoked at their stupidity or their obstinacy, but we need not pick a quarrel with them. With nations, as with individuals, if we have an uncomfortable neighbor, the only way to live in peace is to let him alone. But if that neighbor be not only a boor, but a brute ; if he be a robber and a murderer ; if he delights in pillage and massacre—then is he condemned before the tribunal of the civilized world, and all nations have a right to take arms against him.

Such is the indictment of history against the Turk. Ever since he came into Europe, he has been the enemy of all around him, and the greatest enemy to his own un-

happy subjects. The same want of constructive capacity which he showed in rebuilding the cities which he destroyed, appeared again in a total inability to organize a decent government. His only idea was to govern a conquered province, as he governed an army, by his single will. He needed no law : his will was law. This absolute mastery over the lives and the fortunes of others, is a dangerous possession to be entrusted to any human being, even the most virtuous, the most gentle, and the most wise. There is no intoxication in the world like the intoxication of power. Only the strongest minds and the loftiest moral natures can resist it. What then when power is given to the mean and the base, the rapacious and the cruel? To entrust power to one of coarse and brutal nature, is putting the lictor's axe into hands that delight to use it. Such was the rule of the Turk. He was subject to no law but his own will—a will which was swayed by any caprice or violence of passion. The only check upon him was the Koran, and this was more apparent than real. Spiritual authority is the most flexible of all instruments of a tyrant's will. The greatest oppressor has found it easy to obtain, through priestly compliance, a Divine sanction to every atrocity ; so that the laws of Mohammed, instead of being a restraint upon oppression, legitimized it. The prophet taught his followers that they were born to be the masters of the world. This the Turks accept literally. When they oppress Christians, they do it without a particle of compunction : for it is the work to which they are appointed by God, and they have come to feel that they are doing Him service when they commit acts of oppression, and even of cruelty, upon their fellow-creatures.

Thus the whole history of Turkish rule has been an education, not in justice and humanity, but in a constant, unchecked trampling on the rights of subject races. The

idea of equality amongst men, of equality before the law, was incomprehensible to the Turk. By his very nature, and his attitude towards those whom he had conquered, he must be a master and a tyrant, and could be nothing else. This despotic temper came from ages of unchecked rule—of absolute mastery and domination ; it was bred in and in by long habits of rule that brooked no check or control—a habit of playing the tyrant that began with the Turk in his childhood. Not only had he the power, but he delighted to show it ; and the more the people suffered from it and writhed under it, the more he enjoyed it. It was this which made the condition of Christians in European Turkey so intolerable. They were exposed not only to injustice, but to every sort of contumely. A Turk would go out of his way to kick a Christian, not for any offence, but “on general principles”: to show contempt for him ; to teach him his place, and let him know who was his master. For this there was no redress. If the poor Christian so far forgot himself as to make complaint, the chances were that, instead of getting satisfaction, he would be punished for daring to bring a charge against a true believer. This utter helplessness of the Christian made his condition one of the most abject in the world, while the Turk looked upon it as one of the privileges of his caste and his religion to kick a “Christian dog,” or to spit upon him. This “unlicensed liberty” has been a little restrained since the Russian war, which leads devout Moslems to shake their heads and mourn that they have fallen on evil times.

Such is the natural working of unrestrained power that man becomes literally eviscerated of heart, so that he is utterly insensible to the sufferings of his fellow-creatures. He does not suffer in their sufferings, nor rejoice in their happiness. Of the two, he rather prefers the former, as it makes him feel his superiority to them and his power over

them. Such has been its effect upon the Turk. Cruel by nature, his religion made him more so. Instead of quickening his conscience, it extinguished the little conscience he had. We have heard of "the lost art of remorse." This is not a lost art to the Turk, for he could not lose what he never had. Had a trace of it remained in his inner consciousness, his religion would have killed it. When in 1822 the Turkish soldiers were let loose upon the island of Scio, and in a few days almost literally exterminated the inhabitants—sparing neither age nor sex, putting the scimitar to the throats of old men and women as well as gentle maidens, and even tossing babes on their bayonets—I doubt if they were restrained by any scruples, or felt any twinges of remorse. Is it said that this was the crime of a past generation? Yet it is a crime that has been but lately repeated in Bulgaria. Both in Scio and Bulgaria the Turks showed themselves fit successors of the hordes of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, who marked the track of their conquests by pyramids of human skulls.

The brutality of the Turks as compared with the humanity of Christians, may be illustrated by a contrast. Everybody who knows the history of Constantinople is familiar with the story of its siege and capture, and how Mohammed II. rode through the city into the holy place, spurring his horse through the arched door of St. Sophia—then not a mosque, but a Christian church—where an affrighted multitude had sought protection under the altar of God. But the conqueror knew no mercy, and drawing his sword, gave the signal for an indiscriminate massacre. The tale is one of the bloodiest in the annals of time.

But a few years since St. Sophia saw another sight. It was the time of the Russian war. Plevna had fallen, and the inhabitants of the provinces were flying to Constantinople. Men and women thronged the roads, leading their

children or carrying them in their arms, thinking they should be safe within the city gates. Once there, they sank down exhausted in the streets in a state of utter destitution, to suffer and to die. Thousands of those wretched fugitives were gathered within the mosques. St. Sophia was crowded with them—poor, hungry, and almost naked. Through this mass of suffering humanity no soldier urged his way to order a massacre ; but men came, not to destroy, but to save : bringing medicines for the sick, food for the hungry, and garments for the naked. This sudden and abundant charity came from abroad, and chiefly from that noblest woman of England, the Baroness Burdett Coutts, whose boundless charities have flowed to all parts of the world, and who now sent orders for relief to be bestowed without limit. I am told that this timely generosity saved the lives of thousands. This was the gift of Christian hands. Did history ever show a similar act of humanity on the part of Turks towards Christians in their time of suffering and distress? Are not these two scenes which have transpired under the same dome—the massacre on the one hand, and the mercy on the other—fit types of the two religions and the two civilizations?

With such examples before us, we need not be long in doubt which of the two ought to rule in this land. Travellers may write about the grand old Turk—his prowess in war and his virtues in peace—all that cannot change the fact of his inhuman treatment of subject races. A despotic and tyrannical temper, fostered by centuries of unrestrained domination, more than neutralizes any virtues which may be found in him. No matter how venerable he may be in his long robe and flowing beard—how fond of his children or hospitable to strangers—he is not fit to be trusted with the children of other people, or with any who do not present themselves to him with a claim upon his

hospitality. The perpetrator of massacres is not to be entrusted with the mastery of helpless human beings.

We could forgive the Turk his faults if they were generous faults ; if

“ E'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.”

We could forgive him his violence and rage if these were followed by manly relentings and repentings. But the Turk never repents. That is a virtue unknown in the Moslem religion. We could forgive him his wrath and fury if these were called out only by great provocation—in moments of anger or in the excitement of war. But we cannot forgive brutal violence to women and children. The Turk knows no mercy. He does not spare nor have pity. The tears of sufferers appeal to him in vain. Has he then any right to ask for a consideration which he does not give ? “ He shall have judgment without mercy who hath showed no mercy,” is the law of Infinite Justice ; and if such be the judgment of God, none can complain if it be also the judgment of mankind.

No one can have lived among the Turks without perceiving, underneath their Oriental salaams, a secret, envenomed feeling against those of another race and another religion. It is not merely the result of centuries of war, but their religion bids them hate us. If the faith is offered to an unbeliever, and he refuses to accept it, the Koran says “ Kill him ! ” Thus, instead of restraining hatred, it stimulates it to outrage and murder. This was held in check somewhat during the Russian war, but it was only smothered, ready to break forth at any moment. The missionaries tell me that they could always see how the war was going by the looks of the people in the streets. If the Turks gained a victory, they grew insolent ; but when Plevna fell, and the Russians were in full march on this city, their courage forsook them utterly, and they sank

into the most abject attitude, like slaves crouching at the feet of their masters. This suggests what might have been if the fortune of war had gone the other way. In that case Constantinople might not have been the safest spot for other foreigners than the Russians. This gives me rather an unpleasant feeling when I go about this fascinating city, enjoying its picturesque sights and picturesque people : I have all the while a vague consciousness of estrangement around me. I feel that I belong to a hated race. When I go to the bazaars, the Turks who sit at the seat of custom receive me graciously, for the Frank "hath money in his purse," which they are quite willing to take, as they would take that of all the Giaours who come to Constantinople ; and yet in their secret hearts I do believe they would see every mother's son of us tied up in a sack with serpents (of course for the glory of God), and thrown into the Bosphorus !

The consciousness that I am the object of this hatred, embarrasses me in my efforts to look at the Turk purely in a picturesque or sentimental light. I have tried to think well of him ; to make a hero of him for his courage ; to look leniently at his faults, and to magnify his virtues. But while I have tried to hold the balances evenly, and have leaned towards the kindly side, I have found the scales bearing heavily the other way. There were ugly facts—facts which could not be denied or explained, which upset all poetical fancies. The picturesque Moslem disappeared with the blood of a single massacre.

And so at last, balancing the good and the evil, setting one over against the other, I have had to confess that Carlyle was not far out of the way in characterizing this Oriental figure simply as "the unspeakable Turk." "Unspeakable" is a good word : it expresses, as perhaps no other could, the hopelessness and despair with which



Europe looks to the East, and sees this stolid figure sitting on the Bosphorus : a strange figure indeed in this rapid-moving nineteenth century ; in the world, but not of it ; that has not caught in the slightest degree the spirit of the age ; a hippopotamus "across the track" of modern civilization. But we would not criticize his elephantine proportions or slowness of movement, were it not that in that heavy body is the soul of a tyrant. Torpid as he is, the Turk can be roused to a fierce activity. If there be any resistance to his tyranny, he crushes it by a merciless butchery. Such deeds are crimes against the human race, which place those who commit them outside the pale of civilization. A power like this cannot remain in peace with the rest of mankind. It is not fit to have dominion over any portion of the habitable globe. To this conclusion the wisest statesmen have come, and would speedily enforce it if they could but agree as to which power shall take the place of the Turk on the Bosphorus when he is driven into Asia. But for the present the Turk has possession, and "who shall stir him up?" There he is, immovable and implacable. What shall the nineteenth century do with him? That is likely to be the problem for at least the lifetime of this generation—what to do with "the unspeakable Turk."

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE LAST OF THE SULTANS.

Three Sultans in three months! Such was the record from May to August, 1876. Of these, the first is in his grave, a victim of assassination; the second was enthroned and deposed within a single Summer, and though he "still lives," is under vigilant watch by the affectionate brother who succeeded him. The third remains in power, though with an uncertain future. To quote the solemn lines of the old hymn:

"He a little longer waits,  
But how little none can know."

Since we cannot speak of him as a finality, or as the heir of a firmly-established dynasty, it may be more convenient to speak of him as the latest representative of royalty, serving, as it were *ad interim*, till the next war or the next revolution. But as while he remains on the throne he is a personage of high importance, we are curious to know what manner of man he is.

It was our last day in Constantinople, and it was the great day of the week: for it was Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, when the Sultan goes in state to the mosque, and all Constantinople turns out to see him. This brilliant

pageant I had seen once before, in November, 1875 ; but in the East monarchs come and go, as Presidents do in America : they appear like actors on the stage, and act their parts and straightway disappear, and are seen no more. The hero of that former pageant, a few months after I saw him in his glory, was added to the long list of Sultans who have perished by assassination. There was a poor play upon his name which was current in the English and American community, to wit, that Abdul Aziz had become Abdul As-*was*. No sovereign ever took more precautions to guard against overthrow ; he had a great army and navy ; yet fell at last a victim to a conspiracy among his own Ministers. The array of force without the Palace could not protect him from treachery within. It was a signal instance of the irony of fate, that as soon as he was dead—indeed before he was dead, while he was yet only a captive—his nephew, whom he had kept for years under close watch and guard, virtually a prisoner, was summoned to the vacant throne. But he too had only his “little hour” upon the stage. He proved to be but “a weak vessel,” and in three months was deposed to make way for his younger brother, Abdul Hamid, who was supposed to be of firmer stuff, and who has held his throne through the many changes of a troubled time till now. This was the Sultan we were going to see.

The carriage was at the door of the Hotel, and we were just stepping into it when I heard a stranger call my name, and turning saw a man whose tall, erect figure gave him a military appearance ; and knowing that the American Minister at Constantinople was a soldier who had distinguished himself in our late war, I asked abruptly “Are you General Wallace?” I had guessed rightly. He had called before, and missed me, and now I was likely to miss him. The only way to combine the two pleasures of seeing him and

seeing the Sultan, was to have him go with us. "No, it was impossible ; he had another engagement." But nothing is impossible to American persistence. So without another word, I pushed him into the carriage, where were already seated two American ladies, and the society of his countrywomen quickly reconciled him to the situation, and we drove off in triumph.

I was glad to see General Wallace for many reasons. I had known of his services, military and civil, in America, and I had heard our missionaries speak of the hearty support which he gave them with the Turkish Government. But this was not because of any proselyting zeal unbecoming in one in his public position. He protected merchants as well as missionaries, commerce as well as schools and colleges, and this he did with the courage and firmness of a soldier. Yet in this he did not give offence : for, as he asked nothing that was unreasonable or unjust, his manly frankness commanded respect. And so it came to pass that while he stood up stoutly for the rights of his countrymen, he became a favorite with the Sultan, who (if the reports then current in Constantinople were true) found, or at least thought he found, more real friendship in the plain American Minister than in the titled envoys and diplomats of European courts.

We drove first to the German Embassy, where I took leave of Herr von Hirschfeld and his wife, who had made my stay in Constantinople so extremely pleasant. They could not go with us to the mosque, but Madame K—— joined us, and dividing our party into two carriages, we rode away.

As soon as we turned out of the gates of the Embassy, we perceived that the city was in commotion :

" Then and there was hurrying to and fro."

The streets were filled with troops, while a crowd rushed

by in carriages and on foot. We did not drive as before to the Cheragan palace on the Bosphorus, which was the residence of Abdul Aziz. Since there is another Sultan, there is another royal residence—one which is more in the nature of a royal retreat. Warned by the fate of his predecessor, Abdul Hamid would not expose himself to the danger of assassination by appearing much in public, and accordingly withdrew to a small palace in the outskirts of the city—perhaps two miles away—known as the Yildiz Kiosk, whose chief attraction is its privacy and security : for it is in a garden shut in by walls, within which its royal occupant can surround himself with troops, and if need be, turn the place into a fortress. Outside of these walls he never appears, except to go to the mosque, which is within a few rods of the palace gate, so that those who would look upon the face of Majesty, must seek it here.

As we rode on the throng in the streets grew greater. The carriages which attracted most attention were those which bore the thinly veiled beauties of the harem. The crowd was composed in part of Turks and other Mohammedans, who would look upon the face of the Grand Caliph of their religion as devout Catholics look upon the face of the Pope ; but in part also of strangers then in Constantinople, who were from all countries. A cordon of troops drawn around the mosque kept the multitude at a safe distance. The public were not allowed to approach too near, for fear of “accidents” ; but as we had the American Minister and the carriage of the German Embassy, we were at once admitted into the enclosed space, where we were in a small group composed chiefly of officers and persons connected with the different Embassies. It was nearly an hour before the palace gate was thrown open and a brilliant cortége appeared, composed of the chief

dignitaries of the empire — high officers of State and soldiers who had gained a name in the late war. The proud Turk who marched in front, covered with decorations, was Osman Pasha, whose gallant defence of Plevna against the encircling host of the Russian army, won the admiration even of his enemies.

But I gave only a glance at these military chiefs : for my eyes were fixed on a slender figure mounted on horseback. Abdul Hamid is a younger man than was Abdul Aziz when I saw him. He is of slighter build, and is less imposing on horseback. Nor does the fez give so much dignity to the head as would the common Turkish turban, or the military cap of a commander. But costume matters little when looking upon one who is the absolute master of fifty millions of human beings. The face was thin and pale. It seemed to me that it was blanched with fear. As the Sultan shows himself but once a week, a conspirator who would seek his death must seize that opportunity to carry out his design. Was this in his thought at that moment? Was this “dread sovereign” quivering under his mailed breast, lest some deadly shot from a concealed hand should end his career? If such were his fears, they continued but a few moments : for scarcely had he dashed into view before he alighted at the steps of the mosque, and disappeared within.

It did not take him long to get through with his worship, with the Sheikh-ul-Islam to help him, and other Moslem priests to mutter their prayers and go through with their holy incantations. While thus absorbed in his devotions, a low carriage with two splendid horses was drawn up in front of the mosque, and as the Sultan descended the steps, the liveried attendant put the reins into his royal hands, the horses gave one bound up the ascent and through the gate, which was immediately closed, and all was over.

When the public could no longer look upon the royal face, they were entertained with a brief military display. Although the large bodies of troops had taken up their march back to the city, there was a little flourish at the end by way of giving an effective close to the scene. There was a company of negroes as black as ever were tanned by the sun of the Equator (I think they must have been recruited in Nubia or the Soudan, and probably belonged to the Sappers and Miners, as they carried axes), who marched up and down with the quick step that kept pace with a lively air, showing how the African with the spirit of his race responds to martial music.

Last of all came the Circassian guard, in the richest military dress and mounted on blooded horses, recalling the Hungarian hussars whose gilded uniforms and dashing steeds give such splendor to the military manoeuvres in the Prater at Vienna. The horses themselves seemed to enter into the spirit of the hour. They tossed their heads in the air, they danced and they pranced, while their gallant riders with starred breasts and lofty plumes closed the brilliant scene.

As soon as the pageant was ended, we hastened to our carriages and drove rapidly away, as I had to leave Constantinople that afternoon. The necessity of haste obliged me to change carriages, leaving General Wallace to escort Madame K—— to the German Embassy, to whom we waved our farewells as we disappeared over the hill, while we drove with all speed to the Hotel d'Angleterre, where after dinner with my American friends, I parted from them and hastened down to the water's edge, and was rowed to the steamer that was to take me to Varna.

The sail up the Bosphorus is one of the most beautiful in the world. The broad arm of the sea which connects the Marmora with the Euxine winds in and out as project-

ing headlands, now on this side and now on that, answer to deep indentations on the other—all bristling with forts to defend a passage on which may depend the safety of a capital and an empire. The hillsides are sprinkled with “kiosques,” or little palaces (you see them peering out from under the trees), to which have retired pashas who have grown rich with the spoil of distant provinces ; and with the residences of foreign ministers, who have their Summer retreats along the Bosphorus. These, with the fortress-guarded shores and ancient towers, all of which have their historical associations, combine to make a scene such as is not to be found elsewhere.

But as I sat on deck that afternoon, my thoughts were more of the present than the past. They kept going back to the scene of the morning, and I could not help asking myself, What sort of a man is this whose face we have been to look upon as if he were a god ? It needs a strange wisdom to preside in the brain of one whose will is law throughout an Empire of such vast proportions in Europe and Asia. It is worth while to approach such a Ruler as nearly as we may, even though it be only through the eyes and ears of others, to form some opinion of one who holds in his single hand the power of life and death over so many millions of human beings. What manner of man is he ?

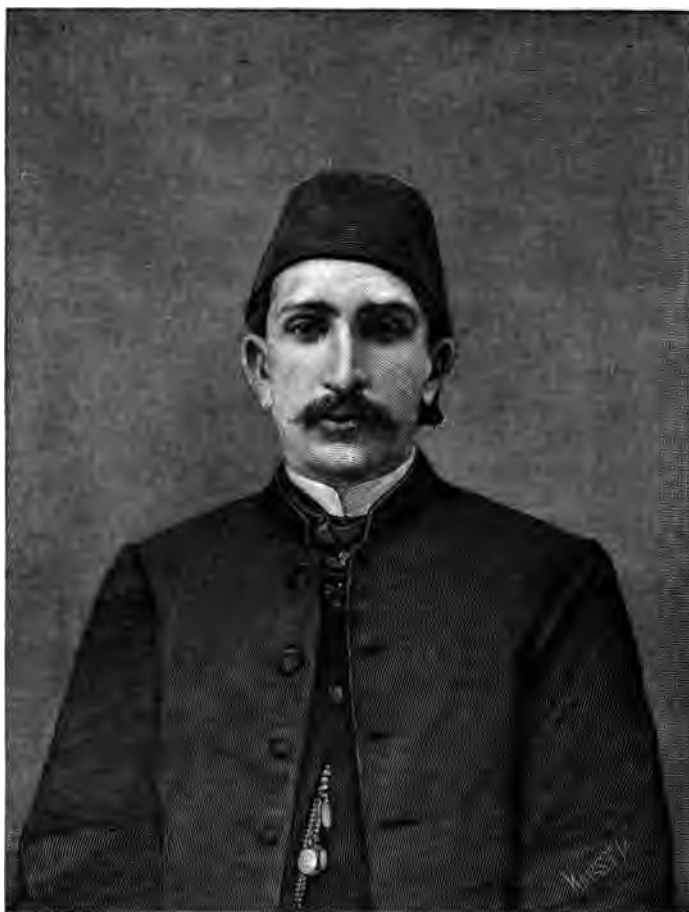
Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, the well known Member of Congress from the city of New York, recently gave me an account of an interview with the Sultan, which was quite long, and in which the Sultan spoke, or appeared to speak, with entire frankness. Mr. Hewitt thought him a man of much more than ordinary intelligence, and who was animated with a sincere desire for the good of his people. All this I accept on this authority, although royal courtesies have a fascination which sometimes dazzles the eyes of



very keen observers. When power unbends to us who are of low estate, we all feel the charm, and are not disposed to be critical as to whether such gracious condescension comes from the heart. "No one can dispute with the master of forty legions." A Roman Senator was content to be silent when Cæsar spoke, too happy to receive such recognition from him "whose bend did awe the world." Even Americans, with all their democratic principles, are susceptible to such influences ; nor would it be strange if our friend from New York, or our other friend from Indiana, when admitted to a private audience with the Sultan, and seemingly taken into his confidence, should feel the delicate flattery which this implies, and be ready to recognize the great qualities of such a Ruler—his sincerity, his intelligence, and his magnanimity ! But without wishing by this to qualify the admiration which they express, I am more than willing to admit that the Sultan may be a very amiable gentleman, who in a private sphere would be a good neighbor and a faithful friend. It may be also that he is intelligent—that is, according to the Turkish standard of intelligence. But the amount of light that is permitted to enter the mind of one who is in training for the throne of a Sultan, is very limited. The one subject on which he ought to be best informed is the state of his own empire and the condition of his own people, and yet that is the one subject on which it is for the interest of those around him to keep him in the densest ignorance. Of course if he had great natural force of mind, he might break through the attempts to blind him and deceive him ; but so far as I can learn, his mind is rather weak than strong. One who passes his life in the atmosphere of a harem, is likely to become absorbed with the cares of his numerous household to such a degree as to forget even the greater cares of government.

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**THE SULTAN ABDUL HAMID.**

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A story which I heard from one who has long resided in Constantinople, may illustrate the dimensions of his intellect. On one occasion a foreign ambassador was introduced, who found the Sultan preoccupied, his brow weighed down with care. The first word that fell from his lips indicated how he felt the burdens which rested upon him, to which the ambassador replied with respectful sympathy that the affairs of State which oppressed His Majesty must indeed be overwhelming. Thus drawn out, the Sultan mentioned the problem which at that very moment vexed his imperial mind—it was a regulation to be made in regard to the cafés in Constantinople! If this be true (and I have it from authority which I cannot question), it gives the measure of the man. It shows a mind which delights itself in petty details, and is incapable of rising to the level of public affairs. The Empire may be going to ruin, corruption may prevail in every department of the government, whole provinces may be desolated by famine, yet this Master of all must occupy his lofty intellect with the regulations of cafés and dancing-girls! Such a man might be a major-domo or a Lord Chamberlain, but is utterly incompetent to a position which is one of the most august in the world. “Woe unto thee, O land, when thy king is a child!”

While these pages are passing through the press, I have received a letter from Constantinople, containing “the only photograph of the present Sultan that can be obtained.” The writer says “It was taken before his accession to the throne. He has had none taken since that event, at least none that the public can get hold of.” Such as it is, I value it greatly, and have had it engraved that my readers may form their own impression of the man whose portraiture I have endeavored to give. Abdul Hamid does not have a kingly crown upon his head (as in

our childhood we were wont to suppose kings and queens always wore), nor any decoration, or sign of his august rank. He is dressed as a simple gentleman, in a long frock coat buttoned close, such as English clergymen are accustomed to wear, and one might easily take him for a Greek or an Armenian priest. The face is quite as much Greek or Armenian as Turkish. It is by no means a bad face, marked by gross passion or violent temper. On the contrary, it is delicate and refined, but it appears to me to be weak. It has not the broad, massive forehead, behind which is hidden the capacious brain ; nor the firm-set mouth, which indicates a strong, determined, resolute character. Such a man might be in private life a most amiable gentleman, but is ill fitted for a station of such difficulty in the troublous times to which he is born.

But even if the Sultan had a mind of much higher order than this, a mind really "capacious of great things," and if he were animated by the strongest desire to promote the good of his people, what can he do? The burden is too great for him, it is too great for any man, for a Bismarck, or the first Napoleon ; yet all this burden he has to bear alone, for he has no one to bear it with him. One who has known him long and well ; indeed who has been honored by a degree of intimacy such as is rarely accorded to any stranger, tells me that "he is the loneliest man in the world." This is not from want of sociability in his temperament, but from the necessity of his position : he is on a cold and icy pinnacle, where he can have neither confidant nor friend. Among all his advisers there is not one whom he can trust—not one whom a revolution to-morrow might not turn into a deserter and an enemy. He has nothing like an English Cabinet. The Grand Vizier and other high officers of State, generally owe their places to some intrigue in the harem. There is always a power

behind the throne, and that power is generally a woman or an eunuch. At the very time that I was in Constantinople, it was said that the Sultan's chief adviser, who had most influence over him, was an eunuch whom he kept in the palace, who was a fanatical Mussulman, and of course stimulated all his religious animosities.

One night there came to my hotel the correspondent of one of the most widely circulated journals in the world, (I will not give its name, or say whether it is published in England or America, for I would not betray the confidence which was reposed in me,) who had in his hand a despatch containing matter then known to but few, and which the police would not allow him to send from Constantinople, and which therefore he wished me to take to Varna, and there telegraph across Europe. The news it conveyed was that the Sultan had been threatened with assassination in a letter which was placed in his private apartments by some unknown hand, and in which the condition of his safety was that he should put away Mustapha Aga, the chief eunuch of the palace! What a revelation was unfolded by this single incident, that a revolution, involving the life of a monarch and perhaps the fate of an empire, might depend on the continuance of an eunuch as the chief adviser of the Sultan.

Herein is the ineradicable vice of the Turkish government: there is no responsible administration. The country is governed by one man, and that man is governed by a eunuch, or by a woman, or (what is still worse) by many women, the inmates of his harem, all of whom are rivals for his favor, and therefore intensely jealous of each other. If among the favorites of the Seraglio one obtains more control over him than the rest, it is probably the most intriguing of them all. Through these secret channels royal favors are obtained and dispensed. If a Turk of low



origin, who may have been a slave in the house of a Pasha, is suddenly made governor of a province, the explanation of the mystery is that he has bribed some favorite of the harem, or perhaps has become possessed of some secret which would compromise her with her royal master, and his silence must be purchased at a great price. Thus intrigues in the palace breed corruption in every department of the State, till it is said that there is hardly an honest official in the Empire. What can one man do against this universal corruption? If the Sultan were the best man in the world—if he were endowed with all the virtues of Marcus Aurelius or Alfred the Great—what could he do with officials leagued together to keep from him the knowledge of everything which they wish concealed, most of all the knowledge of their own misdeeds; with eunuchs and fanatical mollahs appealing to his superstitious fears, and prophesying his overthrow if he falters in his devotion to the Moslem faith; and languishing beauties whispering softly their tender wishes in his ears?

As it is a relief to the imagination to picture to oneself what *might be*, I have sometimes amused myself by thinking what the Sultan might do if he were a man of real intellectual force; not enthusiastic in temperament, but cold and impassive, yet inexorably just; and if added to all this, he were a military leader, stern and implacable, like his grandfather, old Mahmoud II., who exterminated the Janizzaries. If thus possessed of an iron will, and with an army at his back, he were to make a tour of his Empire, and cut off the heads of a few Pashas who had cruelly oppressed the provinces, he might possibly check corruption for a time, though the chances are that he would be assassinated before he had completed his royal progress. If not, the waves would part before him as he advanced, only to return as soon as he had passed.

Those who build their hopes of reform in Turkey on the character of the sovereign, forget that Turkish rule is largely independent of the Sultan. He may be honest, but he cannot make his officials honest ; he may be gentle and merciful, but he cannot inspire his people with a spirit of mercy. The massacres in Bulgaria were perpetrated in the last month of the reign of Abdul Aziz, but probably it would have been all the same with his successor. What could a young man, just come to the throne, do to stop an army mad with rage, and thirsting for blood ?

Neither can a government be suddenly inspired with a spirit of reform. The obstacles are such as cannot be legislated out of existence. Of this we have had recent proof. The experiment has been tried since I was here at the close of 1875. That was a critical moment in the history of Turkey. Only a few days before she had proclaimed her own humiliation in the face of the world by repudiating her bonds. From that time things went from bad to worse. The next Spring came the massacres in Bulgaria, and the deposition and assassination of the Sultan.

These events, which succeeded each other rapidly, startled all Europe. The massacres excited such a feeling of horror that even the unspeakable Turk began to feel that the nations were turning against him. England, his best friend, was outraged and indignant, and might desert him. In this extremity he took a holy resolution—he would reform his way of life !

“ When the devil was sick,  
The devil a monk would be.”

Fortunately Turkey had the man for the hour. When Abdul Aziz was overthrown, in the general upturning Midhat Pasha was made Grand Vizier ; and Midhat Pasha was regarded as the most enlightened statesman in the Turkish Empire. To be sure, he was afterwards proved

to have been privy to the assassination of Abdul Aziz. But no matter for that, he was a Reformer, and perhaps he thought this was the first step towards reform—that it must be initiated by the dagger or the sword. This was heroic treatment of the body politic, to begin with such a piece of surgery. Having cut off the head, he took hold of this moribund Empire, as if he could create a soul under the ribs of death. With consummate art, he endeavored to “head off” any complaints from without by a sudden display of virtue within. A Conference of representatives of all the Powers had been called to consider the state of the Turkish Empire, and was likely to discover some very unpleasant truths, and to make some very humiliating demands. It assembled in Constantinople December 23d, 1876, and on the very morning of its first meeting the members had hardly taken their seats when they heard a heavy cannonade without, which announced to them and to all Europe that Turkey had proclaimed a CONSTITUTION, which provided for a government modelled on that of England. A Parliament was actually summoned to meet in Constantinople! It met, and a strange body it was, embracing as it did not only Moslems, but Jews and Christians, who thus came together for the first time in centuries. It must have been with a strange feeling that these old enemies now looked in each other’s faces. Certainly it was a picturesque scene, but the scheme was not practical. “The more part knew not wherefore they were come together, and some cried one thing and some cried another.” One or two brave and clear-headed men, like our old friend Yusuf Pasha, the Governor of Gaza, were disposed to use their freedom, and spoke boldly of the corruptions and the oppression of the government. But they were soon given to understand that the cry of Reform was raised for effect abroad, and that their talents

might be more useful in some other part of the Empire ! The comedy was kept up for three months, when it came to an end. So failed the most hopeful project of reform we have seen attempted in our day, or are likely to see. Its failure need not surprise us. It is only another proof that good government is not a thing that can be gained by sudden starts : it cannot be enacted by law ; it does not come by a decree, but by education continued for years and generations ; it is the growth of centuries of self-discipline in respecting the rights of others. After this spasm of virtue, the unspeakable Turk fell back into his old ways, and his case became as hopeless as ever.

Such have been the changes even since I knew this country. After six years and a half of absence, I come back, and find that Turkey has been making history very fast. There has been a revolution ; there has been a tremendous war ; there have been changes in the palace ; Sultans have been set up and put down ; and still the political state of the country is little changed. There have been some improvements in Constantinople : the Grande Rue de Péra has been paved, and there has been some little brushing up here and there. But the Turkish Empire remains as before—a huge mass, with no internal unity, gross and unwieldy and half dead !

In one way there has been progress—that of dismemberment. This is a remedy when others fail. The only cure for gangrene is amputation. The more the body is reduced, the less danger of death. Turkey has been reformed just so far as she has been cut to pieces. This process has been going on for a long time. Fifty years ago Greece gained her independence ; Mehemet Ali had wrested from Turkey the control of Egypt ; and France had taken possession of Algiers, as she has since taken Tunis ; so that Turkey was almost driven out of Africa.

To Russia belonged the task of driving her out of Europe. After many wars, the work seemed nearly done in the late war, when not only were distant limbs of this political body lopped off, but blows struck at its mighty trunk. What the gashes were in the body of Cæsar—"what rents the envious Cascas made"—I shall tell in another chapter on "The Story of the War." Suffice it to say that Turkey lost in that disastrous conflict nearly a hundred thousand square miles, and nearly five millions of inhabitants—more than half of her territory and of her population in Europe.

This was real progress, and progress in the right direction. Yet even more than this might have been gained, and the work carried on to completion, but for England. When the Russian army was at the gates of Constantinople, the Empire was at its feet ; and if the Treaty negotiated within sight of the capital—the Treaty of San Stefano—had been adhered to, little would have been left of Turkey in Europe. By that treaty a separate government was conceded to Bulgaria, which was to be enlarged so as to include, with the country from the Danube to the Balkan Mountains, the greater part of ancient Thrace and Macedonia, thus making what would be virtually an independent State, stretching from the Archipelago to the Black Sea. This was coming dangerously near Constantinople, and was stoutly resisted by England. By its opposition, all of Bulgaria south of the Balkans was taken from it, a part of which was formed into the province of Eastern Roumelia. It is a signal instance of the retributions of history that, after seven years, this separated province, without war or violence, simply by the action of its people, has sent away its Turkish Governor, and declared its union to Bulgaria, from which it ought never to have been separated ; and that Lord Salisbury, the lieutenant of Lord

Beaconsfield at Berlin, is obliged to say that "it does not belong to England to interfere"!

This political surgery is severe ; but sometimes there is no alternative but that or death. Those who have lived long in Constantinople generally approve this heroic treatment, and many think it might have been carried farther to advantage : that having begun with this stern discipline, it were well to have carried it on to perfection ; that if the knife had been more vigorously applied, there would have been so much less of Turkey to make trouble hereafter. It did seem a pity, while the powers were about it, that they did not make thorough business of it, and assist the Turk across the Bosphorus. So long as he remains in Europe—so long indeed as he holds Constantinople—he is a source of danger to the peace of the world. If another war has yet to be fought before that danger is removed, England must bear the responsibility.

Meanwhile Abdul Hamid still sits serene upon his throne—"the last of the Sultans" that have been, if not the last that shall be. There is the same engaging figure to attract the eyes of visitors to Constantinople as he rides to the mosque ; and distinguished strangers from America who are admitted to his presence, find him as captivating as ever, and tell how gracious and gentle is the master of fifty millions. Yet government in Turkey is still only another name for oppression ; justice is unknown ; Christians have no rights which Moslems are bound to respect ; while this soft-spoken, mild-mannered gentleman sits in his palace on the Bosphorus, charming his guests, sweetly unconscious of all the crimes that are committed in his name.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE BLACK SEA AND FREE BULGARIA.

When we had passed the old Genoese Castle at the mouth of the Bosphorus, we were in the Black Sea, a change not always pleasant to the traveller, whom the "stormy Euxine" sometimes receives in a very rough way. Byron, who mixes poetry and prose, romance and reality, in the most indiscriminate fashion, thus surveys the scene from the top of the Giant's Mountain :

" The wind swept down the Euxine, and the wave  
    Broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades.  
'Tis a grand sight from off 'the Giant's Cave'  
    To watch the progress of those rolling seas  
Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave  
    Europe and Asia, you being quite at ease;  
There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in  
    Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine."

This is shameful—to cast on the poor old sea the blame of what may have been due rather to excesses and riotous living. The Black Sea "is not as black as it is painted." To be sure it is somewhat given to fogs and rain. Cold, chilling winds come down upon it from the mountains of the Caucasus. Blinding mists sweep over it, as if the

ghosts of all the dead who had been slain in battle along its bloody shores, still haunted its waters, moaning and wailing, and sometimes breaking out into despairing shrieks, which are heard on the midnight air. At times it seems as if the sea were troubled with a guilty conscience, since a sudden gust stirs it quickly, and makes it fly into a tempest. But these fitful and angry moods are all on the surface. If it is stormy above, it is quiet below. "At bottom" the sea is all right; it has not so many dangerous rocks and reefs as some smoother seas; and if the traveller finds his progress delayed by contrary winds, he is not likely to be shipwrecked before the end of his voyage.

For our part, the "stormy Euxine" received us kindly. No "dangerous breakers" greeted us, but we glided out of the strait which divides Europe from Asia into a tranquil sea. Although we had before us only the same watery horizon that we had had in the Mediterranean, yet we knew that we had come into a sea encircled by other shores, over which we might pass to other countries, inhabited by other races of men. If the map prepared to accompany this volume could have been so enlarged as to include the whole circle of the Black Sea, we should read upon it names famous from the earliest period of history—names which make us feel that we are in the very oldest part of the Old World. If we were to turn to the right, and follow the sea to its far eastern shore, we might land at Trebizond, and taking an ancient caravan route, which has been followed from the days of the patriarchs, climb the great plateau of Armenia, six thousand feet high, from which the rivers flow to all quarters of the compass, and on whose highest mountain, Ararat, the Ark rested; or go on still farther to Persia, or to the valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates, which are supposed to be the cradle of the human race. In later ages the Roman Empire



swept round the Black Sea as round the Mediterranean, and Roman Emperors visited it, as they visited Egypt, as part of their universal dominion. On the western side of the sea may still be traced the line of Trajan's Wall, which, reaching across to the river, shut in the Delta of the Danube.

But of all this region round the Black Sea, we knew little until the Crimean War. Not that it was unexplored, but it was not a part of the world of which Western Europe or America cared to know much. But when war took the fleets of England and France into that Sea, and the attention of the whole world was concentrated for a year on the siege of Sebastopol, Englishmen and Americans began to take their maps and study that part of the East.

The issue of that war was a bitter humiliation for Russia. In the Treaty of Paris she bowed her haughty head to the condition that her war-ships should be excluded from the Black Sea, but it was with a mental reservation that this agreement should stand until she had power to break it ; and as soon as France had her own cup of bitterness in the German War, and the very city in which this Treaty had been signed was besieged, Russia cast it to the winds, and resumed her former freedom, without asking permission of any power, and with a determination that all Europe should never wrest it from her again ; and Sebastopol, whose walls had been battered with shot and shell, rose again stronger than ever.

It is thirty years since the Crimean War, and from that time the attention of the world has been fixed upon the Black Sea and the country round it, as destined to play an important part in the future conflicts and commerce of the world. Odessa is one of the greatest ports of the continent, from which the grain grown in the fields of Southern Russia is carried to the cities of Western Europe.

But the Black Sea has grown in importance within a few years, not only for what it is in itself, but for what lies beyond it. To the east lies the Caspian, which Russian enterprise has united to the Black Sea by a railroad from Batoum to Baku—a city which has sprung up like one of our Western cities, since here smoking “rivers of oil” burst out of the earth like the petroleum wells in America, furnishing an immense commerce over that inland sea; while the fleet of steamers descending the Volga pours into the Caspian a very large part of the internal commerce of Russia. All this points eastward to a vast field of future expansion and power.

If we were seeking for more worlds to conquer, we might cross the Caspian, and launch out upon the boundless steppes of Central Asia. The late irritation between England and Russia in regard to Afghanistan, has turned attention to what the Russians are doing in that part of the world, and it is found that the road which they are building from the Caspian points straight towards Herat! The settlement of the difficulty deprives this undertaking of a warlike character; but if the road be carried to its completion by Russia on one side, and be met by a road built by England on the other, the two united will constitute a magnificent highway across Asia. When this is done, we are gravely told that English travellers, crossing the Channel, may take the railway from Boulogne to Odessa, and crossing the Black Sea and the Caspian, or even passing round them (for this too will come in time), may be transported in eleven days to Upper India! The mere mention of these things lifts the veil on a great future for the East. In the next century, if not before the end of this, it is probable that iron roads and fire-drawn cars will take the place of the slow-moving caravans through a large part of Central Asia.

Here was abundant material to keep one's fancy flying that afternoon as we sailed over a sea which we could not recognize as the "stormy Euxine"—so unruffled was it that it seemed as if we were floating on the bosom of an inland lake—and I only wished that I could fly in person as well as in fancy across it to the regions beyond. If I had unlimited time at command, I should like nothing better than to turn eastward, not to visit the oil wells of Baku, or to inspect the railroad to Central Asia, but to fix my eyes on something nearer and grander—the region between the Black Sea and the Caspian, where one can look up to the snowy ridges of the Caucasus, which may tempt those who have climbed Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn. Between these heights are deep valleys like the Vale of Meyringen, and rugged defiles like the Via Mala. Where could an Alpine tourist find greater exhilaration than in scaling the heights of this Switzerland of the East?

But as I was bound for Central Europe, I had taken a steamer which, on leaving the Bosphorus, instead of bearing northeast to Sebastopol, or yet farther east to the Caucasus, swept round to the northwest, and by daybreak was running up the Gulf of Varna, and when we went on deck was lying at anchor off a town which is known to the world more for its military than its commercial importance. The first association of most Americans with Varna dates from 1854, when the English and French troops landed here at the beginning of the war with Russia, and with the Turkish troops formed an immense camp round the town. The place was well chosen, at a convenient distance (only one hundred and sixty miles) from Constantinople, so that unlimited supplies could be furnished by sea. It was designed to serve as a base of military operations against Southern Russia—a plan of campaign which was abandoned

when the troops were transported to the Crimea to spend their strength in the siege of Sebastopol.

But though Varna was not the scene of any great military operations in the Crimean War, it was strongly fortified by a line of works mounted with heavy guns. Even in 1828 it had been able to withstand a siege of three months by the Russians, although it finally surrendered. After that it was greatly strengthened by the Turks, as a place of the first importance in case of war, both for defence landward, and as furnishing a harbor which might be a refuge for Turkish ships against a Russian fleet coming down the Black Sea. This martial front it has laid aside now, and has a quiet and peaceful look as we approach it from the sea ; while in the harbor itself, that in the days of war was crowded with armed ships and transports, there is not even a gunboat to be seen this bright May morning, but only peaceful steamers, like our own, conveying travellers to and from Constantinople.

We did not come up to a quay, but were taken off in a tender, and landed on a pier alongside of which stood the railroad train that was to carry us across the country to the Danube. As I stepped on shore, a telegraph operator brought me a despatch from Constantinople, from the correspondent of whom I have spoken, saying that I need not forward the despatch in regard to the Sultan, which he had entrusted to my care, as he had found another way of sending it to Western Europe, showing that there are channels of communication which cannot be closed even by the Turkish police. But it was pleasant to think that we were now in a country which was no longer subject to their supervision.

From Varna an hour's ride takes us past Shumla, another fortified town near the foot of the Balkans, of which it guards the chief eastern pass. The importance of its

strategic position has caused it to be so strongly fortified that it has been held against all sieges in the innumerable Turkish wars. Three times the Russians attempted to take it—in 1774, in 1810, and in 1828—but in vain; it has never been taken, and therefore proudly boasts of being the virgin fortress of Bulgaria. It is the natural point of concentration of a Turkish army against an invader. These two fortresses—Varna on the sea, and Shumla backed against the mountains—formed one side, as Silistria and Rustchuk formed the other, of the famous Bulgarian Quadrilateral, which was long the main defence of the country, and was held so strongly by the Turks in the late war.

Bulgaria is a country about as large as Scotland, which it resembles somewhat in its varied scenery, being divided into highlands and lowlands, broad plains alternating with lofty mountains. To the south lies the famous Balkan range, which figures so largely in all the wars which have been waged for the possession of Southeastern Europe. It is a rugged chain, pierced by narrow defiles which, though not attaining so high an elevation, have the wild and savage character of the passes of the Alps. From this mountain range numerous spurs project into the lowlands, giving to the country an endless variety of surface. Had our course to-day been in that direction, we should have been very soon among these hills and valleys. But as our route lay toward the Danube, the country kept the same monotonous character from the coast to the valley of the great river. Thus we saw only the tamer features of Bulgaria, with none of its grand scenery—no high mountains, nor even great forests, such as one finds in Southern Russia. It was an open, rolling country, sometimes suggesting a resemblance to our Western prairies, that would be the riches of an agricultural population. But the villages that were sprinkled over the plains indicated

anything but wealth. The houses, with their mud walls and thatched roofs, resembled the cabins and hovels of Ireland ; nor was the condition of the people at all superior to that of the Irish peasantry. They have but little plots of ground, on which they keep a few sheep, which supply them with clothing as well as food, a covering of sheepskin being the usual dress of the Bulgarian peasant.

And yet this people, so poor in appearance, come of a powerful race, and have had a great history. Whoever reads of the wars of the Middle Ages, will see how often Bulgarian armies figured in the front of battle. More than once they carried their victorious arms to the gates of Constantinople. But in later centuries the people suffered from wars not their own, in which they could not fight for glory, in the issue of which they had no military pride or ambition. This was the period of the Turkish domination, under the burden of which the country suffered for more than four hundred years.

As Turkey was master of Southeastern Europe, and Russia was master in the North, the two powers became rivals for dominion, and thus "natural enemies," and poor Bulgaria was crushed between them. Lying near the frontier, it became the battleground of the two countries. Here they pitched their camps ; here they fought their battles. Like Belgium, it might be said to be "the cockpit of Europe." Whichever way the tide of battle flowed, it came very close to the villages and the homes of this stricken people. Their fields were trampled down by great armies ; their towns were besieged ; and in the conflict of arms, they were reduced to the extreme of suffering.

As to the "government" of the Turks (if government it can be called), it may be described in few words. The Turks have a genius for strangulation—a cunning art by which they strangle every industry, impoverish a whole

people, make the rich poor, and kill all pride, self-respect, and ambition, and thus destroy all motive to effort to make things better. The collection of revenue was farmed out to tax-gatherers, who of course wished to get the utmost possible for themselves, and squeezed the wretched people as much as they would bear, so that the collection of taxes was little less than systematic robbery.

Nor was this all. Scarcely had the Turkish tax-gatherer departed from the peasant's cabin before the Greek bishop appeared to take what was left. This was in the "good old times," when there was none who dared to resist him. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin paid a visit to Bulgaria nearly thirty years ago, and in his very interesting book, "Among the Turks," he tells how the bishop despoiled the flock :

The *ephoroi* [the chief men of the Church] complained of the double taxation of the government and the bishop. The bishop came round to every house three times a year, with his train of followers, gathering up rice, wheat, barley, butter, cheese, fowls, eggs, sheep, swine, money. No house escaped, no man escaped; every house must be blessed, and the blessing paid for; the rich must entertain him with a grand feast, with wine and music and dancing, and things which often accompany them; and besides all this, every member of his train expects a present. If one is poor, he can't escape; and if one is rich, the bishop knows better than the pasha what he is worth, and if he should be disposed to hold back at all, the bishop goes to the pasha, and *the two grind him together!*

Thus ground down by two masters, the Bulgarians had to throw off a double yoke—that of the Turkish Government and of the Greek Church. How they were delivered from the former will be the subject of another chapter. But the latter was hardly less oppressive. Nothing is more galling to a sensitive people than to be compelled to denationalize themselves. The people are not Greeks: they are of another race and speak another language.

They wished to have their own schools and their own churches, their own priests and bishops ; but their efforts in this direction met with constant resistance, until at last, when their demands were conceded by the government, they were excommunicated by the Greek patriarch of Constantinople—a happy deliverance, which by this rude process set them free to worship God after the ways of their fathers.

After so many wars, and after ages of oppression, it would not have been strange if the Bulgarian nation had been blotted out of existence. The wonder is that, in spite of all, it has retained any degree of vitality. And yet the race is one of remarkable vigor. Physically, there is not a better peasantry in Europe ; they are strong, able-bodied, and patient of labor ; and only ask for a fair chance to show what is in them, and to work out their own destiny. To this the way is now opened for the first time in hundreds of years. How it has been opened I shall tell hereafter. But I will not disturb this peaceful day's journey by tales of battle, but would rather speak of the influences of religion, of education, and of peace.

The reawakening of Bulgaria dates from the Crimean War, which brought to its shores the armies of France and England, and gave some little idea of what was going on in other parts of the world. The Bulgarians had never forgotten their proud history ; and now, as they looked upon the armies of Western Europe, they recalled the deeds of their ancestors ; “they remembered the days of old,” and longed to see “the Bulgarian nation” again appear among the powers of Europe.

Shortly after the war there came into Bulgaria another influence from the West—not Western Europe, but the Farther West which lay beyond the sea. Dr. Riggs had already translated the New Testament into Bulgarian,



which had sold rapidly. Such was the eagerness for knowledge that it was bought in many cases by people who could not read, in the hope that some day they or their children would be able to enrich their minds from its precious pages. Seeing the field thus open and inviting, Dr. Hamlin, who visited America in 1856, urged upon the American Board (which already had a mission in Roumelia, with stations at Rodosto and Adrianople) to establish one also in Bulgaria ; but as the Board had its hands full, he laid the proposal before the Methodist Episcopal Board, by which the work was undertaken, with the same results which missions had wrought in Asiatic Turkey.

They found among the people an eager desire for education, which they met by establishing schools—an example which provoked imitation, in which these schools were the models of other schools, so that in a few years there was a system of popular education all over Bulgaria. Even in poor villages there was a little school-house, from which there came the buzz and hum of children learning to read.

The most important American institution in Bulgaria is at Samokov, in a picturesque spot at the foot of the mountains, not far from the capital, Sofia. Here is a Seminary for girls, in which there are nearly eighty boarding pupils ; and a Theological and Training School, in which there are about sixty boys. This is practically what we are accustomed to call a Normal School for the teaching of teachers, whose influence therefore will be multiplied, as each pupil will be at the head of a school, or in the case of theological students, of a church, or it may be of a church and school together.

The desire for a higher education is shown by the number of young men who have been sent to Robert College. From the founding of that College, a large proportion of its students has been from this province of European

Turkey, to which they returned prepared for any duties which the course of events might throw upon them ; and so it has come to pass that its graduates are now filling the highest positions in Bulgaria. This single fact illustrates the far-sighted wisdom as well as benevolence of the American philanthropist, who was its founder. But even he could not see all that he was doing. "He builded better than he knew." When he erected that institution on the shores of the Bosphorus, he could not conceive that it was to educate the rulers of a State which did not yet exist. "He died without the sight," but this generation is reaping, as others yet to come will reap, the fruit of his generosity.

With the new life given by free churches and free schools, one thing more only was necessary to the beginning of national existence—political independence. That was to come, but by what terrible instrumentality ! Of the path of blood through which Bulgaria was to pass to obtain it—of the Massacres and the War—I am yet to speak. I here allude only to the result, in the priceless blessing of liberty. The sense of freedom at once gave the people new courage and hope. The country still remains a part of Turkey in the sense that it pays (or owes, for the Prince's Government are more than reluctant to obey this obligation laid upon them by Europe) an annual tribute to the Sultan ; but in the management of its internal affairs, he has no more control than the Czar of Russia : and indeed, in the degree of influence, not half as much. The government belongs to the people themselves. They may be poor, but they are ~~free~~—free in their humble homes ; free to cultivate their little plots of ground ; free to send their children to schools in which their own language is spoken ; free to worship God.

Thus Bulgaria has at last her limbs unbound, and is left to work out her own destiny. With a people so

industrious, and no longer impoverished by the exactions of the government and the Church, their material condition must improve, not rapidly perhaps, but surely, even though slowly. At present the traveller riding over the country, sees no such villages as those of New England ; but who can tell what changes time may bring ? The country itself in its natural fertility is much richer than New England, and who can tell what signs of prosperity may cover these plains after a hundred years of freedom from oppression, of industry and of peace ?

Reflecting on all the changes which have come about within the last few years, partly by means of education, and partly as a result of the late war, it seems to me that Bulgaria has reason to be content and hopeful. To be sure, she did not obtain all that she hoped for, for she had great ambitions. It was in her dreams, as it was in the vast designs of Russia, that Bulgaria should be erected into an independent State of grand proportions, including all of the great Bulgarian family on both sides of the Balkans. It was even to have a port on the Ægean Sea, from which to send out ships to all parts of the Mediterranean. This would have been a territory large enough for a kingdom. Such a free and Christian State in South-eastern Europe would have been the best safeguard against the Turk, even if he were permitted for a time longer to keep up a show of power on the Bosphorus. Such would have been the Bulgaria of to-day but for the persistent opposition of England. Greece too was jealous of a power which might grow so great as to overshadow her, and dispute her succession to Constantinople whenever the Turk should depart into Asia. Austria also had her eye on those rich territories which might come within the sweep of her imperial ambition, if she were to be crowded out of Central Europe by Germany, and pushed farther to the

East. And so when the Congress of Berlin came together, a piece of Bulgaria was given to Servia, and another to Roumania, while all south of the Balkans was cut off, like an amputated limb, from the body to which it belonged.

This was a great taking down of the Bulgarian expectations. It reduced its territory by one-half, and by so much its prestige and its power. But it left the State more compact, lying between the Balkans and the Danube, and with a population more homogeneous than before by the exodus of the Turks. Thus Bulgaria was left to the Bulgarians—a people of one race, bound together by the memory of common sufferings; two millions in number, with a country as large as Scotland; a territory and a population quite large enough for the experiment of self-government which they were about to undertake. So was the work begun, and so does it now look hopefully to the future. Who shall say that the world does not move, when out of such materials—a people oppressed and trodden down for four hundred years—there arises a free Christian State?

These were pleasant thoughts to occupy the mind of a solitary traveller in that long day's ride across the plains of Bulgaria. It was the middle of the afternoon when we first caught sight of the Danube in the distance. As we drew near, I was a little disappointed in its appearance. There is always something majestic in a great river moving forward with resistless current to the sea; but apart from this, the Danube at this point has but little beauty—nothing to entitle it to be compared to the Rhine. Even the color of its waters has been changed by the poet's fancy, 'the blue Danube' being as yellow as our own Missouri: in which indeed it is like the Nile or any other great river, which brings down the earth with the snows from distant mountains, or washes away its own banks as it flows through a broad alluvial plain.

But if its waters are not "blue" or sparkling, no one can cross this mighty river without stirring memories of the scenes that have been witnessed, even very recently, on its banks. What would one not give to have seen its passage by the Russian army, which took place at Sistova, a few miles above? Rustchuk, where we now are, was encircled with forts, forming with Silistria, a few miles below, the two great fortresses which guard the lower Danube.

On the opposite bank is Giurgevo, at which a traveller who wishes to go up the Danube may leave the railway for the steamer, though it will take several days to follow the river in all its windings, and little is gained in the way of scenery, as the beautiful portion of the Danube does not begin but at the Iron Gates, where it breaks through the Carpathian Mountains. As I wished to accomplish the most in the least time, I kept to the railway.

We crossed the river in a boat, and were in another country, having passed out of a principality into a kingdom—a fact of which we were apprised by a ridiculous aping of royal punctiliousness in the call for a passport, which had not been demanded anywhere else in Europe. When the officer asked me for this, I laughed in his face, and he laughed too. I told him I was an American, and gave him my card, with which he was quite satisfied. I did not find that the change of government made any change in the character of the country. We had still before us the same rich plains, diversified with vineyards and groves of trees, while in the open fields were grazing herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. How peaceful it all looked as the villagers were driving the cattle home at sunset! In such a scene of peace our journey came to an end on a Saturday evening as we left our railway carriage for another kind of carriage, and rode through the streets of Bucharest.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE STORY OF THE MASSACRES.

While riding over the plains of Bulgaria, I have not been willing to mar the quiet beauty of the scene by any detailed account of events of a quite different character. But in this day's journey we have been over historic ground. In no part of Europe has history been making so fast in these last years as in this southeastern corner where we now are. In one day we have passed Varna, Shumla, and Rustchuk, three of the four great fortresses of the Bulgarian Quadrilateral, which was held by the Turks so strongly in the late war. That war, measured by its consequences, was one of the greatest events of modern times. A convulsion so tremendous not even the most flippant tourist could ignore. To understand this revolution (for such it has been), we must study it in its origin—in the causes which produced it ; and to this end I must tell, however briefly, a double tale—the Story of the Massacres (all the horrors of which can never be told) and the Story of the War, two events closely connected—one following the other, as the effect follows the cause—and which together have changed the political condition of Southeastern Europe.

It is the sad truth of history that the liberty of nations is commonly obtained at the price of blood. To this Bulgaria is no exception. For centuries she has borne the heavy, leaden weight of the Turkish yoke, which would have crushed the life out of a people not possessed of extraordinary vigor and vitality. It was a Moslem rule, in which Christians had no part. Though the taxes wrung from them supported the State, they had no hand in collecting or distributing them, but were at the mercy of a set of wretches who farmed out the revenue. They could not enter the army, and yet were compelled to pay a heavy tax for exemption from military service. Though subject to constant outrage and violence, often ending in murder, they had no redress ; their testimony against a Moslem would not be taken in a court of justice. The tyranny over them was exercised with an insolence which was stinging to the pride of an ancient and warlike race, as it reminded them at every step that they were now a conquered people, and had no rights which their masters were bound to respect.

But in spite of every provocation, the Bulgarians remained quiet, peaceable, and industrious. In fact, they had to pay a penalty for their virtues, which made them more prosperous than their Moslem neighbors, and so objects of envy and hatred. But whatever the mutual dislike, which would in the end have led to a conflict of races, the conflict might have been postponed for years, perhaps for a generation, if it had not been precipitated by the rashness of a small number of refugees, who had been mixed up in former disturbances, for which they had been obliged to flee the country ; and having placed themselves at a safe distance on the other side of the Danube, there exercised themselves in playing at revolution. They formed the famous Bulgarian Committee, which had its head-

quarters at Bucharest, the object of which was to stir up trouble over the border. Of course it was all very foolish and very wicked, as it could do no possible good, and in fact, produced incredible misery ; but that is no reason why it should be magnified into a crime of the whole Bulgarian nation, and made the excuse for any degree of atrocity. If a little clique of Nihilists meet in some secret hiding-place in London, and plot the assassination of the Czar, the Russian Government does not on that account arrest every Englishman in St. Petersburg, and hold him responsible.

It is very important to the truth of history that the facts in regard to this "Bulgarian Committee" should be understood, because a few months later, when the massacres had sent a thrill of horror through Europe, the English sympathizers with the Turks endeavored to justify, or at least to palliate, the severities of the Turkish government, by a counter representation of something dire and dreadful on the other side of the Danube. It was whispered in mysterious tones that there had been a deadly conspiracy formed in the Roumanian capital : that the conspirators had armed themselves, and that when the plot was ripe, they had intended to cross the Danube in force, and light their signal fires on all the mountain tops of Bulgaria !

Never was any martial announcement more disproportioned to the facts of the case. Instead of "an army" crossing the Danube, a report, which gives the total force with arithmetical exactness, states that "twenty-five agents of the Bulgarian Committee" were sent into different villages to raise a tumult, and succeeded here and there in getting together a handful of peasants. The whole thing was utterly insignificant ; it was not a revolution but a riot, to be put down by the police. And this was the great "Bulgarian insurrection." It was about as formida-



ble as a street mob. There was nothing which could not have been suppressed by the least display of force. A single regiment of regular troops would have sent these youthful revolutionists flying to the mountains. Or if any lingered behind, a few stout constables could have seized them and marched them off to prison, to be dealt with according to law, and that would have been the end of it. The madcaps would have received their proper punishment, and the country would have returned to its usual state of quietness and peace.

But no such slow process of justice could serve the purpose of the Turk. Insignificant as the movement was, there is no doubt that it created a temporary alarm ; and it is said that for a day or two there was a panic at Tatar-Bazardjik and Philippopolis. This was a sufficient excuse for desperate measures. Fear is always cruel, and having had a momentary "scare," the Turks thought they would give these refractory Bulgarians a taste of Turkish vengeance. With the regiments that were sent up from Constantinople, the authorities had about five thousand regular troops before any military movement was begun. But these were not the instruments needed for such a campaign as was now to be undertaken. That required another sort of material. From the first alarm an order had been given to arm the Bashi-Bazouks, who were noted in all the East for their love of violence and murder. They were not properly "troops," for they were under no military discipline, and subject to no responsible command. They were composed largely of Tcherkesses and Circassians, who had been brought from the Caucasus after that country was subdued by Russia, and settled in Bulgaria. They were fanatical Mussulmans, whose delight it was to kill and to destroy whatever bore the name of Christian. To these were added the dregs of the Turkish population, with

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gypsies and jail-birds let out for the purpose, making altogether as villainous a set of cut-throats as ever were let loose upon an inoffensive people. Such were the instruments which the Turkish Government chose for its deadly work. These marauders—sometimes with a nucleus of regular troops, and sometimes alone—were marched into the disturbed districts, and distributed in the villages. When all was ready the signal was given, and instantly these human tigers flew at the throats of the poor people, who had no means of defence. Wherever they came, their way was lighted up by burning villages. It mattered not whether a village had taken part in the insurrection—it might have been noted for the peaceful and industrious character of its inhabitants—no matter for that, their instincts for destruction must have full swing wherever there was a village to be laid in ashes or blood to be shed, and they kept on in their work until apparently they were exhausted from killing.

The extent of these massacres was not for some time fully known in Europe. When the authorities in Constantinople found what had been done, they became frightened, not that they had any remorse for the blood they had shed, but they were apprehensive of the consequences, and tried to hush it up, in which they were assisted by their English friends. Lord Beaconsfield, when questioned in Parliament, made light of the matter, and said in his airy way that the government had no knowledge of any massacres; that there had been an "irregular warfare," and no doubt there had been some "excesses," giving the impression that the excesses had been on both sides.

But the crime was not to be buried in darkness. It was to be brought to light, and I am proud to say, by American courage and resolution. The first to be informed of it, and to let the world know of it, says Mr. Maynard,

our Minister at Constantinople, were President Washburn and Prof. Long of Robert College. The latter had been a missionary to the Bulgarians from the Methodist Church in the United States, and had lived many years in Bulgaria. So familiar had he become with the language, that he had translated the Scriptures into it, and had published a newspaper in it. Many of the students of Robert College, and at least one of the Professors, were from Bulgaria. Hence these gentlemen had a large personal acquaintance in that country, and to them the wretched people turned in this hour of calamity for sympathy and protection, and so to their ears came the first cry of distress from that stricken province. Their first impulse was to rush to the British ambassador, whose influence was very powerful with the Turkish Government, hoping that a vigorous protest from him would put an immediate stop to the atrocities. But the great man was much more inclined to cover up what had been done, and did not think it of sufficient importance to communicate to his Government! Indeed he reported that the stories of massacre had been "monstrously exaggerated." The effect was to produce a reaction of feeling against the American missionaries as authors of incendiary reports, and for a time it seemed not improbable that Robert College would be closed, and that they might be in personal danger unless the truth of what they had affirmed could be vindicated. This task was to be performed by an American official, who was ready to undertake what the English ambassador had not the courage or the manliness to do. Mr. Eugene Schuyler had been for some years Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, where he had rendered service to his country and done honor to himself by his studies and writings, among which were a *Life of Peter the Great*, and a work of great value on Turkistan, the fruit of his own observations in Central Asia. He

had recently been appointed Secretary of Legation and Consul-General at Constantinople, where he arrived on the 6th of July, 1876, but a few weeks after the massacres, and while they were still the talk of all the foreign circles in the Turkish capital. He had come from England, where dark rumors were beginning to be spread abroad and had created great indignation, which the government of that day—that of Lord Beaconsfield—had endeavored to allay by repeating what their ambassador had told them, that the reports were “monstrously exaggerated.” Whether they were so or not, could only be ascertained by inquiry on the spot, and this Mr. Schuyler, at the request of the American Minister, was ready to undertake. It was of necessity a disagreeable task, and may have been at some personal risk, as it was to expose the conduct of the Turkish authorities. However, the Government, much as it might be opposed to any inquiry, could not forbid it when asked by the American Minister, and receiving a firman for the purpose, Mr. Schuyler set out from Constantinople on the 23rd of July, two months after the massacres had taken place. By a happy coincidence, he had an admirable companion in Mr. MacGahan, a personal friend, who had made an expedition with him into Central Asia, in which he made himself famous by his daring ride across the Turcoman desert, so thrillingly described in his “Campaigning on the Oxus,” and who was the following year to add to his reputation by a series of most graphic sketches of the Russian war. Though an American, he was engaged as the correspondent of an English journal, the London News, which had detailed him to proceed to Servia, where war was now in progress. As they were bound in the same direction, they left Constantinople together. When they arrived at Philippopolis, Mr. Schuyler persuaded MacGahan to interrupt his journey for a day, to learn

about the massacres ; and as the atrocities were unveiled he became so interested that he felt that he could serve his employers, as well as the cause of truth and justice, better by exposing these horrible crimes than by reporting the war in Servia. Accordingly he remained with Mr. Schuyler, and took part in the investigation, and wrote such letters to London as made the ears of all England to tingle. The story which he had to tell will be indicated by what follows.

At Philippopolis Mr. Schuyler began a thorough investigation. He visited a number of the villages which had been destroyed, and questioned such of the survivors as he could find. At first these were shy of giving information, lest they should bring down additional vengeance upon them. But as they recovered confidence, they were led to tell their story, and thus by degrees the horrible truth began to appear. He did not take their reports without examination, but sifted them to the bottom, cross-questioning every witness, and seeking for any contrary testimony. The same careful examination he carried into the district of Tatar-Bazardjik and others, and then crossed the Balkans and continued his investigations there, and returned to Constantinople the last of August. In these five weeks he had visited the greater part of the disturbed districts, and was supplied with a formidable array of testimony. From such materials he prepared a very full Report to the United States government. That Report is now before me. It makes, with several letters which are included, a large octavo pamphlet of thirty-one pages in fine print,\* and tells such a story as has not thrilled the world with horror since the massacre of Scio. From this Report I draw the facts here given, which I make no apol-

\* It is numbered "44th Congress. 2d Session, Senate. Ex. Doc. No. 24."

ogy for reproducing, as showing better than any argument what the Turk really is, what is the sort of government which he administers over his subject populations, and as furnishing the best justification for the Russian War. The general result I give in Mr. Schuyler's own words :

"In the districts to which I paid particular attention—those of Philippopolis, Sliven, and Tirnovo, and the neighboring part of the province of Sophia—there were seventy-nine villages wholly or partially burned, besides very many pillaged. At least 9000 houses were burned, and taking the average of eight to a Bulgarian house, 72,000 persons were left without roof or shelter. According to the figures I have given, 10,984 persons were killed. Many more were killed in the roads, in the fields, and in the mountains, of whom there is no record or count, and I think, therefore, I am not wrong in estimating the total number of killed at about 15,000. Many more died subsequently from disease and exposure, and in prison. The violations of women, and the instances of cruelty and barbarity, were so numerous that it has been impossible for me to do more than hint at them. . . . The burning of these villages, and the murders and atrocities committed, were clearly unnecessary for the suppression of the insurrection, for it was an insignificant rebellion at the best, and the villagers generally surrendered at the first summons. Nor can they be justified by the state of panic, for that was over before the troops set out on their campaign. An attempt, however, has been made, and not by Turks alone, to defend and palliate these acts on the ground of previous outrages, which it is alleged were committed by Bulgarians. I have carefully investigated this point, and am unable to find that the Bulgarians committed any atrocities or outrages, or any acts which deserve the name. . . . I vainly tried to obtain from the Turkish officials a list of the outrages which they said were committed by the Bulgarians at the beginning of the insurrection, but I could hear nothing but vague statements, which on investigation were never proved. . . . In general, on the spot where such occurrences were said to have taken place, it was impossible to find any evidence in support of them, even from the Turks. I found that the further I went from the disturbed district, the greater and more exaggerated became the stories of the outrages committed by the Bulgarians. I heard

far more about them in Adrianople than in Philippopolis, and in Constantinople than in Adrianople."

The more the particulars became known, the more they added to the horrors of the tale. It was not the slaughter of so many combatants in war : for this was not a battle, it was a butchery. Those who fell were not men with arms in their hands : they were unarmed and helpless—indeed thousands of them were women. The victims were of both sexes, and of every age—old men and children, the grand-sire and the child upon his knee, the mother and the babe upon her breast. Not only were men killed, but tortured with every device of suffering that devilish malignity could inflict. Some were impaled ; others were burned alive. Old men had their eyes torn out and their limbs cut off, and thus were left to die unless some one in mercy gave them a thrust to end their sufferings. At Dunovo, where "seventy-five went without arms and with a white flag to surrender, they were all massacred by the pasha commanding in a most cruel way. Some were cut to pieces ; others had their limbs cut off, or long strips of flesh torn from their bodies ; and others were disembowelled." The treatment of women was such as cannot be described. The Bulgarians are said to be most rigid and strict in their ideas of morality, so that the slightest taint of impurity brings a dishonor that can never be removed. It was far worse than death when wives and mothers and daughters were subjected to the outrages of a brutal soldiery ! In one instance the father of a family, seeing the fate that was before them, killed his two sisters, his wife, and his four children, rather than have them fall into the hands of the Turks, and then killed himself !

I have no wish to prolong this chapter of horrors, and will end by a single instance given a little more in detail. Batak was a large village in the mountains, about thirty

miles south of Tatar-Bazardjik. It was situated in a lovely valley, through which ran a rapid little river, which was lined with saw-mills : for the town had a large trade in timber and sawn boards. It had about eight thousand inhabitants, of whom not two thousand were known to survive. Fully five thousand perished.

"This village," says Mr. Schuyler, "surrendered without firing a shot, after a promise of safety, to the Bashi-Bazouks, under the command of Ahmed-Aga, a chief of the rural police. Despite his promise, the few arms once surrendered, Ahmed-Aga ordered the destruction of the village and the indiscriminate slaughter of the inhabitants, about a hundred young girls being reserved to satisfy the lust of the conqueror before they too should be killed. . . .

"Indiscriminate slaughter now began. Women, girls, and children were killed in the houses and in the streets, while many men were taken to a log of wood and beheaded with sabres. Very few were able to escape the cordon of Bashi-Bazouks, and the majority of the inhabitants were killed under circumstances of great barbarity. Vranko's wife found the bodies of her husband and of Triandafil's son with their heads cut off. Triandafil had been impaled alive on a wooden spit, and then roasted. The schoolhouse was burned, with 200 women and children within. Other houses, in which twenty, thirty, and even forty women had shut themselves up, were burned, together with the inmates. The remainder of the inhabitants sought refuge in the church and the church-yard, but the Bashi-Bazouks scaled the high walls, and all the villagers in the church-yard were killed. Petroleum, straw, and fire-brands were used to set fire to the woodwork inside the church, and sabres and muskets did the rest."

Mr. Schuyler visited Batak on the first of August, and thus describes what he saw with his own eyes :

"On entering the village, I passed through a small hollow on the hillside, in which I counted more than a hundred skulls, which had evidently been cut off by a sharp instrument. From their small size and the braids of hair still clinging to them, they were beyond doubt the skulls of women. The dogs, which in



large numbers had been gnawing the bones, were driven off at my approach.

"Further on, the fields were full of skulls and skeletons.

"In the town but one building (a mill) still retained its roof and walls, and its weir was full of swollen corpses. Everywhere through the streets I found bones of women to which shreds of female clothing hung. There were shirts with the heads and limbs protruding, the hands and feet having been cut off. There were skulls with braids of hair attached. There were even rotting and putrid corpses. Among the ruins could be seen fragments of charred human bones and half-buried bodies.

"The church-yard was still worse. It was three feet deep with human remains, over which had been hurriedly thrown boards and heaps of stones, which but half concealed the corpses.

"Passing over these with great difficulty, on account of the fearful stench, I saw protruding from the stones hands and feet with the flesh dried upon them, and human heads, one of which I noticed had an ear cut off. Making my way to the door of the church, I beheld a spectacle which it is impossible to describe. The ruined church was filled with decomposing bodies, many of which were half burned. I should think that in the church and the church-yard I saw the remains of fully 2000 bodies, which in great part were still only half decayed."

Such was the report of his investigations which Mr. Schuyler made to the United States Government, and through it to the world. The impression it produced can hardly be described. The English ambassador tried to break the force of these terrible revelations by sending a special commissioner, Mr. Baring, an attaché of the Embassy, to make a separate inquiry, with the hope that he would be able to make what we in America are wont to call "a whitewashing report." But his honest English heart revolted at the atrocities which he discovered, and he wrote back: "What makes the action of Chefket Pasha so abominable is, that there was not a semblance of revolt. The inhabitants were perfectly peaceful, and the attack on them was as cruel a deed as could have been committed.

For this Cheffket Pasha has received a high place in the Palace. Nana Sahib alone has rivalled him." In England the revelation of these atrocities, which the Ministry had tried to suppress, produced such a feeling that it was one of the most powerful causes of the overthrow of the government.

While Mr. Schuyler thus gave a simple recital of the facts of the case, almost without comment, his associate MacGahan, who had more freedom in writing for the press than if making a report to his government, by his descriptions set fire to the heart of England and America. The feeling was universal that wretches capable of such atrocities were not fit to live. Men said, "These are not human beings; they are fiends of hell, whom it were a blessing to humanity to exterminate from the face of the earth." Nor was it the murderous Bashi-Bazouks only that were to blame, but the Turkish Government, which applauded what they had done; which rewarded every officer who was conspicuous in the massacre by some decoration or promotion in the military service. As Mr. Baring truly said, the horrible monster whom he designates as the Nana Sahib of Turkey, instead of being punished for his crimes, was rewarded for them, by being made Marshal of the Palace, and the year after held an important command in the war, and conducted an army of ten thousand men, with supplies for Osman Pasha, into Plevna. Thus the government took upon itself the responsibility for all the blood that had been shed. That was innocent blood, which cried from the ground for punishment, and for which the murderers were to pay blood for blood. It is gravely affirmed by those who had the best opportunity to know, that the exposures made by these two Americans were really the cause of the Russian war. The famous English correspondent, Archibald

Forbes, writes thus of what had been done by a brother journalist :

“ MacGahan's work in the exposure of the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria, which he carried out so thoroughly and effectively in 1876, produced very remarkable results. Regarded simply in its literary merits, there is nothing I know of to excel it in vividness, in pathos, in a burning earnestness, in a glow of conviction that fires from the heart to the heart. His letters stirred Mr. Gladstone into a convulsive paroxysm of burning revolt against the barbarities they described. They moved England to its very depths, and men travelling in railway carriages were to be noticed with flushed faces and moistened eyes as they read them. Lord Beaconsfield tried to whistle down the wind the awful significance of the disclosures made in those wonderful letters. The master of sneers giped at, as “coffee-house babble,” the revelations that were making the nations to throb with indignant passion. A British official, Mr. Walter Baring, was sent into Bulgaria on the track of the two Americans, MacGahan and Schuyler, with intent to disparage their testimony by the results of cold official investigation. But lo! Baring, official as he was, nevertheless was an honest man with eyes and a heart; and he who had been sent out on the mission to curse MacGahan, blessed him instead altogether, for he more than confirmed the latter's figures and pictures of murder, brutality, and atrocity. It is not too much to say that this Ohio boy, who worked on a farm in his youth, and picked up his education anyhow, changed the face of Eastern Europe. When he began to write of the Bulgarian atrocities, the Turk swayed direct rule to the bank of the Danube, and his suzerainty stretched to the Carpathians. Now Roumania owns no more the suzerainty, Serbia is an independent kingdom, Bulgaria is tributary but in name, and Roumellia is governed not for the Turks, but for the Roumellians. All this reform is the direct and immediate outcome of the Russo-Turkish war. But what brought about the Russo-Turkish war? What forced the Czar, reluctant as he was and inadequately prepared, to cross the Danube and wage with varying fortune the war that brought his legions finally to the very gates of Stamboul? The passionate, irresistible pressure of the Pan-Slavist section of his subjects, burning with ungovernable fury against the ruthless Turk, be-

cause of his cruelties on those brother Slavs of Bulgaria and Roumelia; and the man who told the world and those Russian Slavs of those horrors, the man whose voice rang out clear through the nations with its burden of wrongs and shame and deviltry, was no illustrious statesman, no famed *litterateur*, but just this young American from off the little farm in Perry county, Ohio. Therefore it is that I say that MacGahan it was, who, having brought about the Russo-Turkish war that hounded the Turk from the regions which his hoof defaced, has his rightful place in history as the force that brought about the changes which the Treaty of Berlin made in the political geography of Eastern Europe."

This language is not too strong. It was those burning letters which set the heart of England on fire; which led Mr. Gladstone to say: "We may ransack the annals of the world, but I know not what research can furnish us with so portentous an example of the fiendish misuse of the powers established by God for the punishment of evil doers, and for the encouragement of them that do well. No government has ever so sinned, none has proved itself so incorrigible in sin, or so impotent for reformation."

Such is the story of the Bulgarian massacres—a story which I have been reluctant to tell, as many have heard it before, and those who have not may not wish to hear it. But the narrative, horrible as it is, carries a moral lesson, as it shows how Divine justice pursues the guilty and avenges the innocent. As one of the darkest crimes that ever stained the pages of history, it called for a terrible retribution. How that retribution came will be told in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE STORY OF THE WAR.

In the Autumn of 1875 I was in Constantinople, and heard the rumblings of a coming storm. But a storm does not always break suddenly ; the clouds may appear on a horizon that is very far off ; and so it was, in the history of this tremendous convulsion that was to shake all Southeastern Europe, it began on the outer verge of European Turkey, away on the shores of the Adriatic. It was the far-outlying province of Herzegovina that led the way, where a revolt had begun as early as July. The causes were the same which existed everywhere in the Turkish Empire—the intolerable oppression of the Government. As the insurrection was not immediately suppressed, it gathered force, and as soon as there was a hope of maintaining itself, it extended to the neighboring province of Bosnia.

Of course there could not be a war against the Turks in which Montenegro did not have a share. That “Black Mountain,” which towers like a mighty castle over the Adriatic Sea, is the eagle-nest of liberty. It is the one spot which has defied the Turks for four hundred years.





The little mountain State has but 190,000 inhabitants ; yet even such a population may be formidable when every man is a soldier. Again and again had the Turks tried to subdue them, but the brave mountaineers retreated into their fastnesses by paths which no stranger could follow, from which they suddenly appeared on the tops of cliffs, to roll down stones on the heads of their enemies. Every crag was a castle wall for defence. They fought behind rocks and trees, never counting the odds, and sometimes hurling their enemies over precipices, in their terrible hatred of the invader. In these continual wars to hate the Turk became a tradition and a religion. By such desperate bravery Montenegro maintained its independence, while larger territories and populations were subdued. It has never been conquered. And now that there was another call to battle, this warlike element added to the threatening dangers that appeared on the Western horizon at the close of that memorable year (1875) and the opening of the year which followed.

Had the Turkish government been like any other European government, this widespread unrest—these ferments and insurrections—would have led to an inquiry into the causes of such general discontent, to the end that the evils might be removed, and the disaffected populations recovered to loyalty and to peace. But the idea of compromise or conciliation is foreign to the nature of the Turk ; his only thought is to rush into battle, and stamp out insurrection with a heel of iron. In this respect the reigning Sultan was a Turk of the Turks. Those were the days of Abdul Aziz, whose utter disregard of the responsibilities of a throne was fast bringing the empire and himself to ruin together. A few months after he was deposed and assassinated. But he did all the evil he could to the end of his wicked life. His very last month (May, 1876) wit-



nessed the horrible massacres in Bulgaria. He died in the midst of crimes, with which the cup of his iniquity was full.

Servia had been from the beginning in close sympathy with Herzegovina. Volunteers in large numbers had crossed the frontier to take their places in the ranks of liberty. The massacres in Bulgaria aroused the excitement to a pitch at which it became uncontrollable, and on the 2d of July the government, unable any longer to restrain the people, rushed into war. This was a fatal mistake : for Servia alone was no match for Turkey, nor when supported by the provinces around her. She soon found that revolutionary enthusiasts, unless fighting like the Montenegrins in mountain passes, stand but a poor chance against a disciplined army. Osman Pasha advanced in terrible force, sweeping the Servians before him, defeating them in every battle, and would have marched to Belgrade if he had not been stopped by the intervention of the European Powers.

But the rising, though premature, at least served one purpose : it attracted the attention of the world, and created an immense excitement abroad, especially in Russia. In that same month of July, Lord Loftus, the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg wrote to Lord Derby :

“The enthusiasm for the Servians and Christian Slavs is daily increasing here. The feeling is universal, and it pervades all classes from the Crown to the peasant. The sympathy of the masses is aroused by the atrocities in Bulgaria, and bears a religious, not a political character. Public collections are made for the sick and wounded. Officers with ‘the Red Cross,’ and ladies of the court and of society, go from house to house requesting subscriptions. At the railway stations, in the steam-boats, even in the carriages of the tramways, the Red Cross is present everywhere, with a sealed box for donations. Every stimulant, even to the use of the Emprress’s name, is resorted to to animate feel-

ings of compassion for the suffering Christians, and to swell the funds for providing ambulances for the sick and wounded."

A state of things so alarming threatened to bring on a general European war, to avert which a Congress of all the Powers was assembled in Constantinople. In that Congress there were diversities of interests. Some have supposed that Russia was secretly desirous of war, and trying to embroil the negotiations to that end. But on the contrary, she did all in her power to preserve peace. The English representative in the Congress was Lord Salisbury (the friend and chosen agent of Lord Beaconsfield), who was certainly not disposed to make the position of Russia appear in any better light than the truth required, and yet he afterwards stated in the House of Lords that "his suggestions at Constantinople had every support from the Russian ambassador, and that the Emperor was *tormentingly* anxious for peace. He preferred not to mention those who advised the Turks to resist them." He was understood to refer to certain English residents in Constantinople, who, by stirring up the Turks and inspiring a false confidence, were the marplots of every negotiation.

I have already alluded to the cunning trick of Midhat Pasha, then Grand Vizier, by which he tried to disarm the hostility of the Congress in proclaiming a Constitution on the very day of its meeting. The artifice succeeded. It "took the wind out of the sails" of the most aggressive of foreign representatives. How could they be so ungenerous as to press a power which showed itself so eager for reform that it had, of its own noble impulse, gone far beyond what its foreign advisers had dared to suggest? And as if this were not enough to give the Congress a setback at the very start, and put it in an attitude of irresolution, England gave it to be understood that whatever its decision, *she* at least would never take any military steps

to enforce it! After this its good advice became merely a farce; and the Porte, having the fear of war removed, decided that the dignity (!) of the Sultan would not permit him to yield to any "demands." His dignity must leave him at full liberty to oppress and to massacre his Christian subjects at will. Thus doubly embarrassed by the attitude of its friends and its enemies, the Congress subsided into a tame affair, and ended by offering but moderate proposals. As it lowered its tone, the Turk lifted up his head. The Porte assumed a haughty air, and would listen to nothing, whereupon the Congress broke up on the 18th of January. Again another protocol was prepared, even more modest, which was offered in April; but now the blood of the Turk was up, and this too was rejected, not with firmness and dignity, but with anger and proud disdain. And so the Congress proved an utter failure.

Thus deserted by England, and with the rest of Europe standing aloof, the Czar felt that the time had come for him to act alone. Anticipating a failure of peaceful measures, and the necessity of a resort to arms, Russia had been for six months massing a large army in Bessarabia, with its centre at Kishineff, the capital, and here on the 24th of April, 1877, the Emperor in person, in the presence of his army, appealing to God for the purity of his motives and the justice of his cause, solemnly declared war. "Deeply convinced," to quote his words, "of the justice of our cause, and relying in all humility upon the grace and assistance of the Most High, . . . invoking the blessing of God upon our valiant armies, we give them the order to cross the frontier of Turkey."

This was the supreme moment in the life of Alexander II. And with what feeling did he issue that awful decree? He did not read it himself; even had such been the custom, he could not trust his own voice. It was read by the

Bishop of the Diocese. He only listened and wept. "While the troops received the news with visible satisfaction, the Emperor was observed to be in tears."\* It was with no French "gayety of heart" that he entered on the fearful struggle, but with sadness and foreboding of what it might bring, not to himself or to his royal house, but to his brave people. But he had no alternative. He had done all he could to avert the issue, and decided as he did only from the sternest necessity.

But however he shrank from it, the die was cast : war was declared. Instantly the drums beat, and fifty thousand men marched across the river Pruth into Roumania. The same day seventy thousand troops crossed the Turkish frontier in Trans-Caucasia, and advanced against Kars and Batoum. Thus in one day war was begun in Europe and in Asia.

But it is one thing to declare war, and another to make war. Military operations are very slow. An army corps cannot move as swiftly as a squadron of cavalry ; and when there are tens of thousands of men to be transported over long distances, with artillery and all the implements of war and enormous baggage trains, progress must be by marches of but a few miles a day, and it was just two months before the army which had crossed the Pruth crossed the Danube.

A march is not as exciting as a battle, but it stirs the blood to see a great army moving steadily forward to the scene of conflict, especially if it be animated by some great impulse, patriotic or religious. Such a sentiment pervaded the Russian army : it felt that it was embarked in a holy crusade. It should never be forgotten that the cause which set this army in motion was a religious one. Whatever ambition Russia may have had to get possession

\* Life of Alexander II., p. 256.

of Constantinople, its object now, as declared in the face of Europe and the world, was to redress the wrongs of its co-religionists in European Turkey. Ever since the conquest the Turks had oppressed the Christian populations to the limit of endurance—an oppression which was felt most in Russia, as a large part of the people were of the Greek Church, of which Russia regarded herself as the protector. This was an outrage and a scandal far greater than the profanation of the Holy Sepulchre, which set all Christendom in arms for its recovery, and hence every man in the Russian army felt, as much as any Crusader of the Middle Ages, that he was engaged in a war against the infidels; and so as they marched they sang, not only their national anthem, but their sacred hymns. One who watched the mighty column day by day as it swept along to the Danube and beyond it, thus pictures the scene\* :

“Every day, over the poorly-traced highway leading from Giurgevo to Simnitsa, came thousands of troops grimly bending to their work, setting their faces sternly to the East. We never tired of watching the solid infantry-men as they plodded by, now answering the salutation of a General with a shout which made one's heart beat faster than usual, now singing almost reverently in chorus. The Cossacks were our chief delight. Dust and fatigue seemed to have no power to choke the harmony which welled up melodiously, as from the pipes of a mighty organ, whenever a Cossack regiment halted. On they came, now at dawn, now at dusk, thousands of lithe, sinewy, squared-faced, long-haired youth, with shrewd, twinkling eyes, small hands and feet, nerves of steel, and gestures of utmost earnestness. The leader of each squadron usually “lined” the hymn or ballad which was sung. Behind him hundreds of voices took up the chorus, and prolonged it until the heavens seemed filled with sweet notes. Sometimes the singers recited the exploits of an ancient hetman of their tribes; sometimes an exquisite and tender sentiment of melancholy pervaded their song—a longing for home,

\* *Europe in Storm and Calm.* By Edward King. pp. 749, 750.

for kindred, for babe and wife; sometimes a rude worship permeated every note. From the camps of these stout fellows, who are the eyes and ears of the Russian army when it is in an enemy's country, arose the mournful and spiritual cadences of the 'Evening Prayer,' followed by the Russian national anthem, than which no nation has a grander. When the breezes were favorable, we could hear the singing of the Russian troops beyond the Danube, and from time to time through the long night cheer answered cheer across the wide, dark waters. This singing was a marked feature of the early campaign in Bulgaria. On the march, when near the enemy, infantry and cavalry were alike silent, grave, watchful, but at night nothing could restrain the chorus. Grand, plaintive, often pathetic, it mounted to the stars; and when the Turks heard it, it must have impressed them powerfully."

The first great operation of the war was the crossing of the Danube. How the Russian army ever crossed at all, is one of the mysteries which the defenders of Turkish military skill must explain. It was a maxim of Napoleon that "to cross a river in the face of an enemy, is one of the most difficult operations in the art of war." But here was the largest river in Europe, defended by great fortresses and by gunboats, some of them ironclads. The boats, however, amounted to nothing: two or three of them were blown up by torpedoes, which put the rest in such a panic that they did not dare to move, but kept under the guns of the fortresses, as the troops which those strongholds contained kept behind the walls. But the fortresses were strong, and had great armies in them and around them. The Turks had fifty thousand men in the fortresses of the Quadrilateral, and as many more at Widdin, two hundred miles to the west, on the Danube, and might have thrown up earthworks and planted batteries at every exposed point along the river, which would have made it impassable. Anticipating such a defence, Moltke had estimated that to force the passage of the

Danube in the face of such obstacles, would cost the Russians sixty thousand men! But owing to the secrecy with which the operation was prepared, and the inaction of the enemy, it did not cost them one thousand, both in killed and wounded. Apparently the Turks had no plan of defence. Instead of taking the strongest position, they remained passive, scarcely making an effort to oppose the passage of the river; so that when the Russians undertook it, they met with but a feeble resistance. They had prepared a great number of pontoons which were hidden under the willows of a little stream, from which they were pushed silently, in the darkness of midnight, out on the bosom of the broad river, and rowed across to the other side. Skobeleff was the first to spring on shore: and in the gray of the morning the Russian regiments climbed up the southern bank, and seized a position from which they could not be driven. A few days later a bridge was thrown across the Danube, and the great body of the Russian army was transferred from Roumania to Bulgaria.

And now the war was to begin in earnest. The forces were nearly equal. The Russians had some 225,000 men—a force which proved wholly insufficient for operations of such magnitude, and to which it was necessary to add, before the war was over, 150,000 more. The Turks had about the same number, with an almost unlimited recruiting ground in Asia. In soldierly qualities also there was not much to choose. The Russian soldier, in physical strength, in endurance of fatigue, and in discipline, in obedience to orders in the face of any danger, is the model soldier of the world. And yet he is not much better than the Turk, who is by nature equally hardy and brave, might be made with proper discipline.

As to arms, the Turks were better off than the Russians. They had anticipated the war which had now

come, and provided themselves in advance. In Constantinople in 1875 the huge barracks had been pointed out to me in which were stacked over 300,000 American rifles [the Peabody-Martini gun, as perfect an arm as was ever put in the hands of a soldier], which were manufactured in Providence, R. I. I remember thinking then what wastefulness and folly to spend millions of money in piling up such an armory of weapons which would never be needed; yet in less than two years these very rifles were in the hands of Turkish soldiers in the field, and they imported 200,000 more. Equally for the purpose of defence were the ironclads bought in England at enormous cost, which I had seen lying idly in the Golden Horn: they too had now found their use, for though they did not do much active service in the war, they effectually prevented any operations in the Black Sea by the Russians, who might otherwise have landed troops at Varna and other points on the Turkish coast, which would have saved crossing the Danube, and half the long march to Constantinople. While America supplied the Turks with rifles, Germany had supplied them with cannon, which, though less numerous than those of Russia, were of longer range. Not only the fortresses, but the troops in the field, were armed with Krupp guns, while the Russians were armed with old bronze cannon. In only one arm of the service were the Russians superior—in cavalry—the Turks having no such riders and such fighters on horseback as the Cossacks.

But the greatest of all the advantages possessed by the Turks was that they were in their own country, of which they knew every road, where they could choose the best positions for attack or defence. They had not only a great river before them, but a great chain of mountains behind them, all the passes of which they held. This mountain



barrier would have to be forced by an enemy that would advance towards Constantinople. With such natural defences, supplemented by all that the art of war could do to add to their strength—with rivers and mountains and fortresses—it would seem as if the Turks might have defied Russia or all Europe combined. So indeed they might if they had any generals capable of making use of such advantages, and fit to lead such soldiers. But with the lethargy of the Turkish race, that needs to be roused by some sudden blow, they would not advance, but waited till the Russians should attack, determined then to drive them back if they could.

They did not have to wait long. As soon as the Russians had crossed the Danube, they pushed forward into the interior, to seize a position commanding the main roads, so as to plant themselves firmly in the heart of Bulgaria. Of course this was at no small risk: for they were now in the enemy's country, and had to run the gauntlet of hostile forces on either side. They had Turks to the right of them, and Turks to the left of them. On the right was the fortress of Nikopolis, and higher up the Danube, at Widdin, was Osman Pasha with 50,000 men, the flower of the Turkish army, which had put down the rebellion in Servia the year before. The danger from this quarter, however, was soon removed by the capture of Nikopolis, when Osman Pasha, who had set out to relieve it, turned off to Plevna, where we shall soon hear of him. But on the left the Turks held not only the sea and the mouths of the Danube, but the line of railroad over which we passed from Varna to Rustchuk, with the fortresses of the Quadrilateral untouched, whose garrisons might at any moment march out and attack any exposed point of the Russian lines. The first step in the campaign, therefore, was, in military phrase, to "mask" these fortresses—that

is, to set over against them forces sufficient to repel an attack from that quarter, while the centre of the army moved directly through Bulgaria towards the Balkan Mountains. This took a very considerable portion of the forces that had marched to the war ; but as there was little done in this part of the field of operations, we may dismiss it for the present, to turn our attention to another quarter, which was to be the scene of the greatest activity.

The commander of the advance guard of the Russian army was General Gourko, who was, next to Skobeleff, the most enterprising of Russian generals, and was to prove one of the heroes of the war ; and now that he had full scope for action, he did not let the grass grow under his feet. If there was danger in pushing forward, a rapid movement sometimes succeeded by its very audacity. The principal town within striking distance was Tirnova, which had forty or fifty thousand inhabitants, the ancient capital of the Bulgarian kings, of which an American traveller speaks as "positively the most picturesque place he had ever seen," being on the banks of a river, and surrounded by cliffs, on the top of which are ancient monasteries. Its very position makes it a natural fortress, enclosed as it is in "a munition of rocks." It is situated in a bend of the Yantra, and on every side of it rise rocky perpendicular bluffs five hundred feet high, so that it can only be entered through narrow defiles. Of course it was easy of defence. A few hundred men within it could keep an army at bay. That the Turks could have left such a position without a proper garrison, is one of the many incredible incidents of this war. Perhaps they were not on their guard, because they could not imagine that any force would have the audacity to attack it. The feeble show of defence suggested a possible ambushade, and Gourko approached very cautiously ; but when, to his amazement, he discovered

that the place was held by only a few hundred men, he did not give them time to reflect on the situation, but instantly ordered an attack ; and the Cossacks, putting their horses into a gallop, rushed up the defile into the town, and made themselves masters, while the Turks rushed out in full flight at the other end. Thus a place which, properly defended, might have stood a siege of months, was carried by a rush of cavalry, in which the Russian loss was only two men and eight horses wounded ! So much for promptness and daring in war.

The entrance of the Russians into Tirnova was the occasion of a very pretty scene. As the people were Christians, they welcomed their deliverers. Women and girls met the soldiers with flowers, while the priests and monks descended from the monasteries on the heights above, to give their blessing to the liberating army.

But Gourko had no time for "scenes" of any kind, even the most gratifying. In seizing Tirnova, he had no intention to take up his quarters there, but only to make it a base of further operations. Ever since he crossed the Danube, he had had his eye on the Balkan Mountains, which was the next great barrier in the march to Constantinople. He remained in Tirnova only four days, just long enough to get a thorough knowledge of the country, and organize a pack train for a forced march. Summoning every one who could give him information, he questioned them closely about the passes over the Balkans. He found that roads led from Tirnova to four passes, of which but one, the Shipka Pass, was defended by the Turks. To be sure, this was the main route by which an army, in time of peace, if it wished to move in regular military order, would take its march. But it was not the only way of crossing the mountains ; indeed, counting all the passes, large and small, there were no less than seventeen of them.

So utterly unguarded were the narrow passes that not even a sentinel kept watch upon the heights to raise an alarm at the approach of an invader. To conceal his movements, Gourko selected one which was little more than a foot-path—a kind of Indian trail—which scaled a height of four thousand feet, and over this he determined to lead his army. The pass was so narrow that in many places the soldiers had to march in single file, each man carrying his knapsack on his back. Extra rations, as well as ammunition, were packed on mules. The ascent was so steep that it was utterly impossible to use horses even to draw the guns, which had to be taken off from the carriages, and dragged up by sheer strength! Thus clinging to the rocks or the roots of trees, pulling and tugging, the Russians at last reached the summit, when reversing the process they let their guns slide down the other side of the mountain, at the foot of which they were put together, and the little force started forward, infantry, artillery, and cavalry also. Thus at the very outset of the campaign was performed one of the most brilliant operations of the war. The boldness of the movement was its success. The small Turkish garrisons were taken by surprise and easily defeated, while the Christian populations of the towns, remembering the fearful massacre of the year before, welcomed the invaders, whose appearance set them on fire with the hope of speedy liberation. At Eski-Zagra a deputation invited the Russians to enter the town—a declaration of their sympathies that was to provoke a terrible punishment. But for the moment the strangers and the inhabitants united in congratulations and rejoicings.

Thus far the Russians seemed to have found an easy path to victory—a path literally strewn with roses, for they had come into the land where the roses bloom. The region south of the Balkans is one of the most beautiful in

all the East. As the slopes of the hills are turned to the southern sun, they are soft and warm, and on them and in the valleys at their foot the Damascus rose is cultivated expressly for the delicious perfume—the *Ottar of Roses*—that is distilled from it ; so that the whole country looks like a garden—a bloom and beauty that were soon to be exchanged for torrents of blood.

The appearance of the Russians south of the Balkans, following so soon the passage of the Danube, created a panic in Constantinople. The Sultan was in terror lest he should be driven from his capital, and every day councils were held at the Palace, at which it was seriously considered whether he should not raise the banner of the prophet, and proclaim a holy war ; or anticipate the loss of his throne in Europe by removing across the Bosphorus and setting it up in Broosa, in Asia Minor ! Certainly his doom was not far distant unless something could be done to drive the Russians back over the mountains.

Now at last the sluggish Turks awoke to the perils of the situation, and felt the necessity of tremendous efforts to save the Empire. No more resting in camp : they must push forward to the scene of war. Suleiman Pasha was recalled from Montenegro, and twenty transports were sent to bring back his army. In a few days he landed at Enos in the *Ægean Sea* with 30,000 men, which, with the addition of other divisions, was swelled to 50,000 ; with which he moved forward to meet the invaders. As Gourko had but 16,000 men, he could not stand against three times his force, and the Russians had to retreat, leaving the Christians who had welcomed them to the vengeance of those who knew no mercy.

Suleiman marched at once on Eski-Zagra, determined to make an example for the “treason” of its inhabitants in receiving the Russians. In the darkness of night he sur-

rounded the town so that none could escape, and then gave orders for a general massacre. Over ten thousand were slain in cold blood. In this butchery there was no attempt at discrimination. It was taken for granted that every Bulgarian was a rebel at heart, if not in act, and he was marked for slaughter. Even the poor peasants who had served as guides (perhaps pressed into the service) were hung at the corners of the streets. When the massacre was ended for the want of more victims, the place was set on fire, that every vestige of the seat of "treason" might be swept from the face of the earth. Leaving its smoking ruins behind him, Suleiman moved on in the path of destruction. Everywhere his course was marked by fire and slaughter. Such was the terror he inspired that the people, leaving their villages and their homes, fled *en masse*. The roads were thronged with refugees of all ages and both sexes, men, women and children, fleeing from the merciless pursuer. Thousands died on the way, and those whose strength held out to drag themselves along, at last found their way across the Balkans—not feeling safe till they were on the other side of the mountains. But though the country was deserted, the villages remained behind, on which the destroyer wreaked his vengeance. Over sixty villages were burned. Perhaps the last to share the fate of Eski-Zagra was Kezanlik, "the place of roses" (so called because it was surrounded with rose-gardens), which was embosomed in a lovely vale, not far from the village of Shipka, at the foot of the Shipka Pass. Up to this point Suleiman had carried his burning and massacre. He was now to have a different experience.

In his pursuit of the retreating Russians, Suleiman had pressed on till he came to the foot of the mountains, on which they had taken their stand. Here he was brought

to bay. The pass was a vital point, as affording access to the country north of the Balkans, and he was determined to retake it. From the crest of the mountain the Russians saw the whole of his army deploying in the plain below, and prepared themselves for the assault. It came in tremendous force. The odds were terrible—the Russians holding the pass with eight thousand men, against the whole Turkish army! After fighting three days, the Turks had nearly surrounded the position. The Russians had been cut to pieces; and once, seeing the number of wounded carried to the rear, they thought a retreat had been ordered, and began falling back, and it required the greatest energy on the part of their commander to rally them. This was the critical moment of the battle, perhaps of the war. The Russians stood there to die, and when it seemed as if the last hour had come, a couple of hundred men came trotting up the mountain on the horses of the Cossacks, which they had taken for the purpose. It was the first of the reinforcements, and more were just behind. The new-comers dashed into the fight, and drove the Turks down the mountain, and Shipka Pass was saved. Yet the battle was renewed, even when the hope of success was gone. Suleiman Pasha seemed to have put his military pride in victory here, and as often as one body of troops was destroyed, he ordered up another. It is said that he ordered a hundred distinct attacks in less than seven days! As they were for the most part hopeless, their continuance seemed pure madness. But Suleiman looked on with the utmost coolness, and with the gayety of heart which is part of the temper of a soldier, only twirled his cigarette and ordered a fresh assault, until the bodies of the Turks lay thick on the sides of the mountain. The battle raged with little intermission for five days. Indeed the Pasha kept an army at the foot of the pass, and at

intervals renewed the assault for four months, in which he gained absolutely nothing, but sacrificed the splendid army which he brought from Montenegro, after which brilliant display of military skill, he was recalled in disgrace ; so that the campaign which began by burning towns and hanging peaceable citizens, ended in disaster and in shame. He was afterwards tried by court martial, and sentenced to complete degradation and confinement in a fortress for fifteen years—the fit punishment for his cruelties and his crimes.

While this terrible fighting was going on at the Shipka Pass, the eyes of all Europe were turning towards another quarter of the field of conflict, in anticipation of a tremendous shock of armies, which, if it should issue in a decisive victory, would probably end the war. When the Russians crossed the Danube, and advanced into Bulgaria, their first and greatest danger was on their left flank, on which was massed a Turkish army of fifty thousand men, whose strength was buttressed by the great fortresses of the Quadrilateral. To guard against this danger required a force equal in number, and to this were detailed two army corps numbering forty thousand infantry, five thousand cavalry, and two hundred guns, which were placed under the command of the Czarewitch, the present Czar ; but while these two great armies faced each other, there was little fighting. The Turkish commanders showed no enterprise. Old Abdul Kerim, who was in command when the war broke out, had been, to use an American phrase, “lying back,” with something deep and dreadful in his eye, intending to lure the Russians on into Bulgaria, where, with the Danube at their back, they could not escape, and he would fall upon them and capture their whole army ! Wonderful strategy ! This boastful talk diverted the minds of the Council sitting in the War Office



at Constantinople ; but as time passed, and the Russians kept coming on, Abdul Kerim began to be looked upon as an incapable, and he was recalled in disgrace, and banished to one of the islands of the *Ægean*. (I wonder if he was the sad old Turk who came on board our steamer at Rhodes.) After him came Mehemet Ali, whose garrisons were swelled by reinforcements till he had nearly 100,000 men. With this splendid army in such a position, a great military genius might have ended the war by a single battle. As the Russians were scattered along a distance of fifty miles, he had a capital chance to strike a hard blow at their right, and then at the centre, thus doubling up the long line and driving it back, even to the point of forcing it to cross the Danube. He did indeed once throw open the gates of the fortresses, and march out in battle array, as if he were going to do something, but a little rough treatment made him retire behind his thick walls ; so that for the rest of the campaign the Russians had little to do in this part of the field but to keep watch of their powerful foe. Strong as the Turks were, they did nothing : where most was expected of them, they performed the least.

But now a soldier of a different type enters the field—one who, alone among the Turks, achieved military distinction in the war. While Suleiman Pasha was sacrificing his army in fruitless efforts to retake Shipka Pass, Osman Pasha, who had left Widdin with forty thousand men to relieve Nikopolis, but arrived too late, pushed east till he reached Plevna, a small town of no importance except as it afforded a central position for attack or defence. Here he had come to stay, and began at once to surround himself with fortifications, which he multiplied till he had made a very Gibraltar in the heart of Bulgaria, with which he was able to resist any force that could be brought against him. The besieging army was swelled to a hun-

dred thousand men, with four hundred siege guns, making a line of investment thirty miles in length. Again and again assaults were made in immense force, and with the most desperate courage. No figure in modern military history is more striking than that of Skobeleff, always in the advance, seeming to court death by his conspicuous figure, as he always went into battle wearing a white uniform and mounted on a white horse, as if to offer himself as a mark for the enemy, yet by this very recklessness giving an example of courage which electrified his soldiers, and made them follow him in the deadly breach. Nearly all his staff were killed, yet he escaped unhurt. But even courage cannot do the impossible. Not even Russian columns could take earthworks mounted with hundreds of heavy guns, and behind which lay in security tens of thousands of riflemen with their breech-loaders. Heroic as the efforts were, it was valor wasted. The result was always the same, till at last after three months the Russians gave up all hope of carrying the place by storm. At this moment the prospect looked dark. Plevna seemed likely to prove another Sebastopol, with only the difference that those who were there the besieged were here the besiegers. Against such a Gibraltar all the forces of Russia might dash themselves in vain. There was only one alternative, and Todleben, the defender of Sebastopol, was summoned from St. Petersburg to undertake a regular siege.

To resist the depressing effect of such repeated defeats, required not only courage and endurance, but all the national discipline and habit of obedience. To keep this up to the highest point, the army had the presence of the Czar, and every motive which could appeal to the feeling of loyalty and of religion. The Russian soldier, stolid as he seems, is yet capable of a strong feeling of loyalty to his sovereign and his faith that makes him willing to die for

them. The intensity of religious feeling in the rank and file of the army, is illustrated in a scene at Plevna, described by one who was present.\* It was the Sunday after a battle, when the Czar reviewed the army, riding down the lines, saluting the men, and stopping to speak to one here and there, after which came the following scene :

After the troops had all been visited an open air mass was held. One division of about ten thousand men was drawn up on the plain west of Plevna, and about two miles from the high range of hills on which the Turkish batteries stood ; the division was formed on three sides of a square, with a few squadrons of cavalry on each flank. In the centre stood the Emperor, alone and bareheaded, slightly in advance of his suite ; in front of him was the priest in gorgeous robes, with a golden crucifix and the Bible laid on a pile of drums which answered for an altar ; a short distance to one side was a choir consisting of twenty or thirty soldiers, with fine musical voices. Every one uncovered his head, and the service began in that slow, sad chant which is peculiar to the Greek Church ; at the name of Jesus every one of the vast crowd crossed himself. On the opposite hills, as the service went on, could be seen large numbers of Turks congregating in wonder at the assembly of this large number of men. Finally came the prayer for the repose of those who had died in the battle a few days before ; the Emperor knelt on the ground, resting his head on the hilt of his sword, every one followed his example, and the whole division knelt there with their guns in one hand, crossing themselves with the other, and following in a subdued voice the words of the chant.

Nothing could give a clearer perception of the relations between the Czar and his men than this strangely impressive scene : the *Gosudar Imperator* (Our Lord the Emperor), surrounded by his people, with arms in their hands, facing their hereditary enemies in religion and politics, and chanting in slow monotone, whose periods were marked by the booming of distant cannon, the requiem for their dead comrades. . . . To the class from which the soldiers come, the religion of miracles and ceremonies which they are taught, is the most real thing of their lives.

\* Greene's "Army Life in Russia," pp. 11, 12.

The business of a regular siege was less exciting than that of taking the place by storm. These months of waiting were almost as trying to the Russian endurance as the assaults, as the troops lay in the trenches exposed to the Autumn rains, and afterward to the Winter's cold. They died by thousands, but the survivors held on. It was slow work, but the end was sure. Todleben had sealed up every avenue by which supplies could reach the beleaguered garrison, and thus imprisoned, he held them in his iron grasp for two months, till pressed by famine they made one last desperate effort on the 10th of December to break through the circle of fire which surrounded them and escape, failing which Osman Pasha surrendered with his whole army.

The fall of Plevna was the turning-point of the war. With it the best army of the Turks was gone, and they had none to take its place. Their only hope now was that the elements might fight for them. It was the beginning of Winter, and it might be supposed that troops exhausted with a five months' siege would go into Winter quarters, and postpone further operations till the next Spring. Such was the advice of Todleben. But the Russian Commander-in-Chief, the Grand Duke Nicholas, knew the value of time. To wait for months might bring other enemies into the field. England was already hostile, and Austria might become so. It was all-important to finish the business at once. But this would require a Winter campaign, the greatest hardship to which soldiers can be subjected, and against which all his generals protested except Gourko and Skobelev, the two heroes of the war. It was a critical moment, on the decision of which the whole fortune of the war might depend. In this decision he took counsel of courage rather than discretion, and ordered the advance.

The campaign that followed has few parallels in history :

in comparison with it, the passage of the Great St. Bernard by Napoleon was a holiday excursion. That was at the beginning of Summer: this was in mid-Winter. At the very outset the stars in their courses seemed to fight against them. A snow-storm came on which lasted with little interruption for five days, and left snow in the passes in many places ten feet deep. Thousands of men were frostbitten; hundreds were frozen to death. In such a condition the Russian army began its march. The roads were so steep and icy that horses were useless, and the pieces and caissons had to be unlimbered, and the guns dragged up by main strength, a hundred men often being harnessed to a single gun. The ammunition was carried by hand. There were no waggons to carry even food, the men having only what they could carry on their backs, with no tents to sleep in, and no blankets to cover them, wading all day through the snow, and lying down in it to sleep at night. On this fearful march as many perished by cold as in battle. One column that had got over the summit was overwhelmed by a terrible storm, causing the snow to pile up in huge drifts, in which a large part of the artillery was buried. Further progress was impossible, and it had finally to make its way back as it could, fifty-three men having been frozen to death, and eight hundred and ten permanently disabled by freezing. Yet in spite of all, the men of the North moved steadily over the mountain heights, and came down into the valleys. The audacity of the movement was its success. Skobelev, moving lightly encumbered, and therefore more expeditiously, across another route, turned against the Turks at the Shipka Pass, who were at the same moment attacked by troops from the other side, and captured the whole army. Thus victorious, the Russians pressed on to Sophia, which Gourko entered on the fourth of January (in whose streets a Chris-

tian army was seen for the first time since 1434), and by the ancient Roman road built for the march of conquerors, to Philippopolis and Adrianople ; and onward still, till on the last day of that month the advance led by Skobeleff came in sight of the minarets of Constantinople.

This passage of the Balkans in mid-Winter, and the march which followed, were accompanied by one of those terrible revenges which, when they occur in war, seem to be the retributions of God. The victorious army passed over the scene of the massacres in Bulgaria and Roumelia, in which men, women and children had been butchered—a crime incited by the Moslems of the villages, even where they did not take part in it. So late as six months before, the Mussulmans of Eski-Zagra and Kezanlik had pointed out their Christian neighbors to be murdered. The burned villages were still lying in their ashes, the slaughtered inhabitants were still unburied, silent witnesses to God of man's inhumanity to man. Now the tide had turned. The Russians were coming from the mountains, sweeping everything before them. If the Turkish divisions halted to give battle, it was only to experience a fresh defeat, and to resume their flight in greater panic than before, in which they were followed by the whole Moslem population. Remembering the atrocities they had committed or instigated, they knew that they would find no mercy from the kindred of their victims, and they fled from a country which they were no longer worthy to inhabit, not stopping till they reached Constantinople, and thousands indeed could not rest till they had crossed the Bosphorus, and were settled in the interior of Asia Minor. This exodus of the Turks was one of the most striking incidents of the war. Of course this removal of a whole people involved incredible suffering, but it was inevitable. The Turks had lived in Bulgaria, as in all the provinces of European Turkey, as

masters : they could not take the position of equals with what they had regarded as a subject race. They knew that the moment their power was gone, those whom they had so long oppressed would avenge upon them the wrongs of hundreds of years. Especially after the massacres, there was no place for them in the land which they had plunged into mourning by their crimes.

Such in brief is the story of the Russian war in Europe, not to speak of the campaign in Asia. The power of Turkey was utterly broken ; the Empire was at the feet of Russia, as France was at the feet of Germany in 1870.

A discomfiture so complete calls for a brief reflection. In looking back over this war, there seems to have been a fatality in it from the beginning. To explain the utter overthrow of the Turks, we must look below the surface to the moral causes underneath. When the war broke out, it seemed as if they were benumbed and paralyzed by their doctrine of fatalism, and so allowed things to drift without even an attempt to control them. They were brave enough when it came to fighting, but they had no head, no leadership to make their courage of any avail. At the opening of the campaign, all the advantages were in their favor, but they threw them away. They had not a commander who showed any ability except Osman Pasha, and his peculiar strategy was only in building enormous earthworks and fighting behind them, which is very different from fighting in the open field. And even this mode of defence proved fatal at the last ; it gave a temporary success at the price of final ruin : for in shutting himself up in Plevna, Osman committed the same error that Bazaine did at Metz, both having finally to surrender with their whole army. Thus the Turks were ruined by incapable leaders. But it is doubtful if even good ones could have saved them : for they would not have trusted the best that Eu-

rope could produce. They had Moltke once (in the war of 1828), who repeatedly warned them of the false movements they were making ; but they paid no more attention to him than they would to any other young foreign officer, trusting rather to their fat old Turks, under whom (blessed be Allah!) they had the comfort of being soundly beaten. In the present war they had a vicious military system which would have neutralized the best military skill. They had no commander-in-chief, but three of equal rank—Suleiman Pasha, Mehemet Ali, and Osman Pasha, each having an independent command, and neither allowed to exercise his own judgment from what he saw in the field, but all directed by telegraph from the War Office in Constantinople! Such a system would have fettered the greatest military genius. When the French Directory became jealous of Napoleon, and divided his command, he immediately resigned, saying that it was only by keeping his men together, so that all could act in concert, that he was able to accomplish anything. They at once restored him, and never dared to touch him again. If he had been the leader of the Turks, either he would have assumed power, or if they could have put chains on his limbs, they would have fettered even him. The Russians made no such mistake of a double command. The Czar, though present with the army, never gave an order for a battle, or interfered in any way with the military control. That he had assigned to his brother, the Grand Duke Nicholas, whom he held responsible for the conduct of the campaign. The failure of the Turks therefore, while primarily due to incompetent leaders, was rendered hopeless by too much meddling. The incompetence was in Constantinople as well as in the field. But for these manifold and remediless blunders, we have no regrets. To those who see a Providence in human affairs, there seems a Divine purpose in



the Turkish army being led by such incapables ; that it was a judicial blindness by which this cruel power was drawn on to its destruction.

Into what followed the war, we need not enter. After a month of negotiations, a treaty of peace was signed on the 3d of March at San Stefano, six miles from Constantinople, in a little valley by the sea, from which could be distinctly seen the minarets of St. Sophia ! That was coming pretty near, and yet I would that the Russians had come nearer still ; that they had camped round the very walls of the ancient Christian church, and in the open grounds of the Seraglio, with their flags flying from the top of the Galata and Seraskier Towers.

Mr. Eugene Schuyler, in a late article in the *North American Review*, says "The signature of the peace of San Stefano was first publicly announced at my house to General Grant, who was then in Constantinople, by Count Cortis, the Italian Ambassador, who had just received a telegram to that effect from General Ignatieff. The English Embassy did not receive the intelligence until the next morning, when it was already published in the newspapers. General Grant was very much interested in the Eastern question in all its details. He had acquired his knowledge with wonderful rapidity during his journey in the East, and, in spite of his taciturnity, had entertained us for an hour the day previous by telling us what he would have done had he arrived before Constantinople at the head of a victorious army. Without entering into details, I may say that he would have occupied Constantinople with his troops, and while making every provision for the safety of private and of government property, would have issued a proclamation leaving the ultimate arrangements to the European powers on one sole condition—'that the rule of the Turk in Europe should be forever abolished.'"





Alas for what might have been! No doubt such a result was at that moment within reach. The Sultan was so panic-stricken that he was ready to give up everything ; it is probable that he would have given up Constantinople if the Russian army had entered it and demanded the sacrifice. But here England came to the rescue. The English fleet passed the Dardanelles, and anchored off the Princes Islands, in sight of the city. This led to a reopening of negotiations, and finally to the Congress of Berlin, where much of what had been done and well done was undone.

But why should we mourn for that which was lost, when we may rather rejoice over so much that was gained? With all its disappointments, the Russian war was a victory for civilization—the greatest perhaps that Europe has seen within this century. It broke Moslem domination over Christian States ; it avenged the wrongs of four hundred years. True, the Sultan still sits on the Bosphorus, but the world no more trembles at the terror of his name. Abdul Hamid is not Mohammed II. nor Bajazet. So long as he is restricted in his every motion by foreign powers—so long as he is held firmly in the grasp of Europe—he can do little harm, and may be left to play his little hour upon the stage, and then be gone.

## CHAPTER XV.

## ROUMANIA—UP THE DANUBE.

Full of the memories of the war which come upon a traveller passing over the plains of Bulgaria, it is hard to lay them aside when one has crossed the Danube, and entered a more peaceful country, on whose soil no hostile blood was shed. But Roumania, though not the battleground of the war, had a very important part in it. Though still in name a province of Turkey, paying tribute to the Sultan, her interests and the sympathies of her people were so clearly on the side of Russia that the moment it was plain that there was to be war, and war in earnest, she cast in her lot with the Christian against the Moslem power. As her territory lay between the two combatants, it was ground over which the Russian armies must pass to get at their formidable adversary. At the close of the Crimean war, England and France, foreseeing the possibility of a renewal of the war at some future day, sought to guard against contingencies by cutting off a portion of Bessarabia, and giving it to Roumania (and thus to Turkey), as if by pushing back the frontier of Russia the danger would be more remote.

Such cunning diplomacy generally defeats itself. The

very first step before hostilities began was an agreement allowing free passage for the Russian army across Roumania, which afterwards took part in the war. This of course gave an immediate importance to its capital, Bucharest, which became the point of concentration for the Russian army. It was in the direct line of march from the border; and being the centre of the Roumanian railways, to which they converge from north and south, from east and west, it was the great depot for military supplies, and the base of operations for the troops in the campaign. It was at a convenient distance from the Danube, not too far, but just far enough—about as far, for example, as Washington was from the armies moving towards Richmond in the late war. Hither thronged the Russian officers of every grade assigned to duty in the field, whose glittering uniforms made a brilliant show at the Roumanian capital, while successive divisions of the army were continually marching through its streets. This sudden concentration of interest made it for the time the point to which the eyes of all Europe were turned. Archibald Forbes, the famous war-correspondent, thus describes Bucharest at this early stage of the war :

That capital—the Paris of the East—was throbbing in a delirium of wild pleasure, accentuated by the clank of martial accoutrements, the clatter of the sword-scabbards on the parquet floors of the restaurants, and the steady tramp of the cohorts which poured through her seething streets. Bucharest was a ball-room wherein Mars, Venus, and Bacchus were dancing the cancan in a frantic orgie. Princes, grand-dukes, countesses without their counts, diplomats, aides-de-camp, Polish Jews, and war-correspondents belonging to every European nation, jostled one another politely on the broad staircase of the Hotel Brofft.

In the garden-restaurant of that phenomenally expensive hostelry gay guardsmen from the Russian headquarter staff—youngsters as reckless as they were blue-blooded—were scornfully

glancing on the adjacent group of swarthy, slender, classical-featured officers of the Roumanian Guard, who had not yet lifted the cloud from their military reputation in the fierce fighting and terrible carnage around the great Gravitza Redoubt. At a little table in the shady corner, under the drooping willow-tree, sat poor MacGahan, the "Cossack war-correspondent," the hero of that wonderful lonely ride through the great desert of Central Asia, quietly gossiping with another war-correspondent, myself.

MacGahan was talking in his earnest and eloquent way of a wonderful young officer who had distinguished himself in the campaign against Khiva, and who he predicted would be the hero of the opening war. The conversation was interrupted by the appearance of the officer himself, who walked into the garden. It was Michael Skobelev—a name then little known outside of Russia, but which was soon to be familiar to all Europe.

And now one who was neither a soldier nor a "war-correspondent," was at the same Hotel Brofft, sitting in this same garden-restaurant, perhaps at the same "little table in the shady corner, under the drooping willow-tree," recalling the events which had taken place but five years before.

At the beginning of the war, as Mr. Forbes tells us, the Russians thought lightly of their allies. Perhaps they reasoned that, as a small State could put only a small army in the field, they must be indifferent soldiers. But the time came when the Russians, after two assaults upon Plevna, in both of which they were defeated with great slaughter, were glad enough to call upon the allies they had despised, who answered by sending across the Danube 32,000 infantry, with 5000 cavalry, and artillery having eighty-four guns. Prince Charles of Roumania was placed in command of the army around Plevna, and in the third assault the Roumanians carried the famous Gravitza redoubt on the north, while Skobelev carried the Krishin

redoubt on the south—two magnificent displays of valor which relieved the horrors of a disastrous day, in which the Russians and their allies lost 18,000 men. But these detached successes were in vain, because not completed all along the line. The capture of these redoubts had carried both Skobelev and the Roumanians into the very centre of a circle of fire, positions which could not be held unsupported, and so both were obliged to retire ; but the heroism shown on that terrible day relieved the Roumanians forever from any imputation of want of courage or military skill.

Whether Bucharest quite deserves the name of the Paris of the East, one quickly perceives the Parisian touch and color in this as in many other European capitals, and even in Africa, from Algiers to Cairo. It is a city in which the Orient meets the Occident. Though we are out of the dominion of the Turk, yet the Turk himself is here in bodily presence, as we recognize in many a long beard and heavy turban, such as we have but lately seen in the bazaars of Constantinople. But on this grave and sombre background of the East are woven the lighter and brighter colors of the gay French capital. The cause of this predominance of French manners and French ideas, is easily discovered. The richer classes in Roumania travel a good deal ; they make the European tour, and becoming fascinated by the gayeties of Paris, linger longer there than anywhere else. Hence Paris, with its mingling of all nations, has always a considerable representation of Roumanians, who, with much that is good which they bring home—such as liberal political ideas, or a scientific education, for which no capital of Europe affords better opportunities—bring home also its luxuries and frivolities : ape French fashions in dress and in style of living ; must have their French theatre and opera ; lay out the new parts of their capital in the French style, and build their more



pretentious houses after the French architecture. A stranger who sees the number of gay equipages turning out for a drive in their favorite park, might fancy he was seeing a turn-out for the Bois de Boulogne; and if at evening he saunters along the brilliantly-lighted streets, and looks in at the shops and cafés, and observes how much of the conversation is in French, he may easily imagine himself on the Boulevards.

As Paris is the Paradise of travellers because of its excellent hotels, in which they may be well housed after all their weary journeyings on land and sea, Bucharest may claim a little of the same superiority. While I agree with Mr. Forbes that the Hotel Brofft is not the cheapest place in the world, it is certainly one of the most thoroughly comfortable; and as an old traveller is apt to judge of the degree of civilization of a city by the hotel he is lodged in, I should say that Bucharest is highly civilized, since it has at least this luxury of the greater European capitals.

But without an affectation of being like Paris, Bucharest has attractions of its own which must make it a pleasant place of residence. It has one charm which the French capital has not in equal degree: that of a great number of houses of but two stories, indeed many of but a single story, standing apart, with plots of ground, or gardens, round them—a feature in which it has been compared to New Orleans—which give the stranger a pleasing idea of the refinement and the comfort within these modest residences so prettily embowered in trees.

The part of Roumania in the late war was one which her people may well remember with pride. Many years before she had been lifted into more dignity even as a province of Turkey by the union of the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia. She had also obtained a govern-

ment of her own, though still in name a vassal State, obliged to render homage and pay tribute at Constantinople. From this last trace of bondage she was delivered by her own conspicuous valor. As she fought by the side of Russia, she obtained as her just reward her complete independence. To a stranger it seems as if it would have been well if Roumania, after obtaining this, had been content to remain still a principality, free indeed and absolutely independent, but keeping to its modest name and state, instead of indulging the ambition to become a kingdom. For with a kingdom there must be a king, and a king brings a court, and a court requires a royal household, and a certain degree of pomp and splendor, and almost of necessity a large standing army. This is a burden to the State which it is ill able to bear. The conscription is a fearful drain upon labor needed for the cultivation of the soil, and thus directly impoverishes the country which the conscripts are summoned to defend. Roumania has already swelled its army to a size disproportioned to its population and to the resources of the little kingdom. I happened to be in Bucharest on the second anniversary of the day on which the King was crowned, which was to be celebrated as a fête day in the capital. To take part in it, there arrived at the station two or three hundred veterans of the late war, their breasts covered with medals, but alas! their backs covered with rags. It always stirs my blood to see old soldiers, scarred with honorable wounds; but I must confess, as I saw the tatters that hung round their heroic limbs, I could but think, Would it not be better, instead of enrolling more regiments in order to have a large army, and fitting them out with brilliant uniforms, to clothe decently these wrecks of a war which brought to Roumania liberty and glory?

To be sure, if Roumania must be a kingdom, and must

have a king, it was well that it could have so good a one as the brave Prince Charles, who commanded the united Russian and Roumanian armies at the siege of Plevna. True, he is a German, and we do not look for patriotism in those of foreign birth, as in the home-born ; but no Roumanian prince could have fought for the country's independence more gallantly than he. The government, though a monarchy, is a constitutional one, under which the people enjoy a high degree of liberty. The exercise of their civil rights is a political education, which fits them to become the free and therefore the strong people that all Americans will wish them to become ; though, looking through our republican eyes, it seems as if the prosperity of the country would be better assured if it were to lay aside at once and forever the ambition to be a great military power.

Of the society of Bucharest, a stranger can know but little ; but one cannot doubt that in a city of 250,000 inhabitants, the capital of a kingdom of five millions, there must be—in the official classes, those connected with the government ; as also in the ranks of the professions, lawyers and judges ; and in men of science, professors in institutions of learning—the materials of a society which, though of course in very much smaller number, has the attraction of the society of Vienna. It is the best encouragement to a social life that is pure and elevated, that at the head of society, as well as of the government, is a King who is as worthy of honor in peace as in war ; who, with his beloved Queen (who won the hearts of the people by her devotion in caring for the soldiers in the field, and for the wounded in the hospitals), present a spectacle of domestic virtue and happiness worthy of admiration. If the country is to have royalty at all, it is a matter of congratulation to have on the throne those who command the respect of the people, and furnish examples for their own conduct in private life.

But the charm of Roumania is more in the country than in the capital : for once out of city streets, one is freed from the sight of that foreign color, or rather foreign varnish, which disturbs the impression of that which is purely Roumanian. When Bucharest has sunk below the horizon, the eye of the traveller, as he looks out of the window of his railway carriage, beholds a country which has had a great history. Roumania was a far more important part of the ancient than it is of the modern world. When the Romans, crossing the Alps, carried their arms to the East, they cast longing eyes on the rich valley of the Danube, held by the Dacian tribes, which opposed a fierce resistance to the invaders, but were at last conquered by Trajan, whose Column at Rome is covered with figures representing his victories over them. Byron's description of the Dying Gladiator makes him a Dacian captive :

" His eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far away.  
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,  
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay :  
There were his young barbarians all at play ;  
There was their Dacian mother ; he, their sire,  
Butchered to make a Roman holiday."

Trajan, however, was not only a conqueror, but a civilizer. If he tore up the earth in his march, it was to plant it with the seeds of a new civilization. His wars with the Dacians were indeed terribly destructive, so that he almost rooted out the native inhabitants of the country ; but he immediately re-peopled it, in the words of the historian, *ex toto orbe Romano*. Traces of these Roman colonies in the valley of the Danube remain to this day. The very name of Roumania is the Roman stamp upon the country ; while its language, which is in part kindred to the Russian, is also kindred to the Latin—an unmistakable proof that its

people are partly descended from the ancient masters of the world.

But I am just now more occupied with the present of Roumania than with its former history. As I am still looking out of the window, my eye ranges over an extent of country fitted to support millions of inhabitants. For nearly the whole day we were passing over an almost boundless plain. Nature has done everything for the country. In fertility of soil, it has no superior in Europe. The valley of the Danube is as inexhaustible as the valley of the Nile. It ought to be the home of a prosperous and happy people. But, instead of this, they are wretchedly poor. Their villages are for the most part but clumps of mud hovels, no better than the poorest in the Scotch highlands. In the long day's ride I do not remember to have seen a single large, generous farm-house, such as we see in America. It is pitiful to see such poverty in the midst of such plenty. But this dull and heavy gloom which broods over the landscape, is relieved by several redeeming features. One is that there no longer hangs over it, like a black cloud, the shadow of Turkish despotism, which has cursed and blighted the land for ages. As another evil, second only to Turkish oppression, the country has been subject to a sort of feudalism, the land being held by the boyards (as by the magnates in Hungary), who ate up its substance, if they did not waste it in riotous living, leaving the peasants poorly clothed and housed and fed. And yet, though they have so few material comforts, they appear (to judge from those whom we saw to-day around the stations and in the villages that we passed) rather a cheery and light-hearted, as well as strong-limbed people, able not only to do good service on the field of battle, but to constitute the bone and sinew of a nation. The inequality of conditions will cure itself in time. Under the new

order of things, the great estates will be broken up, as in France, into small holdings, which will pass into the hands of those who cultivate them. Peasants will become proprietors, every man having his little plot of ground, and enjoying the feeling of personal independence.

Best of all, in these poor villages "the schoolmaster is abroad." South of the Danube, in Bulgaria, there has sprung up within a few years—thanks to the schools established by the American missionaries—an almost passionate desire for education, so that there are schools in nearly every village. In this respect Roumania is behind her sister, but she is on the same track. Give her a generation to work out the problem, and she will show the world what changes can be wrought by the double blessing of education and liberty. With a peasant proprietorship and common schools, there will rise up a people worthy of the great country they inherit—a country which, both in territory and in population, is the first of the Free States of Southeastern Europe.

As the plains still stretched on and on, with the same unchanging horizon, it might have been a little monotonous if we had not had good company. But hardly had we left Bucharest before I learned that there was a celebrated personage on board, General Turr, a Hungarian, who had fought in many countries, and been a hero of many wars, from that of the Crimea. As I always like to see a real hero, I took the liberty, as we stopped at a station, and were walking up and down, to introduce myself as an American, telling him that I wished to take the hand of "the soldier of liberty." He seemed pleased with the compliment, and responded very warmly, and at every station, as we got out, we exchanged some pleasant words. Taking our seats together, he talked freely as I questioned him about his career. Of his own achievements he spoke

very modestly, but seemed delighted to speak of Kossuth, whom, like all Hungarians, he idolized ; and of Garibaldi, by whose side he had fought in all the wars for the independence of Italy. He was of the famous Thousand who landed at Marsala, and drove the Neapolitan army out of Sicily, and then crossed to the mainland, and marched to Naples ; and afterwards bore a gallant part in the struggles for Lombardy and Venice.

Speaking of Kossuth led me to inquire about the present political condition of the country. "How is it," I asked, "that you, an old soldier in the Hungarian army, can live under the Austrian government?" He did not hesitate for an answer. He was loyal now, because the end for which he had fought had been substantially gained, and gained by fighting for it. Had it not been for the revolutionary scare which Austria received in 1848, for the Hungarian war of 1849, and for the terrible and humiliating defeats at Solferino and Sadowa, she would have remained as absolute as ever. But now that she had been so thoroughly beaten, she had become sobered and subdued to a rational state of mind, and her government had become liberal, and fit for a free man to live under. And so it had come to pass that he who had fought against Austria in two wars—in Hungary in 1849, and in Lombardy ten years later—was now a quiet and peaceable subject of Francis Joseph. I learned afterwards that his case was not singular ; that, in fact, the old Hungarian soldiers made the best defenders of the reconstructed Empire. Was there ever a better argument for the political wisdom of justice and of liberty?

As army officers, when not in military service, are apt to turn to engineering, General Turr was engaged with others in a project entertained even from ancient times for cutting a canal across the Isthmus of Corinth. He was

also interested with De Lesseps in the proposed canal across the Isthmus of Panama, as to which he shared all the hopes of its sanguine projector. The route by Nicaragua, in his opinion, was too long, and the canal would have too many locks. The Suez Canal had not a single lock, and he thought that a canal connecting two great oceans should be perfectly level, so that ships could pass through a smooth basin from sea to sea.

With such conversation, the day did not seem long, and as it drew on the country began to change, the low and level plains swelling into gentle undulations, and rising into hills till we came under the shadow of the Carpathians, the great mountain range of Southeastern Europe, as full of wild passes as the Alps, where, in the midst of savage desolation, as on the Simplon or the Great St. Bernard, the traveller may come on some old convent or castle, the scene of some romantic legend. In the Middle Ages, when knights were building castles on the Rhine, other knights were building castles, as the religious orders were building convents and monasteries, along the Danube, or in the recesses of the Carpathian Mountains. It is a little singular that this country should have been so forgotten by literature ; that even the novelist, who has sought out almost every other country in the East, seldom mentions Roumania, unless as the land of the gypsies, whom he may wish to introduce among the lower characters of some weird tale. But a recent American traveller writes in raptures of the little known attractions of these mountains\* :

What a wonderful field are those grand Carpathians for the painter, who as yet has left them unexplored ! The crags, crowned with turrets and ramparts ; the immense forests, which extend from snow-capped summits to vales where the grass is always green ; the paths winding along verges of awful precipices ; the

\* Europe in Storm and Calm. By Edward King.



tiny villages, where shepherds come to sleep at night, and where the only persons who have ever seen people from Western Europe are the soldiers and the priests, who mayhap have travelled a little; the exquisite sunsets filled with semi-tropical splendors, which flood and transfigure the vast country side—all are new and wonderful, and offer ten thousand charms to him who is weary of Switzerland and the Alps, the Scottish highlands, and the woods of Fontainebleau.

Although we had been all day in the valley of the Danube, yet the valley is so broad that we were many miles from the river itself, of which we did not get a glimpse till late in the afternoon, when we found the mountains closing in on the river; and toward sunset were rushing along its bank, by the very side of the Iron Gates, where the Danube, like the Rhine, “nobly foams and flows,” as it dashes over its rocky bed. On the other side were the Servian mountains. The Iron Gates are but two rocks, which commonly show their heads above the surface, but were now hidden by the swollen stream. The grouping of mountains and river is very much like that at West Point, though the Danube here is not so wide as the Hudson, nor the mountains so bold as Storm-King. But in the midst of the river is an island, once fortified to guard the pass, which has upon it still the remains of the old fortification, and a church and small village. How beautiful they all looked, as the sunset, which touched the mountain tops, sent a glow down into this gorge, so quiet and peaceful in the deep shadow, with its silence broken only by the rush and roar of the waters. I have seldom seen a more romantic spot, in which more of beauty was nestled in the rugged strength of the mountains.

At Orsova we left Roumania and entered Hungary. And here I have to confess my apparent “sins and wickedness,” in the neglect of a traveller’s duty. From Orsova to Bazias is the most beautiful part of the Danube, which

one who has seen the three rivers thinks more striking than any portion of the Rhine or the Hudson. It has the double charm of the river and the mountains, added to which are the historical associations of the castles and convents which hang on the cliffs above the stream. Here I ought, as a lover of the picturesque, to have left the railway, and waiting till morning, taken the steamer up the Danube. But how shall one choose between the conflicting attractions of nature and home? Nearly four months before I had parted from my family in Naples, to sail for Egypt, and make a journey across the desert to Mount Sinai and through the Holy Land; while they turned backward to Rome and Florence and Venice, and had crossed the Alps, and were now awaiting me in Dresden. I think even the most romantic of my readers will forgive me if I preferred a sight of those dear faces even to the "castled crags" of the Danube, and so clung to my railway carriage, even though I rushed through all this glorious scenery in the darkness of the night.

Some compensations I had: for General Turr came again to keep me company, and the talk of the old soldier gave a strange interest to that night in the mountains. For a new experience, we were in a sleeping-car, the first in which I had ever travelled in Europe, and our compartments adjoined each other; so that I felt almost as if I was sharing a warrior's tent, as I lay down beside the hero of so many battles. The next morning he came into my compartment as soon as he was up, so full of kindness was he, and so eager to be of some service. I was quite touched by his courtesy, showing itself even through the medium of a language which he spoke with difficulty. After his pleasant greetings, he withdrew to complete his toilet, saying in his broken English: "I vill go and vash myself a leetle." This was almost equal to the simplicity

of Garibaldi, who, it is said, in the pauses of a battle, if he chanced to be on the bank of a river, would deliberately take off his red shirt and do his own washing!

We reached Budapest at half-past eight o'clock. The General regretted that I was not to be in the city a day or two, that he could show me some attention. But he gave me full directions how to proceed. As I had taken an open carriage, that I might the better use my eyes in looking about, he came to it, and directed the "cocher" through what streets to drive, that I might see the most of the city. I parted from him with a very warm feeling for this old soldier of liberty.

The driver followed his directions to the letter. It was a long distance that we had to go, and he took me through a succession of noble streets, broad and well paved as the best of Vienna or of Paris, which gave me a new idea of the size, and I may truly say the splendor, of the Hungarian capital.

"Go and take your breakfast at the Kiosque," said the General as we parted, and so we reined up at a little pavilion, in a garden with lawn and trees, in an open place from which we looked out upon the broad current of the Danube, on which steamers were passing up and down, and across to the heights of Buda on the opposite bank. Here were a number of gentlemen sitting at little round tables, under the shelter of the Kiosque, or out of doors, sipping their coffee and reading the papers, or conversing with great animation. Taking my seat in the crowd, a waiter brought me such a delicious cup of coffee, capped with foaming cream, with the Vienna bread which is so famous in all the cafés of Europe, that I once more in my heart thanked the friend who had directed me to such a place of refreshment.

And now, as I wished to see the city in a few hours,

fortune favored me again : for if I had not General Turr to be my guide, I found an excellent substitute in our Consul, Mr. Sterne, a gentleman whom I had never seen before, but who, upon learning that I was an American, gave up half a day to show me what I should not have seen in a week so well alone. Taking a carriage, we first drove slowly along the granite quay to take a view of the lordly Danube, with the two cities on its banks, which have been married into one ; and then out to a boulevard newly opened, which is the pride of Budapest, as it well may be, since it is one of the finest streets in Europe. Returning to the river, we took one of the little steamers that are constantly plying on it, and sailed up to an island which is laid out in beautiful walks, with the buildings needed in a public resort, and furnished with baths, which are for the enjoyment of the people, and all at the expense of the Grand Duke, a cousin of the Emperor. As we came back, we landed on the other side of the river, and mounted, by a short steep railway, to the top of the Hill of Ofen, which is to the Hungarian capital what the Castle of Edinburgh is to that city, rising up nearly five hundred feet, and crowned with a castle and cathedral, and the palace of the old Hungarian kings—a place which has figured in many wars between the Cross and the Crescent. For centuries it was considered the key of Christendom—a title which happily implied more than it was : for had it been true, then had Christendom been lost when the key was taken, as it was by Solyman the Magnificent in 1541, and held by the Turks till 1686—nearly a hundred and fifty years. This was coming dangerously near to Vienna, which the Turks besieged before they gave up Buda. But, thanks to Sobieski and his Polish army, the cross was never taken down from the tower of St. Stephen's.

The view from the Hill of Ofen [or of Buda] is one of

great extent, commanding not only the city at its foot, but the valley of the Danube for many miles. Descending the hill, we crossed by the magnificent Suspension Bridge, and standing on it, as it were in mid-air, had opportunity to observe the unique position of a city in which man has joined together what nature had put asunder. It is far superior to that of Vienna, which is indeed *on* the Danube, while Budapest spans it, as if it would compel the greatest of European rivers to "pass under the yoke" of its conqueror.

One monument that once adorned one of the public squares of this city, it has no longer. In reading Macaulay's grand article on Frederick the Great, I had been struck with the picture of the Empress Maria Theresa, when crowned Queen of Hungary, riding up the Hill of Defiance, raising her sword to the North and the South, the East and the West, in token that she defied the world to wrest it from her grasp, and had asked General Turr for the scene of that dramatic performance. He said that it took place, not in Pesth, but in Presburg, but that they had tried to reproduce it at Pesth, where, as they had no hill, the city being flat, they had constructed an artificial mound for the purpose ; but this being in the heart of the city, and very much in the way, sentiment had finally to give place to convenience. "De people," he said, "make it go away."

Here in the capital of Hungary, I find the spirit of independence still strong which flamed out in the war of 1849. Hungary is now joined to Austria of her own free will, because she has gained her rights as a separate kingdom. It is no longer the Empire of Austria, ruling Hungary as a subject province, but the Empire of Austria-Hungary, composed of two parts, equal in power, and separate in administration, but with one royal head. The

Emperor of Austria is King of Hungary. Hungarians do not like to hear any one speak of "their Emperor." They answer, "He is *not* our Emperor : he is our *King*"—a distinction on which they insist as marking the line of their rights, of which they are very jealous. Hungary has a separate Parliament and a separate army, although it furnishes its share of the combined Austro-Hungarian army. At the Castle of Buda (Ofen) I saw a separate Department of War for the Honveds. Francis Joseph has to reside four months of the year in Hungary. When here, he has no flag over his palace : for the Hungarians will not see any other flag than their own flying in their country ; and as he has a pride in having only the Austrian flag over his head, between the two he has none ! No matter ! It is well that the rights and liberties of the people are thus jealously guarded : for "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Is there no limit to the hospitality of these Hungarians ? My friend, who had thus given up his time to me, whom he never saw till a few hours before, must needs take me with him to dine, and then accompany me to the station to see me off for Vienna. Thanks to him, I have a pretty clear idea of Budapest, which I do not hesitate to pronounce one of the most beautiful cities of Europe. Americans, for whom many Hungarians fought in our late war, will wish that it may long remain the proud capital of a great, brave, and free people.

The same afternoon I left for Vienna, and in no part of Europe, not even in England, have I passed over a country more richly cultivated. In a hundred and thirty miles I do not think I saw an acre of waste ground. It seemed as if unnumbered generations had tilled the earth to give it such a look of greenness and beauty. The villages, too, were much better-looking than those in Roumania. The

effect was very pretty when they were some ways off on a hillside, as the houses, being painted white (or it may be whitewashed), had at that distance the appearance of the tents of an army. Happily these were not so many camps, but what was a thousand times better, clusters of quiet, peaceful, happy homes.

It was nearly eight o'clock when we reached Vienna, but it was still broad daylight. The sun was setting gloriously over the Western hills as we crossed the Danube and drove through the city. And what a city it is—not of “magnificent distances,” but of magnificent streets, girdled, like an empress, with the zone of the Ring-strasse, which is laid out, like the Boulevards of Paris, on the site of the old city walls. As we rode on, the streets were full of people, walking quickly, as those who had been busy all day, and were now returning to their homes. As I had been here before, and am a creature of habit, I drove at once to my old quarters at the Hotel de Metropole, where I found the American Minister, Mr. William Walter Phelps, who devoted a large part of the next day to driving me about the city, winding up with a dinner at the Prater, for all which I would here make due acknowledgment, as I did that evening as I left for Dresden.

This was a pleasant ending to my journey to the East. With all the attractions of the Orient, I was glad to be again in the heart of Europe, not that I loved the Orient less, but Europe more. Islam is great, but Christendom is greater. As I had been so long under the banner of the Crescent, it was reassuring, as we bore away from Vienna, to see the great cross of St. Stephen's, which had once looked down on the host of Moslems beleaguering the city, soaring upward, high and clear against the evening sky.

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